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THE SPECTATOR:

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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OCT

To the Right Honourable

John Lord *Sommers*,

Baron of *Eveſham*.

MY LORD,

I Should not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not

of the moſt conſummate and moſt acknowledged Merit.

None but a Perſon of a finiſhed Character, can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Poliſh Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatſoever may be either Uſeful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as ſolicitous to ſhun Ap-

3 49 OCT

Applauſe, as he is aſſiduous to deſerve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always diſappointed.

While Juſtice, Candor, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the moſt perſuaſive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Diſtinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will ſo far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating ſuch extraordinary Qualities. It

is

is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which you have effected. Do what you will, the preſent Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Poſterity alone will do them Juſtice.

Other Men paſs through Oppoſitions and contending Intereſts in the Ways of Ambition; but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it ſtrange that this ſhould happen

happen to your Lordſhip, who could bring into the Service of your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*; as well as the moſt exact Knowledge of our own Conſtitution in particular, and of the Intereſts of *Europe* in general; to which I muſt alſo add, a certain Dignity in Your ſelf, that (to ſay the leaſt of it) has been always equal to thoſe great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed

owed to you in the moſt dangerous Day it ever ſaw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and Preſent Reign, has been indebted to your Counſels and Wiſdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the Publick has received from your Adminiſtration, would be a more proper Work for an Hiſtory, than for an Addreſs of this Nature.

Your Lordſhip appears as great in your Private Life,

Life, as in the moſt Impor-
ant Offices which You
ave born. I would there-
ore rather chuſe to ſpeak
f the Pleaſure You afford
ll who are admitted into
our Converſation, of
our Elegant Taſte in all
he Polite Parts of Learn-
ng, of Your great Huma-
ity and Complacency of
Manners, and of the ſur-
riſing Influence which is
eculiar to You in making
very one who Converſes
ith your Lordſhip prefer
ou to himſelf, without
inking the leſs meanly
of

of his own Talents. But if I ſhould take notice of all that might be obſerved in your Lordſhip, I ſhould have nothing new to ſay upon any other Character of Diſtinction.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

N° 1. *Thurſday, March* 1. 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.

I Have obſerved, that a Reader ſeldom peruſes a Book with Pleaſure, till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Diſpoſition, Married or a Batchelor, with other Particulars of the like Nature, that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an Author. To gratify this Curioſity, which is ſo natural to a Reader, I deſign this Paper and my next as Prefatory Diſcourſes to my following Writings, and ſhall give ſome Account in them of the ſeveral Perſons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Compiling, Digeſting, and Correcting will fall to my Share, I muſt do my ſelf the Juſtice to open the Work with my own Hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall Hereditary Eſtate, which, according to the Tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the ſame Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at preſent, and has been

delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loſs or Acquiſition of a ſingle Field or Meadow, during the Space of Six hundred Years. There runs a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any Dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very firſt Appearance in the World, and all the time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

AS for the reſt of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in Silence. I find, that during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very ſullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-maſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my Parts were ſolid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed my ſelf by a moſt profound Silence; for during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilſt I was in this learned Body, I applied my ſelf with ſo much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or the modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

UPON the Death of my Father, I was reſolved to travel into foreign Countries, and therefore left the Univerſity, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but ſhew it. An inſatiable Thirſt after Knowledge, carried me into all the Countries of *Europe* in which there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen; nay to ſuch a Degree was my Curioſity raiſed, that having read the Controverſies of ſome great Men concerning the Antiquities of

of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to take the Meaſure of a Pyramid: And as ſoon as I had ſet my ſelf right in that Particular, returned to my native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have paſſed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently ſeen in moſt publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my ſelect Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper ſhall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of general Reſort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance; ſometimes I am ſeen thruſting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and liſtning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in thoſe little circular Audiences. Sometimes I ſmoak a Pipe at *Child's*, and whilſt I ſeem attentive to nothing but the *Poſt-Man*, over-hear the Converſation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at St. *James's* Coffee-houſe, and ſometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewiſe very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above theſe ten Years, and ſometimes paſs for a *Jew* in the Aſſembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Jonathan's*: In ſhort, wherever I ſee a Cluſter of People, I always mix with them, though I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

THUS I live in the World rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species; by which Means I have made my ſelf a Speculative Stateſman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever medling with any Practical Part in Life. I am very well verſed in the Theory of a Husband or a Father, and can diſcern the Errors in the Oeconomy, Buſineſs and Diverſion of others, better than thoſe who are engaged in them; as Standers-by diſcover Blots, which are apt to eſcape thoſe who are in the Game. I never eſpouſed any Party with Violence, and am reſolved to obſerve an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unleſs I ſhall be forced to declare my ſelf by the Hoſtilities of either ſide. In ſhort, I have acted in all the Parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preſerve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader juſt ſo much of my Hiſtory and Character, as to let him ſee I am not altogether unqualified for the Buſineſs I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I ſhall inſert them in following Papers, as I ſhall ſee Occaſion. In the mean time, when I conſider how much I have ſeen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and ſince I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulneſs of my Heart in Speech, I am reſolved to do it in Writing, and to print my ſelf out, if poſſible, before I die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is pity ſo many uſeful Diſcoveries which I have made ſhould be in the Poſſeſſion of a ſilent Man. For this Reaſon therefore, I ſhall publiſh a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diverſion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I ſhall leave it, when I am ſummoned out of it, with the ſecret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

THERE are three very material Points which I have not ſpoken to in this Paper; and which, for ſeveral important Reaſons, I muſt keep to my ſelf, at leaſt for ſome Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I muſt confeſs, I would gratify my Reader in any Thing that is reaſonable; but as for theſe three Particulars, though I am ſenſible they might tend very much to the Eſtabliſhment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Reſolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obſcurity which I have enjoy'd for many Years, and expoſe me in publick Places to ſeveral Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very diſagreeable to me; for the greateſt Pain I can ſuffer, is the being talked to, and being ſtared at. It is for this Reaſon likewiſe, that I keep my Complexion and Dreſs as very great Secrets; tho' it is not impoſſible, but I may make Diſcoveries of both in the Progreſs of the Work I have undertaken.

AFTER having been thus particular upon my ſelf, I ſhall in To-morrow's Paper give an Account of thoſe Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work; for, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and con-

concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to ſtand in the Front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley*'s in *Little-Britain*. For I muſt further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a Committee to ſit every Night, for the Inſpection of all ſuch Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal. C

N° 2. *Friday, March* 2.

——— Aſt alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.—— Juv.

THE firſt of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of antient Deſcent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His Great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very ſingular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Senſe, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the Wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourneſs or Obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in Town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is ſaid, he keeps himſelf a Batchelor by reaſon he was croſſed in Love, by a perverſe beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Diſappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his firſt coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawſon* in a publick Coffee-houſe for calling him Youngſter. But

being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: But this is looked upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his fifty sixth Year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

THE Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelor, who is a Member of the *Inner-Temple*; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in Pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump. He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from

from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demoſthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Caſe in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both diſintereſted and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Buſineſs, they are moſt of them fit for Converſation. His Taſte of Books is a little too juſt for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Cuſtoms, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate Obſerver of what occurs to him in the preſent World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Buſineſs; exactly at five he paſſes through *New-Inn*, croſſes thro' *Ruſſel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will*'s till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Roſe*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to pleaſe him.

THE Perſon of next Conſideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Perſon of indefatigable Induſtry, ſtrong Reaſon, and great Experiencce. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has uſually ſome ſly Way of Jeſting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *Britiſh Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you it is a ſtupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Induſtry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we ſhould gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more laſting Acquiſitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in ſeveral frugal Maxims, amongſt which the greateſt Favourite is, 'A 'Penny ſaved is a Penny got. A general Trader of good Senſe, is pleaſanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perſpicuity of his Diſcourſe gives the ſame

Pleaſure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himſelf; and ſays that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himſelf is richer than other Men; though at the ſame Time I can ſay this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compaſs but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

NEXT to Sir ANDREW in the Club-Room ſits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Underſtanding, but invincible Modeſty. He is one of thoſe that deſerve very well, but are very aukward at putting their Talents within the Obſervation of ſuch as ſhould take notice of them. He was ſome Years a Captain, and behaved himſelf with great Gallantry in ſeveral Engagements and at ſeveral Sieges; but having a ſmall Eſtate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can riſe ſuitably to his Merit, who is not ſomething of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profeſſion where Merit is placed in ſo conſpicuous a View, Impudence ſhould get the better of Modeſty. When he has talked to this Purpoſe I never heard him make a ſour Expreſſion, but frankly confeſs that he left the World, becauſe he was not fit for it. A ſtrict Honeſty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themſelves Obſtacles to him that muſt preſs through Crowds, who endeavour at the ſame End with himſelf, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of Talk excuſe Generals, for not diſpoſing according to Men's Deſert, or enquiring into it: For, ſays he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, eſpecially in a Military Way, muſt get over all falſe Modeſty, and aſſiſt his Patron againſt the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Aſſurance in his own Vindication. He ſays it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be ſlow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candor does the Gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame Frankneſs runs through

through all his Converſation. The Military Part of his Life has furniſhed him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing, though accuſtomed to command Men in the utmoſt Degree below him; nor ever too obſequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

BUT that our Society may not appear a Set of Humouriſts unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleaſures of the Age, we have among us the Gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years ſhould be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Perſon, and always had a very eaſie Fortune, Time has made but very little Impreſſion, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Perſon is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that ſort of Diſcourſe with which Men uſually entertain Women. He has all his Life dreſſed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the Hiſtory of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whoſe Frailty was covered by ſuch a ſort of Petticoat, and whoſe Vanity to ſhew her Foot made that Part of the Dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a Year. In a Word, all his Converſation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take notice to you what ſuch a Miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an Occaſion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, ſuch a Woman was then ſmitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important Relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind Glance or a Blow of a Fan from ſome celebrated Beauty, Mother of the preſent Lord ſuch-a-one. If you ſpeak of a young Commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the Houſe, he ſtarts up, 'He has good 'Blood in his Veins, *Tom. Mirabell* begot him, the 'Rogue cheated me in that Affair, that young Fellow's 'Mother uſed me more like a Dog than any Woman 'ever made Advances to. This way of Talking of

this very much enlivens the Converſation among us of a more ſedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company, but my ſelf, who rarely ſpeak at all, but ſpeaks of him as of that Sort of Man who is uſually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honeſt worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to ſpeak of, as one of our Company; for he viſits us but ſeldom, but when he does it adds to every Man elſe a new Enjoyment of himſelf. He is a Clergyman, a very Philoſophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the moſt exact Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Conſtitution, and conſequently cannot accept of ſuch Cares and Buſineſs as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counſellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He ſeldom introduces the Subject he ſpeaks upon; but we are ſo far gone in Years, that he obſerves when he is among us, an Earneſtneſs to have him fall on ſome divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Intereſts in this World, as one who is haſtening to the Object of all his Wiſhes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. Theſe are my ordinary Companions. R

N° 3. *Saturday, March* 3.

Qui quiſque ferè ſtudio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multùm ſumus antè morati:
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire. Lucr. L. 4.

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee the Directors, Secretaries and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy

wealthy Corporation, ranged in their ſeveral Stations, according to the Parts they act in that juſt and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the Decay of Publick Credit, with the Methods of reſtoring it, and which, in my Opinion, have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an Eye to ſeparate Intereſts, and Party Principles.

THE thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which diſpoſed all my Contemplations into a Viſion or Allegory, or what elſe the Reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

METHOUGHTS I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but, to my Surprize, inſtead of the Company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin, ſeated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, inſtead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the upper end of the Hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the Act of Uniformity on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that ſate upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with ſuch Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Eſtabliſhment of Publick Funds. The Lady ſeemed to ſet an unſpeakable Value upon theſe ſeveral Pieces of Furniture, inſomuch that ſhe often refreſhed her Eye with them, and often ſmiled with a Secret Pleaſure, as ſhe looked upon them; but, at the ſame time, ſhewed a very particular Uneaſineſs, if ſhe ſaw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Conſtitution, or that ſhe was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wiſhers, ſhe changed Colour, and ſtartled at every thing ſhe heard. She was likewiſe (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and ſub-

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ject to ſuch Momentary Conſumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, ſhe would fall away from the moſt florid Complexion, and the moſt healthful State of Body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her Recoveries were often as ſudden as her Decays, inſomuch that ſhe would revive in a Moment out of a waſting Diſtemper, into a Habit of the higheſt Health and Vigour.

I had very ſoon an Opportunity of obſerving theſe quick Turns and Changes in her Conſtitution. There ſate at her Feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all Parts of the World, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the News ſhe heard, to which ſhe was exceedingly attentive, ſhe changed Colour, and diſcovered many Symptoms of Health or Sickneſs.

BEHIND the Throne was a prodigious Heap of Bags of Money, which were piled upon one another ſo high that they touched the Ceiling. The Floor, on her right Hand, and on her left, was covered with vaſt Sums of Gold that roſe up in Pyramids on either ſide of her: But this I did not ſo much wonder at, when I heard, upon Enquiry, that ſhe had the ſame Virtue in her Touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly poſſeſs'd of: and that ſhe could convert whatever ſhe pleas'd into that precious Metal.

AFTER a little Dizzineſs, and confuſed Hurry of Thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methoughts the Hall was alarmed, the Doors flew open, and there enter'd half a dozen of the moſt hideous Phantoms that I had ever ſeen (even in a Dream) before that Time. They came in two by two, though matched in the moſt diſſociable Manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to deſcribe their Habits and Perſons, for which reaſon I ſhall only inform my Reader that the firſt Couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the Second were Bigotry and Atheiſm, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young Man of about twenty two Years of Age, whoſe Name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right Hand, which in the Dance he often brandiſhed at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who ſtood by me, whiſper'd in my Ear, that he ſaw

Spunge in his left Hand. The Dance of ſo many jarring Natures put me in Mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearſal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

THE Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almoſt frighted to Diſtraction, had ſhe ſeen but any one of theſe Spectres; what then muſt have been her Condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a Body? She fainted and dyed away at the Sight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, & Vires, & quæ modò viſa placebant;
Nec Corpus remanet ——— Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

THERE was a great Change in the Hill of Money Bags, and the Heaps of Money, the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Money. The reſt that took up the ſame Space, and made the ſame Figure as the Bags that were really filled with Money, had been blown up with Air, and called into my Memory the Bags full of Wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a Preſent from *Æolus*. The great Heaps of Gold on either ſide the Throne, now appeared to be only Heaps of Paper, or little Piles of notched Sticks, bound up together in Bundles, like *Bath*-Faggots.

WHILST I was lamenting this ſudden Deſolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vaniſhed: In the Room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a ſecond Dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The firſt Pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right Hand: The ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a Perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of *Great Britain*. At the firſt Entrance the Lady revived, the Bags ſwelled to their former Bulk, the Pile of Faggots and Heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas: And for my own part I was ſo tranſported with Joy, that I awaked, though I muſt confeſs, I would fain have fallen aſleep again to have cloſed my Viſion, if I could have done it.

Nº 4. *Monday, March 5.*

——*Egregii Mortalem, altique ſilenti!* Hor.

AN Author, when he firſt appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Buſineſs theſe three Days to liſten after my own Fame; and as I have ſometimes met with Circumſtances which did not diſpleaſe me, I have been encounter'd by others which gave me as much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time obſerved ſome Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they firſt come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand till they are ſet a going by ſome Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Perſons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they deſire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found Conſolation among ſuch, I was as much diſquieted by the Incapacity of others. Theſe are Mortals who have a certain Curioſity without Power of Reflection, and peruſed my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is ſo little Pleaſure in Enquiries that ſo nearly concern our ſelves, (it being the worſt way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I reſolved for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Buſineſs of Reputation, to be very careful of the Deſign of my Actions, but very negligent of the Conſequences of them.

IT is an endleſs and frivolous Purſuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of ſatisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a ſilent Man, who concerned himſelf with no one breathing, ſhould be very little liable to Miſrepreſentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jeſuit, for no other Reaſon but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that

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to be out of Harm's Way, I have ever ſince affected Crowds. He who comes into Aſſemblies only to gratifie his Curioſity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleaſures of Retirement in a more exquiſite Degree, than he poſſibly could in his Cloſet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miſer, are followed thither by a worſe Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Paſſions with which others are tormented, is the only pleaſing Solitude. I can very juſtly ſay with the ancient Stage, *I am never leſs alone than when alone.* As I am inſignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is viſible I do not come thither as moſt do, to ſhew my ſelf; I gratifie the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and have often as kind Looks from well dreſſed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would beſtow upon one of his Audience. There are ſo many Gratifications attend this publick ſort of Obſcurity, that ſome little Diſtaſtes I daily receive have loſt their Anguiſh; and I did the other Day, without the leaſt Diſpleaſure, overhear one ſay of me, *That ſtrange Fellow*; and another anſwer, *I have known the Fellow's Face theſe twelve Years, and ſo muſt you; but I believe you are the firſt ever ask'd who he was.* There are, I muſt confeſs, many to whom my Perſon is as well known as that of their neareſt Relations, who give themſelves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but ſpeak of me very currently by Mr. *What-d'ye call him.*

TO make up for theſe trivial Diſadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Mens Paſſions or Intereſts, I can with the greater Sagacity conſider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

IT is remarkable, that thoſe who want any one Senſe, poſſeſs the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Reſignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my ſelf that I have looked into the Higheſt and Loweſt of Mankind, and make ſhrewd Gueſſes, without being admitted to their Converſation, at the inmoſt Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold,

hold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I ſee Men flouriſhing in Courts, and languiſhing in Jayls, without being prejudiced from their Circumſtances to their Favour or Diſadvantage; but from their inward Manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Proſperous, and admire the Unhappy.

THOSE who converſe with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes, and the Changes of their Countenance, their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to ſuch a Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, anſwer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I ſhaked my Head at without my ſpeaking. WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play, to a Gentleman who ſat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himſelf, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he ſaid, 'I am quite of another Opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleaſing Aſpect, but methinks that Simplicity in her Countenance is rather childiſh than innocent. When I obſerved her a ſecond time, he ſaid, 'I grant her Dreſs is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of that Choice is owing to her Mother; for though, continued he, I allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the Elegance of her Dreſs, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if ſhe has ſtolen the Colour of her Ribands from another, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I ſhall not allow her the Praiſe of Dreſs, any more than I would call a Plagiary an Author. When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL. ſpoke what I looked, according to his Romantick Imagination, in the following Manner.

'BEHOLD, you who dare, that charming Virgin; Behold the Beauty of her Perſon chaſtiſed by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chaſtity, Good-Nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance; ſhe knows ſhe is handſome, but ſhe knows ſhe is good. Conſcious Beauty adorned with conſcious Virtue! What a Spirit is there in thoſe Eyes! What a Bloom in

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that Perſon! How is the whole Woman expreſſed in her Appearance: Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language.

It was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this bject, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtleſs reatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move knowing Eye no more than the Portraiture of inſignifiant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures Pictures.

THUS the working of my own Mind is the gene- l Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the ommerce of Diſcourſe with any but my particular riends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an abit has perhaps raiſed in me uncommon Reflections; t this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings: s my Pleaſures are almoſt wholly confined to thoſe of e Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happineſs that I have ways had an eaſie and familiar Admittance to the fair ex. If I never praiſed or flattered, I never belyed or ontradicted them. As theſe compoſe half the World, and e by the juſt Complaiſance and Gallantry of our Naon the more powerful Part of our People, I ſhall dedite a conſiderable Share of theſe my Speculations to eir Service, and ſhall lead the Young through all the ecoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works I ſhall ndeavour at a Style and Air ſuitable to their Underſtandg. When I ſay this, I muſt be underſtood to mean, at I ſhall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. iſcourſe for their Entertainment, is not to be debaſed ut refined. A Man may appear learned, without talkg Sentences; as in his ordinary Geſture he diſcovers e can Dance, though he does not cut Capers. In a Vord, I ſhall take it for the greateſt Glory of my Vork, if among reaſonable Women this Paper may urniſh *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I ſhall treat on Matters which relate to Females, as they are concerned approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed them by Blood, Intereſt, or Affection. Upon this Ocaſion I think it but reaſonable to declare, that whatever kill I may have in Speculation, I ſhall never betray hat the Eyes of Lovers ſay to each other in my Preſence

ſence. At the ſame time I ſhall not think my ſelf obliged, by this Promiſe, to conceal any falſe Proteſtations which I obſerve made by Glances in publick Aſſemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this means, Love, during the Time of my Speculations, ſhall be carried on with the ſame Sincerity as any other Affairs of leſs Conſideration. As this is the greateſt Concern, Men ſhall be from henceforth liable to the greateſt Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falſhood in Love ſhall hereafter bear a blacker Aſpect, than Infidelity in Friendſhip, or Villany in Buſineſs. For this great and good End, all Breaches againſt that noble Paſſion, the Cement of Society, ſhall be ſeverely examined. But this, and all other Matters looſely hinted at now, and in my former Papers, ſhall have their proper Place in my following Diſcourſes: The preſent Writing is only to admoniſh the World, that they ſhall not find me an idle but a buſie Spectator. R

N° 5. *Tueſday, March 6.*

Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis? ----- Hor.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly laviſh in its Decorations, as its only Deſign is to gratifie the Senſes, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Senſe however requires, that there ſhould be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childiſh and Abſurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s Time have laughed to have ſeen *Nicolini* expoſed to a Tempeſt in Robes of Ermin, and ſailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paſte-board? What a Field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted Dragons ſpitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Caſcades in artificial Land-skips? A little Skill in Criticiſm would

would inform us, that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mixed together in the ſame Piece; and that the Scenes which are deſigned as the Repreſentations of Nature, ſhould be filled with Reſemblances, and not with the Things themſelves. If one would repreſent a wide Champian Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd ſeveral Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconſiſtencies, and making the Decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here ſaid, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our Modern Opera.

AS I was walking in the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I ſaw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder; and, as I was wondering with my ſelf what Uſe he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the ſame Curioſity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, ſays his Friend, licking his Lips, what are they to be roaſted? No, no, ſays the other, they are to enter towards the End of the firſt Act, and to fly about the Stage.

THIS ſtrange Dialogue awakened my Curioſity ſo far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived that the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove; though upon a nearer Enquiry I found the Sparrows put the ſame Trick upon the Audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practiſed upon his Miſtreſs; for though they flew in Sight, the Muſick proceeded from a Conſort of Flagellets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the Scenes. At the ſame Time I made this Diſcovery, I found by the Diſcourſe of the Actors, that there were great Deſigns on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been propoſed to break down a part of the Wall, and to ſurprize the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horſe, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New-River* into the Houſe, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This Project, as I have ſince heard, is poſt-poned 'till the Summer-Seaſon; when it is thought the Coolneſs that proceeds from Fountains and Caſcades will be more acceptable

ceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations and Fire-works; which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

IT is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the Argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjurer (*Mago Christiano.*) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a good Christian, for such is the Part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

TO consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a Taste of the *Italian*, from the first Lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figilio d'Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasse. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain Ray of* Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Handel* the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Style, that he composed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians*, express themselves in such a florid Form of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the same time fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of before they have been two Years at

at the Univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the Difference of Genius which produces this Difference in the Works of the two Nations; but to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* Writers in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe Authors much more than the Modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himſelf, from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I muſt entirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one Verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinſel of *Taſſo*.

BUT to return to the Sparrows; there have been ſo many Flights of them let looſe in this Opera, that it is feared the Houſe will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or pearching upon a King's Throne; beſides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Deſign of caſting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-houſe, very prudently conſidered that it would be impoſſible for the Cat to kill them all, and that] conſequently the Princes of the Stage might be as much infeſted with Mice, as the Prince of the Iſland was before the Cat's Arrival upon it; for which Reaſon he would not permit it to be Acted in his Houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he ſaid very well upon that Occaſion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* follow his Muſick, and by that means cleared the Place of thoſe little noxious Animals.

BEFORE I diſmiſs this Paper, I muſt inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on foot with *London* and *Wiſe* (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-houſe) to furniſh the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange-Grove; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Perſonated by Tom-Tits

Tits: The Undertakers being reſolved to ſpare neither Pains nor Money for the Gratification of the Audience. C

N° 6. *Wedneſday, March 7.*

Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & Morte piandum,
Si Juvenis Vetulo non aſſurrexerat —— Juv.

I Know no Evil under the Sun ſo great as the Abuſe of the Underſtanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffuſed it ſelf through both Sexes and all Qualities of Mankind, and there is hardly that Perſon to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Senſe, than Honeſty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wiſe rather than Honeſt, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of moſt of the ill Habits of Life. Such falſe Impreſſions are owing to the abandoned Writings of Men of Wit, and the aukward Imitation of the reſt of Mankind.

FOR this Reaſon Sir ROGER was ſaying laſt Night, That he was of Opinion none but Men of fine Parts deſerve to be hanged. The Reflections of ſuch Men are ſo delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concerned in, that they ſhould be expoſed to more than ordinary Infamy and Puniſhment for offending againſt ſuch quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in ſuch a Manner, that they are no more ſhocked at Vice and Folly, than Men of ſlower Capacities. There is no greater Monſter in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts: He lives like a Man in a Palſy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has loſt the Taſte of Good-will, of Friendſhip, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, who diſabled himſelf in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himſelf a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half ſo deſpicable a Wretch as ſuch a Man of Senſe. The Beggar has no Reliſh above Senſations;

ions; he finds Reſt more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deſerves to be whipped. Every Man who termiates his Satisfactions and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Neceſſities and Paſſions, is, ſays Sir ROGER, n my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued e, for the Loſs of publick and private Virtue, we are beholden to your Men of Parts forſooth; it is with them o matter what is done, ſo it be done with an Air. But o me, who am ſo whimſical in a corrupt Age as to act ccording to Nature and Reaſon, a ſelfiſh Man, in the moſt ſhining Circumſtance and Equipage, appears in the ame Condition with the Fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in Proportion to what more he obs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down herefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance, is to have Proſpect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions, ought to be agreeable o the Dictates of Reaſon, of Religion, of good Breedng; without this, a Man, as I before have hinted, is hopping inſtead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

WHILE the honeſt Knight was thus bewildering himſelf in good Starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his Mind a little. What I am at, ſays he, is to repreſent, That I am of Opinion, to poliſh our Underſtandings and neglect our Manners, is of all things the moſt inexcuſable. Reaſon ſhould govern Paſſion, but inſtead of that, you ſee, it is often ſubſervient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wiſe Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Perſons, but at ſome times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the moſt polite Ages are the leaſt virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themſelves, without conſidering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule, not ſo much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this falſe Beauty will not paſs upon Men of honeſt Minds and true Taſte. Sir

Richard Blackmore ſays, with as much good Senſe as Virtue, *It is a mighty Diſhonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit to humour and pleaſe Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithſtanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the moſt odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on ſoon after to ſay very generouſly, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to reſcue the Muſes out of the Hands of Raviſhers, to reſtore them to their ſweet and chaſte Manſions, and to engage them in an Employment ſuitable to their Dignity.* This certainly ought to be the Purpoſe of every Man who appears in Publick, and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as faſt as he ſucceeds in his Studies. When Modeſty ceaſes to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Baſis, and we ſhall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reaſon direct one thing, Paſſion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endleſs, and intricate; when we purſue the other, our Paſſage is delightful, and what we aim at eaſily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at preſent as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can eaſily ſee, that the Affectation of being Gay and in Faſhion, has very near eaten up our good Senſe and our Religion. Is there any thing ſo juſt, as that Mode and Gallantry ſhould be built upon exerting our ſelves in what is proper and agreeable to the Inſtitutions of Juſtice and Piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is ſupported by no other Pretenſion, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

NOTHING ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it ſelf ſhould prompt us to think ſo. Reſpect to all kind of Superiors is founded, methinks, upon Inſtinct; and yet what is ſo ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Tranſition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Inſtance that the moſt polite Age is in danger of being the moſt vicious.

IT

'IT happened at *Athens*, during a publick Repreſentation of ſome Play exhibited in Honour of the Commonwealth, that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place ſuitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who obſerved the Difficulty and Confuſion he was in, made Signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſate: The good Man buſtled through the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jeſt was to ſit cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick went round all the *Athenian* Benches. But on thoſe Occaſions there were alſo particular Places aſſigned for Foreigners: When the good Man skulked towards the Boxes appointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that honeſt People, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a Man, and with the greateſt Reſpect received him among them. The *Athenians* being ſuddenly touched with a Senſe of the *Spartan* Virtue and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applauſe; and the old Man cry'd out, *The* Athenians *underſtand what is good, but the* Lacedemonians *practiſe it.* R

N° 7. *Thurſday, March* 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides? Hor.

GOING Yeſterday to Dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occaſion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a ſtrange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended ſome Misfortune to themſelves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room I obſerved a ſettled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down

but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My Dear*, (ſays ſhe, turning to her Husband) *you may now ſee the Stranger that was in the Candle laſt Night*. Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thurſday*. Thurſday? (ſays ſhe) *no Child if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your Writing-Maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough*. I was reflecting with my ſelf on the Oddneſs of her Fancy, and wondering that any Body would eſtabliſh it as a Rule to loſe a Day in every Week. In the midſt of theſe my Muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in ſuch a Trepidation and Hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the Way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the Concern of the whole Table, began to conſider my ſelf, with ſome Confuſion, as a Perſon that had brought a Diſaſter upon the Family. The Lady however recovering her ſelf, after a little Space, ſaid to her Husband, with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come ſingle*. My Friend, I found, acted but an Under-Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good-nature than Underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the Paſſions and Humours of his Yoke-Fellow: *Do not you remember, Child*, (ſays ſhe) *that the Pidgeon-houſe fell the very Afternoon that our careleſs Wench ſpilt the Salt upon the Table? Yes*, (ſays he) *My Dear, and the next Poſt brought us an Account of the Battle of* Almanza. The Reader may gueſs at the Figure I made, after having done all this Miſchief. I diſpatched my Dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confuſion, the Lady ſeeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my Plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them Side by Side. What the Abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary Superſtition in it; and therefore, in Obedience to the Lady of the Houſe, I diſpoſed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the Figure I ſhall always lay them

them in for the future, tho' I do not know any Reaſon for it.

IT is not difficult for a Man to ſee that a Perſon has conceived an Averſion to him. For my own Part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aſpect. For which Reaſon I took my Leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return Home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious Follies of Mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent Circumſtances into Misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the ſhooting of a Star ſpoil a Night's Reſt; and have ſeen a Man in Love grow pale and loſe his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath ſtruck more Terror than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognoſticks. A ruſty Nail, or a crooked Pin, ſhoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Aſſembly, that was full of Noiſe and Mirth, when on a ſudden an old Woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark ſtruck a pannick Terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirmed there were fourteen in the Room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the Company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omen, I queſtion not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen ſick that very Night.

AN Old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Diſturbances of this kind among her

Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt of a great Family, who is one of these Antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the Year to the other. She is always ſeeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches; and was the other Day almoſt frighted out of her Wits by the great Houſe-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Caſt of Mind engages Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in ſupernumerary Duties of Life; and ariſes from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future Evil) and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehenſions and Suſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the Obſervation of ſuch groundleſs Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wiſe-Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reaſonings of Philoſophy; it is the Employment of Fools to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superſtition.

FOR my own Part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining Quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the Reliſh of any Happineſs, nor feel the Weight of any Miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul againſt theſe gloomy Preſages and Terrors of Mind, and that is, by ſecuring to my ſelf the Friendſhip and Protection of that Being who diſpoſes of Events, and governs Futurity. He ſees at one View, the whole Thread of my Exiſtence, not only that Part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my ſelf to his Care; when I awake, I give my ſelf up to his Direction. Amidſt all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them. C

Friday,

N° 8. *Friday, March* 9.

At Venus *obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit,*
Et multo Nebula circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos ——— Virg.

I Shall here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furniſh him with, and therefore ſhall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, *&c.*

SIR,

'I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think my ſelf a proper Perſon for your Correſpondence. I have thoroughly examined the preſent State of Religion in *Great Britain*, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant Vice of every Market-Town in the whole Iſland. I can tell you the Progreſs that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil Practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a word, Sir, I have my Correſpondents in the remoteſt Parts of the Nation, who ſend me up punctual Accounts from time to time of all the little Irregularities that fall under their Notice in their ſeveral Diſtricts and Diviſions.

'I am no leſs acquainted with the particular Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than with the different Parts and Diſtributions of the whole Nation. I can deſcribe every Pariſh by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets Lewdneſs prevails, which Gaming has taken the Poſſeſſion of, and where Drunkenneſs has got the better of them both. When I am diſpoſed to raiſe a Fine for the Poor, I know the Lanes

'and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. 'When I would encourage the Hoſpital of *Bridewell* and 'improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very well ac- 'quainted with all the Haunts and Reſorts of Female 'Night-walkers.

'AFTER this ſhort Account of my ſelf, I muſt let 'you know, that the Deſign of this Paper is to give you 'Information of a certain irregular Aſſembly which I 'think falls very properly under your Obſervation, eſpe- 'cially ſince the Perſons it is compoſed of are Criminals 'too conſiderable for the Animadverſions of our Society. 'I mean, Sir, the Midnight Maſque, which has of late 'been very frequently held in one of the moſt conſpicu- 'ous Parts of the Town, and which I hear will be con- 'tinued with Additions and Improvements. As all the 'Perſons who compoſe this lawleſs Aſſembly are maſ- 'qued, we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, leſt 'we ſhould ſend a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a 'Peer of *Great Britain* to the *Counter*: Beſides that, their 'Numbers are ſo very great, that I am afraid they would 'be able to rout our whole Fraternity, though we were 'accompanied with all our Guard of Conſtables. Both 'theſe Reaſons, which ſecure them from our Authority, 'make them obnoxious to yours; As both their Diſguiſe 'and their Numbers will give no particular Perſon Rea- 'ſon to think himſelf affronted by you.

'IF we are rightly informed, the Rules that are ob- 'ſerved by this new Society are wonderfully contrived 'for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women ei- 'ther come by themſelves, or are introduced by Friends, 'who are obliged to quit them, upon their firſt Entrance, 'to the Converſation of any Body that addreſſes himſelf 'to them. There are ſeveral Rooms where the Parties 'may retire, and, if they pleaſe, ſhew their Faces by Con- 'ſent. Whiſpers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are 'the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In ſhort, the 'whole Deſign of this libidinous Aſſembly, ſeems to ter- 'minate in Aſſignations and Intrigues; and I hope you 'will take effectual Methods, by your publick Advice 'and Admonitions, to prevent ſuch a promiſcuous Mul-

'titude

'titude of both Sexes from meeting together in ſo clan-
'deſtine a Manner. I am

Your humble Servant,

and Fellow-Labourer,

T. B.

Not long after the Peruſal of this Letter, I received another upon the ſame Subject; which, by the Date and Style of it, I take to be written by ſome young Templer.

SIR, *Middle-Temple,* 1710-11.

'WHEN a Man has been guilty of any Vice or
'Folly, I think the beſt Attonement he can
'make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like.
'In order to this I muſt acquaint you, that ſome time
'in *February* laſt I went to the *Tueſday*'s Maſquerade.
'Upon my firſt going in I was atttcked by half a Dozen
'female Quakers, who ſeemed willing to adopt me for
'a Brother; but upon a nearer Examination I found they
'were a Siſterhood of Coquets diſguiſed in that preciſe
'Habit. I was ſoon after taken out to dance, and, as I
'fancied, by a Woman of the firſt Quality, for ſhe was
'very tall, and moved gracefully. As ſoon as the Minuet
'was over, we ogled one another through our Maſques;
'and as I am very well read in *Waller*, I repeated to her
'the four following Verſes out of his Poem to *Vandike*.

The heedleſs Lover does not know
Whoſe Eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But confounded with thy Art
Enquires her Name that has his Heart.

'I pronounced theſe Words with ſuch a languiſhing Air
'that I had ſome Reaſon to conclude I had made a Con-
'queſt. She told me that ſhe hoped my Face was not
'akin to my Tongue; and looking upon her Watch, I
'accidentally diſcovered the Figure of a Coronet on the
'back Part of it. I was ſo tranſported with the Thought
'of ſuch an Amour, that I plied her from one Room to
'another with all the Gallantries I could invent; and at

'length brought things to so happy an Issue, that she 'gave me a private Meeting the next Day, without Page 'or Footman, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in 'Raptures; but I had not lived in this golden Dream a-'bove three Days before I found good Reason to wish 'that I had continued true to my Laundress. I have 'since heard, by a very great Accident, that this fine La-'dy does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that I am 'not the first Cully whom she has passed her self upon 'for a Countess.

'THUS, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a *Cloud* 'for a *Juno*; and if you can make any use of this Ad-'venture, for the Benefit of those who may possibly be as 'vain young Coxcombs as my self, I do most heartily give 'you Leave. I am, *SIR*,

Your most humble Admirer,

B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade my self, in the same Habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment. C

N° 9. *Saturday, March* 10.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis. Juv.

MAN is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming our selves into these little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Accouut of such a Fantastick Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-Town, in which there was a Club of fat Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one

one another in Countenance; The Room where the Club met was ſomething of the largeſt, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the firſt, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he ſtuck in the Paſſage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was ſaluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it conſiſted but of fifteen Perſons, weighed above three Tun.

IN Oppoſition to this Society, there ſprung up another compoſed of Scare-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Deſigns of their Bulky Brethren, whom they repreſented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and conſequently out of the Magiſtracy. Theſe Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for ſeveral Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magiſtrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbets, one fat and one lean.

EVERY one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Profeſſions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, ſufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Chriſtian Name has likewiſe been often uſed as a Badge of Diſtinction, and made the Occaſion of a Club. That of the *George*'s, which uſed to meet at the Sign of the *George*, on St. *George*'s Day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's Memory.

THERE are at preſent in ſeveral Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converſe together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-ſtreet*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town,

told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisie Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had Thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable Nature and good Conversation.

THE *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smoak their Pipes, and say nothing till Midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

AFTER these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean *the Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the Number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table, for such as had only drawn Blood, and shewn a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualifie themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

OUR Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat* it self is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

WHEN Men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another;

ther; When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the Buſineſs of the Day, by an innocent and chearful Converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little Inſtitutions and Eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Alehouſe: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. Theſe Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who uſed to meet every Night; and as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I ſhall tranſcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-Penny Club, *erected in this Place, for the Preſervation of Friendſhip and good Neighbourhood.*

I. EVERY Member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his Two-Pence.

II. EVERY Member ſhall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. IF any Member abſents himſelf he ſhall forfeit a Penny for the Uſe of the Club, unleſs in caſe of Sickneſs or Impriſonment.

IV. IF any Member ſwears or curſes, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. IF any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third Lie an Halfpenny.

VI. IF any Member ſtrikes another wrongfully, he ſhall pay his Club for him.

VII. IF any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmoaks.

VIII. IF any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the Door.

IX. IF any Member calls another Cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the Club.

X. NONE ſhall be admitted into the Club that is of the ſame Trade with any Member of it.

XI. NONE

XI. NONE of the Club ſhall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother-Member.

XII. No Non-juror ſhall be capable of being a Member.

THE Morality of this little Club is guarded by ſuch wholeſome Laws and Penalties, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as well pleaſed with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben. Johnſon*, the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipſius*, or the Rules of a *Sympoſium* in an ancient *Greek* Author. C

Nº 10. *Monday, March* 12.

Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. Virg.

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after theſe my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriouſneſs and Attention. My Publiſher tells me, that there are already Three thouſand of them diſtributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modeſt Computation, I may reckon about Threeſcore Thouſand Diſciples in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who I hope will take care to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the thoughtleſs Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raiſed to my ſelf ſo great an Audience, I ſhall ſpare no Pains to make their Inſtruction agreeable, and their Diverſion uſeful. For which Reaſons I ſhall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if poſſible, both Ways find their Account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Diſcretion may not be ſhort tranſient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have reſolved to refreſh their Memories

mories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that deſperate State of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a ſingle Day, ſprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a conſtant and aſſiduous Culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought Philoſophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought Philoſophy out of Cloſets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Aſſemblies, at Tea-Tables and in Coffee-Houſes.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend theſe my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that ſet apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagoniſts, is like *Moſes's* Serpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and devoured thoſe of the *Ægytians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vaniſh; But ſhall leave it to my Reader's Conſideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Muſcovy* or *Poland*; and to amuſe our ſelves with ſuch Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Paſſion and Prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcilable?

In the next Place I would recommend this Paper to the daily Peruſal of thoſe Gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators, who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Lazineſs of their Diſpoſitions, have no other Buſineſs with the reſt of Mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Claſs of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradeſmen, titular Phyſicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Stateſmen that are out of Buſineſs; in ſhort, every one that conſiders the

the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

THERE is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for Thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about Twelve a-Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instill into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

BUT there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful, than to the Female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons, is reckon'd a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation,

ſation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dreſs, and inſpire a kind of Awe and Reſpect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to encreaſe the Number of theſe by Publiſhing this daily Paper, which I ſhall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at leaſt divert the Minds of my Female Readers from greater Trifles. At the ſame Time, as I would fain give ſome finiſhing Touches to thoſe which are already the moſt beautiful Pieces in human Nature, I ſhall endeavour to point out all thoſe Imperfections that are the Blemiſhes, as well as thoſe Virtues which are the Embelliſhments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope theſe my gentle Readers, who have ſo much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, ſince they may do it without any Hindrance to Buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my Friends and Well-wiſhers are in great Pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige my ſelf to furniſh every Day: But to make them eaſie in this Particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the ſmall Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promiſe, deſire me to keep my Word, aſſure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleaſantries of the like Nature, which Men of a little ſmart Genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt Friends, when they have ſuch a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my Caveat againſt this Piece of Raillery. C

Tuef.

Nº 11. *Tuesday, March* 13.

Dat veniam cervis, vexat censura columbas. Juv.

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who have any Petence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; as she is out of the Tract of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevail'd upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, arose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta*'s Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, till the Larum ceased of it self; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.

ARIETTA

ARIETTA ſeemed to regard this Piece of Raillery as an Outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always obſerved that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reaſon I cannot tell, are more ſenſibly touched with thoſe general Aſperſions which are caſt upon their Sex, than Men are by what is ſaid of theirs.

WHEN ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the ſerious Anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner.

SIR, When I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite Two thouſand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Preſumption to diſpute with you: But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, ſhewed him, in the Oſtentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion ſaid very juſtly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can repreſent us Women as Unbecoming as you pleaſe in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice obſerved in your Diſcourſe, that Hypocriſie is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to diſſemble our Affections is a profeſſed Part of our Breeding. Theſe, and ſuch other Reflections, are ſprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Reſentment againſt the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives againſt the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady; but when we conſider this Queſtion between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Diſpute or Raillery ever ſince there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from ſuch as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embelliſh their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon*'s Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Anſwer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon

on my Memory) out of that honeſt Traveller, in his fifty fifth Page, the Hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles* bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen who had taken particular Care to inſtil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Maſter of Numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick View of Loſs and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulſe of his Paſſions, by Prepoſſeſſion towards his Intereſt. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair looſely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Courſe of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome Diſtreſs, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Proviſions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went aſhore on this Occaſion. From their firſt Landing they were obſerved by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the Woods for that Purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who ſlew the greateſt Number of them. Our Adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a Foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs Part of the Wood, he threw himſelf, tired, and breathleſs, on a little Hillock, where an *Indian* Maid ruſhed from a Thicket behind him: After the firſt Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly Charmed with the Limbs, Features and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the Dreſs, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſollicitous for his Preſervation: She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious Repaſt of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to ſlake his Thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good Offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Oppoſition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Boſom, then laugh at him for co-

verin

vering it. She was, it ſeems, a Perſon of Diſtinction, for ſhe every Day came to him in a different Dreſs, of the moſt beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewiſe brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had preſented to her; ſo that his Cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted Skins of Beaſts, and moſt Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and ſhew him where to lye down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Country-men, and wake him on Occaſions to conſult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers paſs away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his Country, where ſhe ſhould be cloathed in ſuch Silks as his Waſtecoat was made of, and be carried in Houſes drawn by Horſes, without being expoſed to Wind or Weather. All this he promiſed her the Enjoyment of, without ſuch Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correſpondence theſe Lovers lived for ſeveral Months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her Lover, diſcovered a Veſſel on the Coaſt to which ſhe made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmoſt Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's-Crew of his Country-men, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Veſſel from the Main arrives in that Iſland, it ſeems the Planters come down to the Shoar, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horſes and Oxen.

TO be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* Territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of Time, and to weigh with himſelf how many Days Intereſt of his Money he had loſt during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very penſive, and careful what Account he ſhould be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Conſiderations, the prudent and frugal young Man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor Girl, to incline

cline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touch'd with this Story (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta*'s good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her. R

Nº 12. *Wednesday, March* 14.

——*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.* Per.

AT my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my liking. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured Man, took it into his Head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words. *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on* Thursday *last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards* Islington; *if any one can give notice of him to* R. B. *Fishmonger in the* Strand, *he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Landlord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now ſettled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together theſe Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water to my Raſon: Upon which my Landlady nodds, as much as to ſay ſhe takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewiſe model'd her Family ſo well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat, or prattle in my Face, his elder Siſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the Gentleman. At my firſt entring into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Landlady obſerving that upon theſe Occaſions I always cried Piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch Ceremony to be uſed in the Houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the Kitchen or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Buſineſs or Diſcourſe of the Family. The Maid will aſk her Miſtreſs (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent Houſewife) ſcolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. I ſhort, I move up and down the Houſe and enter into all Companies with the ſame Liberty as a Cat or any other Domeſtick Animal, and am as little ſuſpected of telling any thing that I hear or ſee.

I remember laſt Winter there were ſeveral young Girls of the Neighbourhood ſitting about the Fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Diſcourſe, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name that I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family) they went on without minding me. I ſeated my ſelf by the Candle that ſtood on a Table at one end of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful Stories of Ghoſts as pale as Aſhes that had ſtood at the Bed's-feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moonlight;

light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Womens Fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks, and crouded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to Bed by himself this Twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it is as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrifie one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had marched up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrified even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the Old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, with

any wiſe and good Men have done, that there are ſuch hantoms and Apparitions as thoſe I have been ſpeaking ; let us endeavour to eſtabliſh to our ſelves an In-reſt in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation his Hand, and moderates them after ſuch a Manner, at it is impoſſible for one Being to break looſe upon other without his Knowledge and Permiſſion.

FOR my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with oſe who believe that all the Regions of Nature ſwarm ith Spirits; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators all our Actions, when we think our ſelves moſt alone: t inſtead of terrifying my ſelf with ſuch a Notion, I wonderfully pleaſed to think that I am always en-ged with ſuch an innumerable Society, in ſearching out Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the ſame nſort of Praiſe and Adoration.

MILTON has finely deſcribed this mixed Communi- of Men and Spirits in Paradiſe; and had doubtleſs his e upon a Verſe in old *Heſiod*, which is almoſt Word Word the ſame with his third Line in the following ſſage.

—— Nor think, though Men were none,
at Heav'n would want Spectators, God want Praiſe:
illions of ſpiritual Creatures walk the Earth
ſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep;
l theſe with ceaſeleſs Praiſe his Works behold
h Day and Night. How often from the Steep,
ecchoing Hill or Thicket, have we heard
eſtial Voices to the midnight Air,
le, or reſponſive each to other's Note,)
ging their great Creator? Oft in Bands,
ile they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk,
th heav'nly Touch of inſtrumental Sounds,
full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
ide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.

C

Thurſ-

N° 13. *Thurſday, March* 15.

Dic mihi ſi fueras tu Leo qualis eris? Mart.

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amuſement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini*'s Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*. Upon the firſt Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is ſtill believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion ſent from the *Tower* every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaſpes*; this Report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-houſe, that ſome of the moſt refined Politicians in thoſe Parts of the Audience gave it out in Whiſper, that the Lion was a Couſin-German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King *William*'s Days, and that the Stage would be ſupplied with Lions at the publick Expence, during the whole Seſſion. Many likewiſe were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the Hands of Signior *Nicolini*; ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild Beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the Head; ſome fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by reaſon of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have ſeen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a Part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough Baſe*, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaſpes*. To clear up a Matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my Buſineſs to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

BUT

BUT before I communicate my Diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt Winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous Animal that extreamly ſtartled me, and upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion Rampant. The Lion, ſeeing me very much ſurprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For* (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any Body.* I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him. And in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt Appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three ſeveral times. The firſt Lion was a Candle-ſnuffer, who being a Fellow of a teſty cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides, it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt ſome Words in ordinary Converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: And it is verily believed, to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Miſchief. Beſides it was objected againſt the firſt Lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in ſo erect a Poſture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

THE ſecond Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-houſe, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his Part; inſomuch that after a ſhort modeſt Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the firſt Touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grapling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of ſhowing his Variety of *Italian* Tripps: It is ſaid indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his fleſh-colour Doublet; but this was

only to make Work for himſelf, in his private Character of a Taylor. I muſt not omit that it was this ſecond Lion who treated me with ſo much Humanity behind the Scenes.

THE Acting Lion at preſent is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diverſion, but deſires his Name may be concealed. He ſays very handſomely in his own Excuſe, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleaſure in it; and that it is better to paſs away an Evening in this manner than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the ſame time ſays, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himſelf, That if his Name ſhould be known, the ill-natured World might call him *The Aſs in the Lion's Skin*. This Gentleman's Temper is made out of ſuch a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out-does both his Predeceſſors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I muſt not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundleſs Report that has been raiſed, to a Gentleman's Diſadvantage, of whom I muſt declare my ſelf an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been ſeen ſitting peaceably by one another, and ſmoaking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would inſinuate, that it is but a ſham Combat which they repreſent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any ſuch Correſpondence has paſſed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Beſides, this is what is practiſed every Day in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as ſoon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taſte of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himſelf; as they ſay of the famous *Equeſtrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more People go to

ſee the Horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a juſt Indignation to ſee a Perſon whoſe Action gives new Majeſty to Kings, Reſolution to Heroes, and Softneſs to Lovers, thus ſinking from the Greatneſs of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wiſhed, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Maſter in Action. Could they make the ſame uſe of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as ſignificant Looks and Paſſions, how glorious would an *Engliſh* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expreſſions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to ſhew what are at preſent the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

AUDIENCES have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarſeneſs of their Taſte; but our preſent Grievance does not ſeem to be the Want of a good Taſte, but of Common Senſe. C

N° 14. *Friday, March* 16.

——*Teque his, Infelix, exite monſtris.* Ovid.

I Was reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diverſions Five and Twenty Years ago, and thoſe of the preſent Time; and lamented to my ſelf, that though in thoſe Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Senſe; but that the *Beau Monde* at preſent, is only grown more childiſh, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an old Fellow, whoſe Face I have often ſeen at the Play-houſe, gave me the following Letter with theſe Words, *Sir, the Lion preſents his humble Service to you, and deſired me to give this into your own Hands.*

From my Den in the Hay-Market, March 15.

SIR,

'I Have read all your Papers, and have ſtifled my Re-'ſentment againſt your Reflections upon Opera's, 'till that of this Day, wherein you plainly inſinuate that 'Signior *Grimaldi* and my ſelf have a Correſpondence 'more friendly than is conſiſtent with the Valour of his 'Character, or the Fierceneſs of mine. I deſire you 'would for your own Sake forbear ſuch Intimations for 'the future; and muſt ſay it is a great Piece of Ill-nature 'in you, to ſhew ſo great an Eſteem for a Foreigner, 'and to diſcourage a *Lion* that is your own Country-'man.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lion and Man, but 'am ſo equally concerned in that Matter, that I ſhall not 'be offended to which ſoever of the Animals the Superi-'ority is given. You have miſ-repreſented me, in ſaying 'that I am a Country Gentleman, who act only for my 'Diverſion; whereas, had I ſtill the ſame Woods to range 'in which I once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I ſhould 'not reſign my Manhood for a Maintenance; and aſſure 'you, as low as my Circumſtances are at preſent, I am 'ſo much a Man of Honour, that I would ſcorn to be 'any Beaſt for Bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I had no ſooner ended this, than one of my Landlady's Children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent Paper, they all having a Tendency to the ſame Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our preſent Diverſions.

SIR, *Covent-Garden, March 1*

'I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of this 'Pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and have not 'miſſed tolling in to Prayers ſix times in all thoſe Years 'which Office I have performed to my great Satisfacti-'on, till this Fortnight laſt paſt, during which Time I 'find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell

'Morning

'Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppet-Show ſet forth 'by one *Powell* under the *Piazzas*. By this Means I have 'not only loſt my two Cuſtomers, whom I uſed to place 'for Six-pence a-piece over-againſt Mrs. *Rachel Eye-bright*, 'but Mrs. *Rachel* her ſelf is gone thither alſo. There now 'appear among us none but a few ordinary People, who 'come to Church only to ſay their Prayers, ſo that I have 'no Work worth ſpeaking of but on *Sundays*. I have 'placed my Son at the *Piazzas*, to acquaint the Ladies that 'the Bell rings for Church, and that it ſtands on the other 'Side of the *Garden*; but they only laugh at the Child.

'I deſire you would lay this before all the World, that 'I may not be made ſuch a Tool for the future, and 'that Punchinello may chuſe Hours leſs canonical. As 'things are now, Mr. *Powell* has a full Congregation, 'while we have a very thin Houſe; which if you can 'remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your, &c.

THE following Epiſtle I find is from the Undertaker of the Maſquerade.

SIR,

'I Have obſerved the Rules of my Maſque ſo careful-'ly, (in not enquiring into Perſons) that I cannot 'tell whether you were one of the Company or not laſt '*Tueſday*; but if you were not, and ſtill deſign to come, 'I deſire you would for your own Entertainment, pleaſe 'to admoniſh the Town, that all Perſons indifferently 'are not fit for this ſort of Diverſion. I could wiſh, Sir, 'you could make them underſtand, that it is a kind of 'acting to go in Maſquerade, and a Man ſhould be able 'to ſay or do things proper for the Dreſs in which he 'appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Habit 'of *Roman* Senators, and grave Politicians in the Dreſs 'of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that People 'dreſs themſelves in what they have a Mind to be, and 'not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in the

'Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Maſque, 'and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a Shepherdeſs. But let me beg 'of them to read the *Arcadia*, or ſome other good Ro- 'mance, before they appear in any ſuch Character at 'my Houſe. The laſt Day we preſented, every Body 'was ſo raſhly habited, that when they came to ſpeak 'to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word 'to ſay but in the pert Style of the Pit Bawdry; and a 'Man in the Habit of a Philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, till 'an Occaſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the Refuſe 'of the Tyring-Rooms. We had a Judge that danced a 'Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a 'dozen Harlequins ſtood by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank 'me off two Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half 'a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Deſign to bear, 'and make the Maſquers preſerve their Characters in my 'Aſſemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation 'laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than 'any the Town at preſent affords; and conſequently, 'that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours 'of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

I am very glad the following Epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr. *Powell* a ſecond Time in the ſame Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Reſtrictions.

SIR,

'THE Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that under the 'little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at preſent 'the two leading Diverſions of the Town, and Mr. *Powell* 'profeſſing in his Advertiſements to ſet up *Whittington 'and his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and Armida*, my Curioſity 'led me the Beginning of laſt Week to view both theſe 'Performances, and make my Obſervations upon them.

'FIRST therefore, I cannot but obſerve that Mr. *Powell* wiſely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of Fare before-hand, every Scene is new and unexpected; 'whereas

'whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers of the *Hay-Market*, having raiſed too great an Expectation in their printed Opera, very much diſappoint their Audience on the Stage.

'THE King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from the City on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a triumphant Chariot by white Horſes, as my Opera-Book had promiſed me; and thus while I expected *Armida*'s Dragons ſhould ruſh forward towards *Argantes*, I found the Hero was obliged to go to *Armida*, and hand her out of her Coach. We had alſo but a very ſhort Allowance of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I cannot in this Place omit doing Juſtice to the Boy who had the Direction of the Two painted Dragons, and made them ſpit Fire and Smoke: He flaſh'd out his Roſin in ſuch juſt Proportions and in ſuch due Time, that I could not forbear conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a moſt excellent Player. I ſaw indeed but Two things wanting to render his whole Action compleat, I mean the keeping his Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle.

'I obſerve that Mr. *Powell* and the Undertakers had both the ſame Thought, and I think much about the ſame time, of introducing Animals on their ſeveral Stages, tho' indeed with very different Succeſs. The Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay-Market* fly as yet very irregularly over the Stage; and inſtead of perching on the Trees, and performing their Parts, theſe young Actors either get into the Galleries, or put out the Candles; whereas Mr. *Powell* has ſo well diſciplined his Pig, that in the firſt Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr. *Powell* reſolves to excell his Adverſaries in their own Way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Suſanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new Elders.

'THE Moral of Mr. *Powell*'s Drama is violated, I confeſs, by Punch's national Reflections on the *French*, and King *Harry*'s laying his Leg upon the Queen's Lap in too ludicrous a manner before ſo great an Aſſembly.

'AS to the Mechaniſm and Scenary, every thing indeed was uniform and of a Piece, and the Scenes were managed very dextrouſly; which calls on me to take Notice, that at the *Hay-Market* the Undertakers forgetting to change their Side-Scenes, we were preſented with a Proſpect of the Ocean in the midſt of a delightful Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on the Stage had very much contributed to the Beauty of the Grove, by walking up and down between the Trees, I muſt own I was not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee a well-dreſſed young Fellow, in a full-bottomed Wigg, appear in the midſt of the Sea, and without any viſible Concern taking Snuff.

'I ſhall only obſerve on thing further, in which both Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak of their Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the Wit in both Pieces are equal, I muſt prefer the Performance of Mr. *Powell*, becauſe it is in our own Language.

R *I am*, &c.

Nº 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos —— Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great Aſtoniſhment at the Splendid Equipages, and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantaſtick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by ſix milk-white Horſes, and loaden behind with the ſame Number of powdered Footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were ſtuck among the Harneſs, and, by their gay Dreſſes and ſmiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

THE

THE Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occaſion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for ſeveral Years, received the Addreſſes of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate Acquaintance ſhe forſook, upon the Account of this ſhining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of Great Riches, but a Crazy Conſtitution. The Circumſtances in which I ſaw her, were, it ſeems, the Diſguiſes only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Diſtreſs; for in two Months after ſhe was carried to her Grave with the ſame Pomp and Magnificence; being ſent thither partly by the Loſs of one Lover, and partly by the Poſſeſſion of another.

I have often reflected with my ſelf on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs Evils that befal the Sex, from this light, fantaſtical Diſpoſition. I my ſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſollicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who, for ſeveral Months together, did all they could to recommend themſelves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableneſs of Converſation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had ſo good an Effect, that he Married her the very Week after.

THE uſual Converſation of ordinary Women very much cheriſhes this natural Weakneſs of being taken with Outſide and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and ſix, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an abſent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn ſomething of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Diſcourſe, and a Birth-Day furniſhes Converſation for a Twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waſtcoat or Petticoat, are ſtanding Topicks. In ſhort, they conſider only the Drapery of the Species, and never caſt away a Thought on thoſe Ornaments of the Mind, that make Perſons illuſtrious in themſelves, and Uſeful to others. When

Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial Bleſſings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Converſation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-gaws, are ſo many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy Coquet from the wildeſt of her Flights and Rambles.

TRUE Happineſs is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noiſe; it ariſes in the firſt place, from the Enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the Friendſhip and Converſation of a few ſelect Companions: It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witneſſes and Spectators. On the contrary, falſe Happineſs loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauſes which ſhe gives her ſelf, but from the Admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no Exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and paſſes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Boſom Friend, and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good Senſe, conſummate Virtue, and a mutual Eſteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under ſo regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repaſt, Employment and Diverſion, that it looks like a little Common-wealth within it ſelf. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and ſometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that thay may renew in themſelves

then.ſelves the Reliſh of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight of all that know them.

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* ſhe conſiders her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Diſcretion and good Houſewifry as little domeſtick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life loſt in her own Family, and fancies her ſelf out of the World when ſhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houſe, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body, and Reſtleſsneſs of Thought, and is never eaſie in any one Place, when ſhe thinks there is more Company in another. The miſſing of an Opera the firſt Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modeſt retired Life, a poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if ſhe knew that her ſetting her ſelf to View is but expoſing her ſelf, and that ſhe grows Contemptible by being Conſpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obſerving that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Paſſion for Dreſs and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*; who though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other Weakneſſes of her Sex, is ſtill deſcribed as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her Eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered Tunick, a Beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineſt Purple. *A Golden Bow*, ſays he, *hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Claſp, and his Head covered with an Helmet of the ſame ſhining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed Warrior, being ſeized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with.

——— *Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prada & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedleſs Purſuit after theſe glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have been the Deſtruction of his Female Hero.

Nº 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum. Hor.

I Have received a Letter, desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion; another informs me of a Pair of silver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-house in *Fleet-street*; a third sends me an heavy Complaint against fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveighed against with some Bitterness, and recommended to my Observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all those little Extravagances which appear in their outward Dress and Behaviour. Foppish and fantastick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Blossoms will fall of themselves, when the Root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my Remedies to the first Seeds and Principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self; though at the same time I must own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entituled, *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of such his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me, with the same Regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employed in healing those Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is sweetning the Blood and rectify-

rectifying the Conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young People of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottom'd Perriwigs, with ſeveral other Incumbrances of Dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almoſt cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a Redundance of Excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature raſhly and without Advice.

THERE is another Set of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs my ſelf in the ſecond Place; I mean, ſuch as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Perſons and Families. The World is ſo full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by People who cannot ſpell, and Satyrs compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt Poſt in particular I received a Packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, inſomuch, that when I ſee the Name *Celia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me ſome Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithleſs Wife, or an amorous Widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my Correſpondents, that it is not my Deſign to be a Publiſher of Intrigues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their preſent lurking Holes into broad Day-light. If I attack the Vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a Body; and will not be provoked by the worſt Uſage I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Drawcanſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* nor *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavour to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the Crime

as

as it appears in a Species, not as it is circumſtanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wiſhed the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I ſhall do out of Humanity, what that Emperour would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroak at a collective Body of Offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this Temptation.

IN the next Place I muſt apply my ſelf to my Party Correſpondents, who are continually teizing me to take Notice of one another's Proceedings. How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is oppoſite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* Law, that forbids any Man to ſtand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Diviſions of his Country. However, as I am very ſenſible my Paper would loſe its whole Effect, ſhould it run into the Outrages of a Party, I ſhall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that Way. If I can any way aſſwage private Inflamations, or allay publick Ferments, I ſhall apply my ſelf to it with my utmoſt Endeavours; but I will never let my Heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreaſing thoſe Feuds and Animoſities that extinguſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

WHAT I have ſaid under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any Hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurprizing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any Epidemical Vice which has eſcaped my Obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any Materials that can furniſh out an innocent Diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt Aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

THIS

THIS Paper my Reader will find was intended for an Anſwer to a Multitude of Correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a Requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *March* 15, 1710-11.

'I Am at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to 'do but to mind my own Buſineſs; and therefore 'beg of you that you will be pleaſed to put me into 'ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you have 'appointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive Letters 'and Advertiſements for the City of *London*; and ſhall 'think my ſelf very much honoured by you, if you will 'appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements for 'the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. 'Though I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an Employment 'with ſufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make up 'with Induſtry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and 'Genius. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

C. Charles Lillie.

N° 17. *Tueſday, March* 20.

——*Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.* Juv.

SINCE our Perſons are not of our own Making, when they are ſuch as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at leaſt to keep our ſelves from being abaſhed with a Conſciouſneſs of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not

not defend an haggard Beau, for paſſing away much time at a Glaſs, and giving Softneſſes and Languiſhing Graces to Deformity: All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, ſo far, as never to give our ſelves an uneaſie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accuſtomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occaſion, matter of great Jeſt, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Aſſembly, or is diſtinguiſhed by an Expanſion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aſpect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of theſe Oddneſſes about him, if he can be as merry upon himſelf, as others are apt to be upon that Occaſion: When he can poſſeſs himſelf with ſuch a Chearfulneſs, Women and Children, who were at firſt frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleaſed with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extreamly agreeable when he can Jeſt upon himſelf for them.

MADAM *Maintenon*'s firſt Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleaſantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he deſcribes as very much reſembling the Letter Z. He diverts himſelf likewiſe by repreſenting to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he uſed to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Viſage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aſpect of Dignity, he muſt be of very great Quality to be exempt from Raillery: The beſt Expedient therefore is to be pleaſant upon himſelf. Prince *Harry* and *Falſtaffe*, in *Shakeſpear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falſtaffe* is humorouſly called *Woolſack*, *Bed-preſſer*, and *Hill of Fleſh*: *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-Skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-caſe*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in ſeveral Incidents of the Converſation between them, the Jeſt ſtill kept up upon the Perſon. Great Tenderneſs and Senſibility in this Point is one of the greateſt Weakneſſes of Self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite ſo long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly ariſe from my opening my Mouth much ſeldomer than other People, and by Conſequence not ſo much lengthning the Fibres of my Viſage, I am not at

leiſure

ſure to determine. However it be, I have been often out of Countenance by the Shortneſs of my Face I was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wear- a Periwig with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard ow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delica- and could be contented it were much ſhorter, pro- ed it might qualifie me for a Member of the Merry ub, which the following Letter gives me an Account I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds th the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour which is na- al to that Place, I ſhall ſet it down Word for Word as came to me.

Moſt Profound Sir,

HAVING been very well entertained, in the laſt of your Speculations that I have yet ſeen, by your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I ſhall take the Liberty to furniſh you with a brief Account of ſuch a one as perhaps you have not ſeen in all your Travels, unleſs it was your Fortune to touch upon ſome of the woody Parts of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. There have aroſe in this Univerſity (long ſince you left us without ſaying any thing) ſeveral of theſe inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club*, *the Witty Club*, and amongſt the reſt, *the Handſome Club*; as a Burleſque upon which, a certain merry Species, that ſeem to have come into the World in Maſquerade, for ſome Years laſt paſt have aſſociated themſelves toge- ther, and aſſumed the Name of *the Ugly Club*: This ill-favoured Fraternity conſiſts of a Preſident and twelve Fellows; the Choice of which is not confined by Pa- tent to any particular Foundation, (as St. *John*'s Men would have the World believe, and have therefore erect- ed a ſeparate Society within themſelves) but Liberty is left to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, pro- vided the Candidates be within the Rules of the Club, as ſet forth in a Table, entituled, *The Act of Deformity*. A Clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſmit to you.

I. THAT

'I. THAT no Perſon whatſoever ſhall be admitte
'without a viſible Queerity in his Aſpect, or peculi
'Caſt of Countenance; of which the Preſident and Offi
'cers for the time being are to determine, and the Pre
'dent to have the caſting Voice.

'II. THAT a ſingular Regard be had, upon Exami
'nation, to the Gibboſity of the Gentlemen that offe
'themſelves, as Founders Kinſmen; or to the Obliquit
'of their Figure, in what ſort ſoever.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Noſe b
'eminently miſcalculated, whether as to Length o
'Breadth, he ſhall have a juſt Pretence to be elected.

'*Laſtly*, THAT if there ſhall be two or more Com
'petitors for the ſame Vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he th
'has the thickeſt Skin to have the Preference.

'EVERY freſh Member, upon his firſt Night, is t
'entertain the Company with a Diſh of Cod-fiſh, and
'Speech in Praiſe of *Æſop*; whoſe Portraiture they hav
'in full Proportion, or rather Diſproportion, over th
'Chimney; and their Deſign is, as ſoon as their Fund
'are ſufficient, to purchaſe the Heads of *Therſites*, *Du
'Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibraſs*, and the old Gentleman i
'*Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity
'as Furniture for the Club Room.

'AS they have always been profeſſed Admirers of th
'other Sex, ſo they unanimouſly declare that they wi
'give all poſſible Encouragement to ſuch as will take th
'Benefit of the Statute, though none yet have appeare
'to do it.

'THE worthy Preſident, who is their moſt devote
'Champion, has lately ſhewn me two Copies of Verſ
'compoſed by a Gentleman of his Society; the firſt,
'Congratulatory Ode inſcribed to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upo
'the loſs of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyri
'upon Mrs. *Andiron*'s left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (h
'ſays) ſince the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, an
'a top Toaſt in the Club; but I never hear him ſo lavi
'of his fine Things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who conſtan
'ly Officiates at their Table; her he even adores and e
'tols as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; in ſhor
'*Nell* (ſays he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Na
'ture

ture; but as for Complexion, Shape, and Features, ſo valued by others, they are all mere Outſide and Symmetry, which is his Averſion. Give me leave to add, that the Preſident is a facetious pleaſant Gentleman, and never more ſo, than when he has got (as he calls 'em) his dear Mummers about him; and he often proteſts it does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is ſo agreeable in the generality of the *French* Nation;) and, as an Inſtance of his Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a ſight of a Liſt in his Pocket-book of all of this Claſs, who for theſe five Years have fallen under his Obſervation, with himſelf at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a promiſing and improving Aſpect)

SIR,

Oxford, March 12, 1710. *Your Obliged and Humble Servant*,

Alexander Carbuncle.

N° 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

——*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. Hor.

IT is my Deſign in this Paper to deliver down to Poſterity a faithful Account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual Progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage; for there is no queſtion but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reaſon why their Forefathers uſed to ſit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not underſtand.

ARSINOE was the firſt Opera that gave us a Taſte of *Italian* Muſick. The great Succeſs this Opera met with,

with, produced ſome Attempts of forming Pieces upo *Italian* Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and re ſonable Entertainment than what can be met with in th elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarmed the Po taſters and Fidlers of the Town, who were uſed to de in a more ordinary kind of Ware; and therefore la down an eſtabliſhed Rule, which is received as ſuch t this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſic that is not Nonſenſe.*

THIS Maxim was no ſooner received, but we im mediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Opera's; and a there was no great Danger in hurting the Senſe of thoſ extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often mak Words of their own which were entirely foreign to th Meaning of the Paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; the chief Care being to make the Numbers of the *Engliſh* Verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame Tune. Thus the famous Song i *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t'intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expreſſes the Reſentments of an angry Lover, wa tranſlated into that *Engliſh* Lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's Hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refine Perſons of the *Britiſh* Nation dying away and languiſhing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and In dignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where th Senſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary Tranſpoſitio of Words which were drawn out of the Phraſe of on Tongue into that of another, made the Muſick appe very abſurd in one Tongue that was very natural in th other. I remember an *Italian* Verſe that ran thus Wor for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the *Engliſh* for Rhyme ſake tranſlated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this means the ſoft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the Word *Rage* in the *Engliſh* and

d the angry Sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the O-ginal, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the Tranſlation. It ſentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the ir fell upon the moſt inſignificant Words in the Sentence. have known the Word *And* purſued through the whole amut, have been entertained with many a melodious *he*, and have heard the moſt beautiful Graces, Quavers d Diviſions beſtowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to e eternal Honour of our *Engliſh* Particles.

THE next Step to our Refinement, was the introdu-ing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſung their arts in their own Language, at the ſame time that our ountry-men performed theirs in our native Tongue. he King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, nd his Slaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*: The Lover fre-uently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Prin-eſs, in a Language which ſhe did not underſtand. One ould have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an Interpreter be-ween the Perſons that converſed together; but this was he State of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three Years.

AT length the Audience grew tired of underſtanding Half the Opera; and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely f the Fatigue of Thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, hat the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; nſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen ur *Italian* Performers chattering in the Vehemence of ction, that they have been calling us Names, and abu-ing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we do put uch an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk a-ainſt us before our Faces, though they may do it with he ſame Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the ean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred Years hence, nd does not know the taſte of his wiſe Fore-fathers, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of he Eighteenth Century the* Italian *Tongue was ſo well un-derſtood in* England, *that Opera's were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

ONE

ONE ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the Confutation of an Abſurdity that ſhews it ſelf at the firſt Sight. It does not want any great meaſure of Senſe to ſee the Ridicule of this monſtrous Practice; but what makes the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the Taſte of the Rabble but of Perſons of the greateſt Politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

IF the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſick above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a People to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third Day's Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Poſſeſſion of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Senſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his Common-wealth.

AT preſent, our Notions of Muſick are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh*: So it be of a foreign Growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* Muſick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

WHEN a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to preſent his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral Hints that may be of Uſe to a good Architect. I ſhall take the ſame Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Muſick; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical Manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are Maſters in the Art. C

Thurſday

19. *Thurſday, March* 22.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis. Hor.

OBSERVING one Perſon behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Caſt of his Eye, which, methought, expreſſed an Emotion of rt very different from what could be raiſed by an Obſo agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began onſider, not without ſome ſecret Sorrow, the Condi- of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of Envious have by their Faſcination blaſted the Enjoyts of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſays, Some have ſo curious as to remark the Times and Seaſons when Stroke of an envious Eye is moſt effectually pernici- and have obſerved that it has been when the Perſon ed has been in any Circumſtance of Glory and Tri- h. At ſuch a time the Mind of the proſperous Man , as it were, abroad, among things without him, and ore expoſed to the Malignity. But I ſhall not dwell Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many llent Things which one might collect out of Authors this miſerable Affection; but keeping in the road ommon Life, conſider the Envious Man with relation heſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His pineſs.

HE Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occaſions which ht to give him Pleaſure. The Reliſh of his Life is in- ed; and the Objects which adminiſter the higheſt Sa- ction to thoſe who are exempt from this Paſſion, the quickeſt Pangs to Perſons who are ſubject to it. he Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: th. Beauty, Valour and Wiſdom are Provocations of r Diſpleaſure. What a Wretched and Apoſtate State is! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man

Man becauſe we approve him! The Condition of the E vious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Succe but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot gainſt his Quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs Advantage. *Will. Proſper* is an honeſt Tale-bearer, makes it his buſineſs to join in Converſation with En ous Men. He points to ſuch an handſom young Fello and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great F tune: When they doubt, he adds Circumſtances to pro it; and never fails to aggravate their Diſtreſs, by aſſuri 'em, that to his Knowledge, he has an Uncle will le him ſome Thouſands. *Will.* has many Arts of this k to torture this ſort of Temper, and delights in it. Wh he finds them change Colour, and ſay faintly they w ſuch a piece of News is true, he has the Malice to ſp ſome good or other of every Man of their Acqua tance.

THE Reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little E miſhes and Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in Illuſtrious Character. It is a matter of great Conſolati to an Envious Perſon, when a Man of known Hon does a thing unworthy himſelf: Or when any Acti which was well executed, upon better Information pears ſo altered in its Circumſtances, that the Fame o is divided among Many, inſtead of being attributed One. This is a ſecret Satisfaction to theſe Malignan for the Perſon whom they before could not but adm they fancy is nearer their own Condition as ſoon as Merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Ye ago there came out an excellent Poem without the Na of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the ſuppoſed Wri When that would not do, they took great Pains to f preſs the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. T next Refuge was to ſay it was over-looked by one M and many Pages wholly written by another. An ho Fellow, who ſate among a Cluſter of them in debate this Subject, cryed out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure no you your ſelves had an hand in it, you are but where were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual Succour to

Envi

Envious, in cases of nameless Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns Pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deserve it.

BUT if we consider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any Uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Useful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Derision, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vainglory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest Ambition for the future.

HAVING throughly considered the Nature of this Passion, I have made it my Study how to avoid the Envy that may accrue to me from these my Speculations; and if I am not mistaken in my self, I think I have a Genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would spring from that Applause; and therefore gave a Description of my Face the next Day; being resolved, as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to resign my Pretensions to Beauty. This, I hope, may give some Ease to those unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themselves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Case is very deplorable, and deserves Compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time administer Consolations to them by further Discoveries of my Person. In the mean while, if any one says the SPECTATOR has Wit, it may be some Relief to them, to think that he does not shew it in Company. And if any one praises his Morality,

they may comfort themſelves by conſidering that his F is none of the longeſt.

N° 20. *Friday March* 23.

——Κύνος ὄμμαθ' ἔχων—— Hom.

AMONG the other hardy Undertakings which have propoſed to myſelf, that of the Correcti of Impudence is what I have very much at He This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECT TOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by t Eyes, and that againſt ſuch as the Offenders would p haps never have an Opportunity of injuring any ot Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a you Lady, who ſets forth a Treſpaſs of this Kind, with t Command of herſelf as befits Beauty and Innocence, a yet with ſo much Spirit as ſufficiently expreſſes her i dignation. The whole Tranſaction is performed wi the Eyes; and the Crime is no leſs than employing them ſuch a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from t beſt Uſe they can make of them, even looking up Heaven.

SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable M
'but had ſome aukward Imitators. Ever ſince t
'SPECTATOR appeared, have I remarked a kind
'Men, whom I chuſe to call *Starers*; that without
'regard to Time, Place, or Modeſty, diſturb a la
'Company with their impertinent Eyes. Spectat
'make up a proper Aſſembly for a Puppet-Show o
'Bear-Garden; but devout Supplicants and attent
'Hearers, are the Audience one ought to expect
'Churches. I am, Sir, Member of a ſmall pious C
'gregation near one of the North Gates of this Ci
'much the greater Part of us indeed are Females, a
'uſed to behave our ſelves in a regular attentive Man

ill very lately one whole Iſle has been diſturbed with one of theſe monſtrous Starers; He's the Head taller than any one in the Church; but for the greater Advantage of expoſing himſelf, ſtands upon a Haſſock, and commands the whole Congregation, to the great Annoyance of the devouteſt Part of the Auditory; for what with Bluſhing, Confuſion and Vexation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor Sermon. Your Animadverſion upon this Inſolence, would be a great Favour to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. C.

I have frequently ſeen of this Sort of Fellows; and do not nk there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, n that it is committed where the Criminal is proted by the Sacredneſs of the Place which he violates. ny Reflections of this ſort might be very juſtly made on this kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not uſually a ſon to be convinced by the Reaſon of the thing, and ellow that is capable of ſhewing an impudent Front be- a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick ſtacle, is not ſo eaſily rebuked as to amend by Admoions. If therefore my Correſpondent does not inform , that within ſeven Days after this Date the Barbarian s not at leaſt ſtand upon his own Legs only, without Eminence, my Friend *Will. Proſper* has promiſed to an Haſſock oppoſite to him, and ſtare againſt him in ence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, acding to the moſt exact Rules of Opticks, to place him- in ſuch a manner that he ſhall meet his Eyes where- he throws them: I have Hopes that when *Will.* conts him, and all the Ladies, in whoſe Behalf he engages n, caſt kind Looks and Wiſhes of Succeſs at their Chamn, he will have ſome Shame, and feel a little of the he has ſo often put others to, of being out of Counance.

T has indeed been Time out of Mind generally reked, and as often lamented, that this Family of Sta-

rers have infested publick Assemblies: And I know no o
ther Way to obviate so great an Evil, except, in the Ca
of fixing their Eyes upon Women, some Male Friend w
take the Part of such as are under the Oppression of Im
pudence, and encounter the Eyes of the Starers where
ever they meet them. While we suffer our Women t
be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, b
in the End to cast yielding Glances at the Starers: And i
this Case, a Man who has no Sense of Shame has the sam
Advantage over his Mistress, as he who has no Regar
for his own Life has over his Adversary. While th
Generality of the World are fettered by Rules, and mov
by proper and just Methods; he who has no Respect t
any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Pro
priety of Behaviour, with no other Merit, but that of h
ving neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a sort of Outlaw i
Good-breeding, and therefore what is said of him no N
tion or Person can be concerned for. For this Reason
one may be free upon him. I have put my self to gre
Pains in considering this prevailing Quality which we c
Impudence, and have taken Notice that it exerts it self i
a different Manner, according to the different Soils wher
in such Subjects of these Dominions, as are Masters of i
were born. Impudence in an *English-man* is sullen and i
solent; in a *Scotch-man* it is untractable and rapacious;
an *Irish-man* absurd and fawning: As the Course of th
World now runs, the impudent *English-man* behaves li
a surly Landlord, the *Scot* like an ill-received Guest, a
the *Irish-man* like a Stranger who knows he is not w
come. There is seldom any Thing entertaining either
the Impudence of a *South* or *North Briton*; but that of
Irish-man is always Comick: A true and genuine Imp
dence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the le
Sense of it: The best and most successful Starers now
this Town, are of that Nation; they have usually the A
vantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter
my Correspondent, and generally take their Stands in t
Eye of Women of Fortune: Insomuch that I have know
one of them, three Months after he came from Plou
with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Pl
whi

which one of our own Breed, after four Years at *Oxford*, and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at. I cannot tell how to account for it, but theſe People have uſually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the fillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an *Engliſh* Coxcomb is ſeldom ſo obſequious as an *Iriſh* one; and when the Deſign of pleaſing is viſible, an Abſurdity in the Way toward it is eaſily forgiven.

BUT thoſe who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are ſuch, are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profeſs Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the moſt inexcuſable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than ſaying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter*. No; no Man ſhall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conſcious that he is ſuch: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwiſe; and it ſhall be expected that he bluſh, when he ſees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the Want of Modeſty; without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit deteſtable. R

N° 21. *Saturday, March* 24.

——Locus eſt & pluribus Umbris. Hor.

I Am ſometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Profeſſions of Divinity, Law, and Phyſick; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that ſtarve one another.

WE may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the firſt we may reckon Biſhops, Deans and Arch-Deacons. Among the ſecond are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The reſt are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the firſt Claſs, our Conſtitution preſerves it from any Redun-

dancy of Incumbents, notwithſtanding Competitors are numberleſs. Upon a ſtrict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the ſecond Diviſion, ſeveral Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; inſomuch that within my Memory the price of Luteſtring is raiſed about two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the ſplitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry moſt of the Elections in *England*.

THE Body of the Law is no leſs encumbered with ſuperfluous Members, that are like *Virgil*'s Army, which he tells us was ſo crouded, many of them had not Room to uſe their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the firſt are comprehended all thoſe who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, every Morning in Term time. *Martial*'s Deſcription of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

Iras & verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or leſs paſſionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I muſt however obſerve to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, as ſuch as are only quarrelſome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of ſhewing their Paſſion at the Bar. Nevertheleſs, as they do not know what Strifes may ariſe, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may ſhew themſelves in a Readineſs to enter the Liſts, whenever there ſhall be Occaſion for them.

THE Peaceable Lawyers are, in the firſt place, many of the Benchers of the ſeveral Inns of Court, who ſeem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with thoſe Qualifications of Mind that accompliſh a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. Theſe Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Dri-

ing once a Year, for the Honour of the reſpective Socie-
es.

ANOTHER numberleſs Branch of Peaceable Law-
ers, are thoſe young Men who being placed at the Inns
f Court in order to ſtudy the Laws of their Country,
equent the Play-houſe more than *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and
e ſeen in all publick Aſſemblies, except in a Court of
uſtice. I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe Silent and Buſie
ultitudes that are employed within Doors, in the draw-
g up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of thoſe grea-
r Numbers that palliate their want of Buſineſs with a
retence to ſuch Chamber-practice.

IF, in the third place, we look into the Profeſſion of
hyſick, we ſhall find a moſt formidable Body of Men:
he Sight of them is enough to make a Man ſerious, for
e might lay it down as a Maxim, that when a Nation
ounds in Phyſicians it grows thin of People. Sir *Wil-
am Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a Reaſon why
e Notthern Hive, as he calls it, does not ſend out ſuch
rodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths*
d *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that Excellent
uthor obſerved that there were no Students in Phyſick
nong the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Sci-
ce very much flouriſhes in the North at preſent, he
ight have found a better Solution for this Difficulty than
y of thoſe he has made uſe of. This Body of Men, in
r own Country, may be deſcribed like the *Britiſh* Ar-
y in *Caſar*'s time: Some of them ſlay in Chariots, and
me on Foot. If the Infantry do leſs Execution than the
harioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon
o all Quarters of the Town, and diſpatch ſo much Buſi-
eſs in ſo ſhort a Time. Beſides this Body of Regular
roops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly liſted
d enrolled, do infinite Miſchief to thoſe who are ſo un-
cky as to fall into their Hands.

THERE are, beſides the above-mentioned, innume-
ble Retainers to Phyſick, who for want of other Pati-
nts, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of Cats in an Air
ump, cutting up Dogsalive, or impaling of Inſects upon
e point of a Needle for Microſcopical Obſervations; be-
des thoſe that are employed in the gathering of Weeds,

and the Chace of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

WHEN I consider how each of these Professions is crouded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London*, by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Money than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education! A sober frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, though he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

IT is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life, which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be over-stocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchant-men are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

No 22. *Monday, March 26.*

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi. Hor.

THE Word SPECTATOR being moſt uſually underſtood as one of the Audience at publick Repreſentations in our Theatres, I ſeldom fail of many Letrs relating to Plays and Opera's. But indeed there are ch monſtrous things done in both, that if one had not en an Eye-witneſs of them, one could not believe that ch Matters had really been exhibited. There is very le which concerns Human Life, or is a Picture of Nare that is regarded by the greater Part of the Compa. The Underſtanding is diſmiſſed from our Entertainents. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Adiration the Wonder of Idiots; elſe ſuch improbable, onſtrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as ey do, not only without the utmoſt Scorn and Conmpt, but even with the loudeſt Applauſe and Approbaon. But the Letters of my Correſpondents will repreht this Affair in a more lively Manner than any Diſcourſe my own; I ſhall therefore give them to my Reader ith only this Preparation, that they all come from Playrs, and that the buſineſs of Playing is now ſo managed, at you are not to be ſurpriſed when I ſay one or two of em are rational, others ſenſitive and vegetative Actors, d others wholly inanimate. I ſhall not place theſe as I ve named them, but as they have Precedence in the pinion of their Audiences.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR having been ſo humble as to take Notice of the Epiſtles of other Animals, emboldens me, who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. *Toſts*, to repreſent to you, That I think I was hardly uſed in not having the Part of the Lion in *Hydaſpes* given to me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to

'have perſonated that noble Creature, after having b
'haved my ſelf to Satisfaction in the Part above-men
'oned: But that of a Lion, is too great a Character f
'one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Le
'As for the little Reſiſtance which I made, I hope it m
'be excuſed, when it is conſidered that the Dart w
'thrown at me by ſo fair an Hand. I muſt confeſs
'had but juſt put on my Brutality; and *Camilla*'s Charm
'were ſuch, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing h
'charming Voice, and aſtoniſhed with her graceful M
'tion, I could not keep up to my aſſumed Fierceneſs
'but died like a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Thomas Pro

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you underſtand, that the Play-ho
'is a Repreſentation of the World in nothing
'much as in this Particular, that no one riſes in it
'cording to his Merit. I have acted ſeveral Parts
'Houſhold-ſtuff with great Applauſe for many Years:
'am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Empero*
'*the Moon*; I have twice performed the third Chair in
'*Engliſh* Opera; and have rehearſed the Pump in the F
'*tune Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you w
'recommend me ſo effectually, as that I may ſay ſom
'thing before I go off the Stage: In which you will d
'great Act of Charity to

Your moſt Humble Servant,

William Scre

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. *Serene* has w
'to you, and deſired to be raiſed from dumb
'ſtill Parts; I deſire, if you give him Motion or Spee
'that you would advance me in my Way, and let
'keep on in what I humbly preſume I am a Maſter,
'wit, in repreſenting human and ſtill Life together.
'have ſeveral times acted one of the fineſt Flower-p

in the ſame Opera wherein Mr. *Screne* is a Chair; therefore upon his Promotion, requeſt that I may ſucceed him in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-Trees.

Your Humble Servant,

Ralph Simple

SIR, Drury-Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

I Saw your Friend the Templer this Evening in the Pit, and thought he looked very little pleaſed with the Repreſentation of the mad Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wiſh, Sir, you would do us the Favour to animadvert frequently upon the falſe Taſte the Town is in, with Relation to Plays as well as Opera's. It certainly requires a Degree of Underſtanding to play juſtly; but ſuch is our Condition, that we are to ſuſpend our Reaſon to perform our Parts. As to Scenes of Madneſs, you know, Sir, there are noble Inſtances of this kind in *Shakeſpear*; but then it is the Diſturbance of a noble Mind, from generous and human Reſentments: It is like that Grief which we have for the Deceaſe of our Friends: It is no Dimunition, but a Recommendation of humane Nature, that in ſuch Incidents Paſſions gets the better of Reaſon; and all we can think to comfort our ſelves, is impotent againſt half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the Senſe it is repreſented to have, is that of Luſt. As for my ſelf, who have long taken Pains in perſonating the Paſſions, I have to-night acted only an Appetite. The Part I play'd is Thirſt, but it is repreted as written rather by a Dray-man than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with Quart-pots, with a full Gallon at my Mouth. I am aſhamed to tell you that I pleaſed very much, and this was introduced as a Madneſs; but ſure it was not human Madneſs, for a Mule or an Aſs may have been as dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient and humble Servant.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *From the* Savoy *in the* Strand.

'IF you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you this
'Trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortu-
'nate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the first Prince that
'dated from this Palace since *John* of *Gaunt*. Such is
'the Uncertainty of all human Greatness, that I who
'lately never moved without a Guard, am now pressed as
'a common Soldier, and am to sail with the first fair Wind
'against my Brother *Lewis* of *France*. It is a very hard
'thing to put off a Character which one has appeared in
'with Applause: This I experienced since the Loss of
'my Diadem; for upon quarrelling with another Re-
'cruit, I spoke my Indignation out of my Part in *reci-*
'*tativo*;

——*Most audacious Slave,*
Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?

'The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, when
'a Serjeant knock'd me down, and asked me if I had
'Mind to mutiny, in talking things no body understood.
'You see, Sir, my unhappy Circumstances; and if by
'Your Mediation you can procure a Subsidy for a Prince
'(who never failed to make all that beheld him merry
'at his Appearance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,

The King of *Latium*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Publick.

WITHIN two Doors of the Masquerade, lives an emi-
nent Italian *Chirurgion, arrived from the Carnaval at Ve-*
nice, of great Experience in private Cures. Accommodation
are provided, and Persons admitted in their Masquing Ha-
bit.

HE has cured since his coming thither, in less than a
Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two
Turkish *Bassa's, Three Nuns, and a Morris Dancer.*

Venienti occurrite Morbo.

N.B. *ANY Person may agree by the Great, and be kept Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulsy our Mask.* R

° 23. *Tuesday, March 27.*

Sevit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit. Virg.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are ritten with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, hich not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. r this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the alents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an -natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness aong near Relations, and to expose whole Families to erision, at the same time that he remains unseen and ndiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being itty and ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain; e is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enr into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall pon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. irtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praise-worthy, ill be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from ese Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other xcuse that is or can be made for them, than that the ounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nohing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind f the suffering Person. It must indeed be confess'd, at a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbey or Murder; but at the same time, how many are there

there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable Sum of Mony, or even Life it ſelf, than be ſet up as a Mark of Infamy and Deriſion? And in this Caſe a Man ſhould conſider, that an Injury is not to be meaſured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

THOSE who can put the beſt Countenance upon the Outrages of this Nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret Anguiſh. I have often obſerved a Paſſage in *Socrates*'s Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have conſidered it. This excellent Man, entertaining his Friends, a little before he drank the Bowl of Poiſon, with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it ſays, that he does not believe any the moſt Comick Genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a Subject at ſuch a time. This Paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes* who writ a Comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the Diſcourſe of that Divine Philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many Writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expreſſed the leaſt Reſentment of it. But with Submiſſion, I think the Remark I have here made ſhews us that this unworthy Treatment made an Impreſſion upon his Mind though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

WHEN *Julius Caſar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with ſuch generous Civility, that he made the Poet his Friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind of Treatment to the Learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal ſent for him, and after ſome kind Expoſtulations upon what he had written, aſſured him of his Eſteem, and diſmiſſed him with a Promiſe of the next good Abby that ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few Months after. This had ſo good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the ſecond Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Paſſage which had given him Offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of ſo generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the Statu

Statue of *Paſquin* was one Night dreſſed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Excuſe written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linnen becauſe his Laundreſs was made a Princeſs. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Siſter, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in thoſe mean Circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented her. As this Paſquinade made a great Noiſe in *Rome*, the Pope offered a conſiderable Sum of Mony to any Perſon that ſhould diſcover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holineſs's Generoſity, as alſo on ſome private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Diſcovery himſelf; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame time, to diſable the Satyriſt for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an Inſtance. Every one knows that all the Kings of *Europe* were his Tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boaſts that he had laid the Sophy of *Perſia* under Contribution.

THOUGH in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great Men behaved themſelves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly ſhewed that they were very ſenſible of their Reproaches, and conſequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a Man that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret Wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the Perſon, whoſe Reputation he thus aſſaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the ſame Security. There is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady ſhall be expoſed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to Ridicule, for ſome domeſtick Calamity. A Wife be made uneaſie all her Life, for a miſinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt Man, ſhall be put out of Countenance by the Repreſentation of thoſe Qualities that ſhould do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate Writers that without any Malice have ſacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance, to a certain Levity of Temper, and a ſilly Ambition, of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which Reaſon I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiſcreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his Enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to; the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this Occaſion, tranſcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Eſtrange*, which accidentally lies before me.

'A Company of waggiſh Boys were watching of Frogs 'at the ſide of a Pond, and ſtill as any of 'em put up their 'Head, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. '*Children* (ſays one of the Frogs) *you never conſider that 'tho' this be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

AS this Week is in a manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious Thoughts, I ſhall indulge my ſelf in ſuch Speculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the Seaſon; and in the mean time, as the ſetting in our ſelves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expoſe the particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, becauſe they are but few who can be guilty of it.

N 24. *Wedneſday, March* 28.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulciſſime rerum? Hor.

THERE are in this Town a great Number of inſignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better ſort of Converſation, and yet have an imminent Ambition of appearing with thoſe to whom are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of will certainly join with you, tho' you are in Comy with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find Haunts. What makes ſuch Fellows the more burſome, is, that they neither offend or pleaſe ſo far as taken Notice of for either. It is, I preſume, for this ſon, that my Correſpondents are willing by my Means rid of them. The two following Letters are writ Perſons who ſuffer by ſuch Impertinence. A worthy Batchelor, who ſets in for his Doſe of Claret every ght at ſuch an Hour, is teized by a Swarm of them; o becauſe they are ſure of Room and good Fire, have n it in their Heads to keep a ſort of Club in his Comy; tho' the ſober Gentleman himſelf is an utter Ene to ſuch Meetings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Averſion I for ſome Years have had to Clubs in general, gave me a perfect Reliſh for your peculation on that Subject; but I have ſince been extremely mortified, by the malicious World's ranking me amongſt the Supporters of ſuch impertinent Aſſemlies. I beg leave to ſtate my Caſe fairly; and that done, ſhall expect Redreſs from your judicious Pen.

I am, Sir, a Bachelor of ſome ſtanding, and a Traeller; my Buſineſs, to conſult my own Humour, which gratifie without controuling other People's; I have a oom and a whole Bed to my ſelf; and I have a Dog,

a

a Fiddle, and a Gun; they pleaſe me, and injure
Creature alive. My chief Meal is a Supper, which
always make at a Tavern. I am conſtant to an Ho
and not ill-humour'd; for which Reaſons, tho' I inv
no Body, I have no ſooner ſupp'd, than I have a Cro
about me of that ſort of good Company that know
whither elſe to go. It is true every Man pays his Sha
yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted Ri
to be the only Speaker, or at leaſt the loudeſt; which
maintain, and that to the great Emolument of my A
dience. I ſometimes tell them their own in pretty fr
Language; and ſometimes divert them with me
Tales, according as I am in Humour. I am one of th
who live in Taverns to a great Age, by a ſort of reg
lar Intemperance; I never go to Bed drunk, but alwa
fluſter'd; I wear away very gently; am apt to be p
viſh, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, If you h
kept various Company, you know there is in every T
vern in Town ſome old Humouriſt or other, who
Maſter of the Houſe as much as he that keeps it. T
Drawers are all in Awe of him; and all the Cuſtom
who frequent his Company, yield him a ſort of co
cal Obedience. I do not know but I may be ſuch
Fellow as this my ſelf. But I appeal to you, whet
this is to be called a Club, becauſe ſo many Impertine
will break it upon me, and come without Appoi
ment? *Clinch* of *Barnet* has a nightly Meeting, a
ſhows to every one that will come in and pay; b
then he is the only Actor. Why ſhould People miſc
things? If his is allow'd to be a Conſort, why may
mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I ſubmit to y
and am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

Tho. Kimbo

Good Sir,

YOU and I were preſs'd againſt each other laſt Wi
ter in a Crowd, in which uneaſie Poſture we ſt
fer'd together for almoſt half an Hour. I thank y
for all your Civilities ever ſince, in being of my Acqua
tan

ance where-ever you meet me. But the other Day ou pull'd off your Hat to me in the *Park*, when I was alking with my Miſtreſs: She did not like your Air, nd ſaid ſhe wondered what ſtrange Fellows I was ac-quainted with. Dear Sir, conſider it is as much as my Life is worth, if ſhe ſhould think we were intimate; herefore I earneſtly intreat you for the future to take o manner of Notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Faſhion.

A like Impertinence is alſo very troubleſome to the ſu-riour and more intelligent Part of the fair Sex. It is, it ems, a great Inconvenience, that thoſe of the meaneſt pacities will pretend to make Viſits, tho' indeed they e qualified rather to add to the Furniture of the Houſe filling an empty Chair) than to the Converſation they me into when they viſit. A Friend of mine hopes for edreſs in this Caſe, by the Publication of her Letter in Paper; which ſhe thinks thoſe ſhe would be rid of ill take to themſelves. It ſeems to be written with an e to one of thoſe pert giddy unthinking Girls, who on the Recommendation only of an agreeable Perſon d a faſhionable Air, take themſelves to be upon a Level ith Women of the greateſt Merit.

MADAM,

I Take this Way to acquaint you with what common ' Rules and Forms would never permit me to tell you otherwiſe; to wit, that you and I, tho' Equals in Quality and Fortune, are by no means ſuitable Com-panions. You are, 'tis true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good Figure in a publick Aſſembly; but alas, Madam, you muſt go no further; Diſtance and Silence are your beſt Recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more Viſits. You come in a literal Senſe to ſee one, for you have nothing to ſay. I do not ſay this, that I would by any Means loſe your Acquaintance; but I would keep it up with

' the

'the ſtricteſt Forms of good Breeding. Let us pay
'ſits, but never ſee one another: If you will be ſo go
'as to deny your ſelf always to me, I ſhall return
'Obligation by giving the ſame Orders to my Serva
'When Accident makes us meet at a third Place,
'may mutually lament the Misfortune of never find
'one another at home, go in the ſame Party to a Be
'fit-Play, and ſmile at each other, and put down Gla
'as we paſs in our Coaches. Thus we may enjoy
'much of each other's Friendſhip as we are capable:
'there are ſome People who are to be known only
'Sight, with which ſort of Friendſhip I hope you
'always honour,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Mary Tueſ

P. S. 'I ſubſcribe my ſelf by the Name of the Da
'keep, that my ſupernumerary Friends may know
'I am.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*To prevent all Miſtakes that may happen among Gen
men of the other end of the Town, who come but once a W
to St.* James's *Coffee-houſe, either by miſcalling the Serva
or requiring ſuch things from them as are not properly wit
their reſpective Provinces; this is to give Notice, that* Ki
ney, *Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outlying Cuſtomers,
Obſerver of thoſe who go off without paying, having reſig
that Employment, is ſucceeded by* John Sowton; *to wh
Place of Enterer of Meſſages and firſt Coffee-Grinder* Willi
Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Burdock *comes as Sh
Cleaner in the Room of the ſaid* Bird.

N° 25. *Thurſday, March* 29.

——— *Ægreſcitque medendo.* Virg.

THE following Letter will explain it ſelf, and needs no Apology.

' *I R,*'

I Am one of that ſickly Tribe who are commonly ' known by the Name of *Valetudinarians*; and do ' confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the Study of Phyſick. I no ſooner began to peruſe Books of this Nature, but I found my Pulſe was irregular; and ſcarce ever read the Account of any Diſeaſe that I did not fancy my ſelf afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham*'s learned Treatiſe of Fevers threw me into a lingring Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent Piece. I then applied my ſelf to the Study of ſeveral Authors, who have written upon Pthiſical Diſtempers, and by that means fell into a Conſumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner ſhamed out of that Imagination. Not long after this I found in my ſelf all the Symptoms of the Gout, except Pain; but was cured of it by a Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, who (as it is uſual for Phyſicians to convert one Diſtemper into another) threw me of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length ſtudied my ſelf into a Complication of Diſtempers; but, accidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious Diſcourſe written by *Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to direct my ſelf by a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his Obſervations. The Learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was ſo Artificially hung upon Springs, that it would

' weigh

'weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By th
'means he discovered how many Ounces of his Fo
'pass'd by Perspiration, what quantity of it was turn
'into Nourishment, and how much went away by t
'other Channels and Distributions of Nature.

'HAVING provided my self with this Chair, I us
'to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; insomuch that
'may be said, for these three last Years, to have lived
'a Pair of Scales. I compute my self, when I am in
'Health, to be precisely Two hundred Weight, fallin
'short of it about a Pound after a Day's Fast, and excee
'ing it as much after a very full Meal; so that it is
'continual Employment, to trim the Ballance betwe
'these two Volatile Pounds in my Constitution. In
'ordinary Meals I fetch my self up to Two hundred Wei
'and half a Pound; and if after having dined I find
'self fall short of it, I drink just so much Small Beer,
'eat such a quantity of Bread, as is sufficient to make
'weight. In my greatest Excesses I do not trang
'more than the other half Pound; which, for my Hea
'sake, I do the first *Monday* in every Month. As soo
'I find my self duely poised after Dinner, I walk till
'have perspired five Ounces and four Scruples; and wh
'I discover, by my Chair, that I am so far reduced,
'fall to my Books, and study away three Ounces m
'As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no
'count of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clo
'but by my Chair; for when that informs me my Pou
'of Food is exhausted, I conclude my self to be hung
'and lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days
'Abstinence I lose a Pound and an half, and on sole
'Fasts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in
'Year.

'I allow my self one Night with another, a Quar
'of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or le
'and if upon my rising I find that I have not consum
'my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Ch
'Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and
'ceived the last Year, which I always register in a Book
'find the Medium to be Two hundred Weight, so that I c
'not discover that I am impaired one Ounce in my He
'duri

during a whole Twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithſtanding this my great Care to ballaſt my ſelf equally every Day, and to keep my Body in its proper Poiſe, ſo it is that I find my ſelf in a ſick and languiſhing Condition. My Complexion is grown very ſallow, my Pulſe low, and my Body Hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to conſider me as your Patient, and to give me more certain Rules to walk by than thoſe I have already obſerved, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

THIS Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the Monument of a *Valetudinarian*; *Stavo ben, per ſtar Meglio, ſto qui:* Which it is impoſſible to inflate. The Fear of Death often proves Mortal, and People on Methods to ſave their Lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is a Reflection made by ſome Historians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a Flight than in a Battel; and may be applied to thoſe Multitudes of imaginary Sick Perſons break their Conſtitutions by Phyſick, and throw themſelves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to eſcape it. This Method is not only dangerous, but below the Practice of a Reaſonable Creature. To conſult the Preſervation of Life, as the only End of it, To make our Health our Buſineſs, To engage in no Action that is not part of a Regimen, or courſe of Phyſick; are Purpoſes ſo mean, ſo unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Befides, that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Reliſhes of it, and caſts a Gloom over the whole Face of Nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulneſs of Mind, and Capacity for Buſineſs, are in a great meaſure the Effects of a well-temper'd Conſtitution, a Man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Senſe, but by Duty and Inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs

leſs Fears, melancholy Apprehenſions, and imaginary D
ſtempers, which are natural to every Man who is m
anxious to live than how to live. In ſhort, the Preſer
tion of Life ſhould be only a ſecondary Concern, and t
Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Fra
of Mind, we ſhall take the beſt Means to preſerve Li
without being over-ſollicitous about the Event; and ſh
arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has m
tioned as the Perfection of Happineſs, of neither fea
nor wiſhing for Death.

IN anſwer to the Gentleman, who tempers his He
by Ounces and by Scruples, and inſtead of compl
with thoſe natural Sollicitations of Hunger and Th
Drowſineſs or Love of Exerciſe, governs himſelf by
Preſcriptions of his Chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort Fa
Jupiter, ſays the Mythologiſt, to reward the Piety o
certain Countryman, promiſed to give him whatever
would ask. The Countryman deſired that he might h
the Management of the Weather in his own Eſtate:
obtained his Requeſt, and immediately diſtributed R
Snow, and Sunſhine among his ſeveral Fields, a
thought the nature of the Soil required. At the en
the Year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordi
Crop, his Harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his Ne
bours: Upon which (ſays the Fable) he deſired *Jupite*
take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that o
wiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf.

No 26. *Friday, March* 30.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.
Vita ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia ——— Hor.

WHEN I am in a ſerious Humour, I very often walk by my ſelf in *Weſtminſter* Abby; where the Gloomineſs of the Place, and the Uſe to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I Yeſterday paſſed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloyſters, and the Church, amuſing my ſelf with the Tomb-ſtones and Inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral Regions of the Dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried Perſon, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole Hiſtory of his Life being comprehended in thoſe two Circumſtances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon theſe Regiſters of Exiſtence, whether of Braſs or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Perſons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of ſeveral Perſons mentioned in the Battles of Heroïc Poems, who have ſounding Names given them, for no other Reaſon but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

Γλαῦκον τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλοχόν τε. Hom.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. Vir.

The Life of theſe Men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ

by *the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately closed and loſt.

UPON my going into the Church, I entertained ſelf with the digging of a Grave; and ſaw in every S vel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of freſh moulder Earth that ſome time or other had a Place in the C poſition of an human Body. Upon this I began to co der with my ſelf what innumerable Multitudes of Pe lay confuſed together under the Pavement of that anci Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enem Prieſts and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crus led amongſt one another, and blended together in the ſa common Maſs; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, w Old-age, Weakneſs and Deformity, lay undiſtinguiſh'd the ſame promiſcuous Heap of Matter.

AFTER having thus ſurveyed this great Magazine Mortality, as it were, in the Lump; I examined it m particularly by the Accounts which I found on ſeveral the Monuments which are raiſed in every Quarter that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered w ſuch extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were poſſible the dead Perſon to be acquainted with them, he wo bluſh at the Praiſes which his Friends have beſtowed on him. There are others ſo exceſſively Modeſt, t they deliver the Character of the Perſon departed in G *or Hebrew*, and by that means are not underſtood once a Twelvemonth. In the Poetical Quarter, I found th were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monum which had no Poets. I obſerved indeed that the preſe War had filled the Church with many of theſe uninha ted Monuments, which had been erected to the Mem ry of Perſons whoſe Bodies were perhaps buried in t Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Boſom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeve modern Epitaphs, which are written with great E gance of Expreſſion and Juſtneſs of Thought, and the fore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ig rance or Politeneſs of a Nation from the Turn of th publick Monuments and Inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſi

mix

ted to the Peruſal of Men of Learning and Genius be- they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*'s Mo- ment has very often given me great Offence: Inſtead of brave rough *Engliſh* Admiral, which was the diſtinguiſh- Character of that plain gallant Man, he is repreſented his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dreſſed in a long riwig, and repoſing himſelf upon Velvet Cuſhions un- a Canopy of State. The Inſcription is anſwerable to Monument; for inſtead of celebrating the many re- kable Actions he had performed in the Service of Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of Death, in which it was impoſſible for him to reap a- Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to deſpiſe for nt of Genius, ſhew an infinitely greater Taſte of An- ity and Politeneſs in their Buildings and Works of this ture, than what we meet with in thoſe of our own ntry. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have n erected at the publick Expence, repreſent 'em like mſelves; and are adorned with roſtral Crowns and al Ornaments, with beautiful Feſtoons of Sea-weeds, lls, and Coral.

BUT to return to our Subject. I have left the Repo- ry of our *Engliſh* Kings for the Contemplation of a- her Day, when I ſhall find my Mind diſpoſed for ſo ous an Amuſement. I know that Entertainments of Nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal Thoughts in orous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations; but for my part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know at it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a w of Nature in her deep and ſolemn Scenes, with ame Pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. this means I can improve my ſelf with thoſe Objects, ich others conſider with Terror. When I look up- the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every rdinate Deſire goes out; when I meet with the Grief Parents upon a Tomb-ſtone, my Heart melts with mpaſſion; when I ſee the Tomb of the Parents them- es, I conſider the Vanity of grieving for thoſe whom muſt quickly follow: When I ſee Kings lying by e who depoſed them, When I conſider rival Wits

placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided
World with their Conteſts and Diſputes, I reflect w
Sorrow and Aſtoniſhment on the little Competitions,
ctions and Debates of Mankind. When I read the ſe
ral Dates of the Tombs, of ſome that died Yeſterd
and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I conſider that great D
when we ſhall all of us be Contemporaries, and make
Appearance together.

N° 27. *Saturday, March* 31.

Ut nox longa quibus Mentitur amica, dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit Cuſtodia matrum ;
Sic mihi Tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi Gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, Locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit. Ho

THERE is ſcarce a thinking Man in the World,
is involved in the Buſineſs of it, but lives unde
ſecret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he
fers, and has formed a Reſolution to fix himſelf,
time or other, in ſuch a State as is ſuitable to the End
his Being. You hear Men every Day in Converſa
profeſs, that all the Honour, Power and Riches w
they propoſe to themſelves, cannot give Satisfaction
nough to reward them for half the Anxiety they un
go in the Purſuit, or Poſſeſſion of them. While
are in this Temper, (which happens very frequen
how inconſiſtent are they with themſelves? They
wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in t
Hearts to relinquiſh it; Retirement is what they w
but they cannot betake themſelves to it: While they
after Shade and Covert, they ſtill affect to appear in
moſt glittering Scenes of Life : But ſure this is but

eaſonable as if a Man ſhould call for more Lights, when as a Mind to go to Sleep.

INCE then it is certain that our own Hearts de- e us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot mand our ſelves enough to reſign it, though we every wiſh our ſelves diſengaged from its Allurements; let not ſtand upon a formal taking of Leave, but wean ſelves from them, while we are in the midſt of them. T is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part Mankind to accompliſh this Work, and live according heir own Approbation, as ſoon as they poſſibly can: ſince the Duration of Life is ſo uncertain, and that has a common Topick of Diſcourſe ever ſince there was a thing as Life it ſelf, how is it poſſible that we ld defer a Moment the beginning to live according to Rules of Reaſon?

HE Man of Buſineſs has ever ſome one Point to car- and then he tells himſelf he'll bid adieu to all the Vani- f Ambition: The Man of Pleaſure reſolves to take his ve at leaſt, and part civilly with his Miſtreſs: But the bitious Man is entangled every Moment in a freſh Pur- , and the Lover ſees new Charms in the Object he ied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantaſtical of thinking, when we promiſe our ſelves an Altera- in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference Circumſtances; the ſame Paſſions will attend us where- we are, 'till they are Conquer'd; and we can never to our Satisfaction in the deepeſt Retirement, unleſs are capable of living ſo in ſome meaſure amidſt the ſe and Buſineſs of the World.

have ever thought Men were better known, by what ld be obſerved of them from a Peruſal of their pri- Letters, than any other way. My Friend, the gyman, the other Day, upon ſerious Diſcourſe with concerning the Danger of Procraſtination, gave me following Letters from Perſons with whom he lives reat Friendſhip and Intimacy, according to the good ling and good Senſe of his Character. The firſt is a Man of Buſineſs, who is his Convert; The ſe- from one of whom he conceives good Hopes: The from one who is in no State at all, but carried one and another by ſtarts.

SIR,

'I Know not with what Words to expreſs to you
'Senſe I have of the high Obligation you have
'upon me, in the Penance you enjoined me of do
'ſome Good or other, to a Perſon of Worth, every D
'I live. The Station I am in, furniſhes me with d
'Opportunities of this kind: And the Noble Princi
'with which you have inſpired me, of Benevolence to
'I have to deal with, quickens my Application in ev
'thing I undertake. When I relieve Merit from D
'countenance, when I aſſiſt a friendleſs Perſon, w
'I produce concealed Worth, I am diſpleaſed with
'ſelf, for having deſigned to leave the World in orde
'be virtuous. I am ſorry you decline the Occaſi
'which the Condition I am in might afford me of
'larging your Fortunes; but know I contribute more
'your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the
'ter Man, from the Influence and Authority you have o

SIR,

Your moſt obliged and

moſt Humble Servant,

R.

SIR,

'I Am intirely convinced of the Truth of what
'were pleaſed to ſay to me, when I was laſt w
'you alone. You told me then of the ſilly way I
'in; but you told me ſo, as I ſaw you loved me, o
'wiſe I could not obey your Commands in letting
'know my Thoughts ſo ſincerely as I do at preſent.
'know *the Creature for whom I reſign ſo much of my C*
'*racter*, is all that you ſaid of her; but then the Tri
'has ſomething in her ſo undeſigning and harmleſs,
'her Guilt in one kind diſappears by the Compariſon
'her Innocence in another. Will you, virtuous M
'allow no alteration of Offences? Muſt Dear *Chlo*
'called by the hard Name you pious People give
'common Women? I keep the ſolemn Promiſe I m
'you, in writing to you the State of my Mind, a
'y

our kind Admonition; and will endeavour to get the etter of this Fondneſs, which makes me ſo much her umble Servant, that I am almoſt aſhamed to Subſcribe y ſelf yours,

T. D.

I R,

THERE is no State of Life ſo Anxious as that of ' a Man who does not live according to the Di-tates of his own Reaſon. It will ſeem odd to you, hen I aſſure you that my Love of Retirement firſt of l brought me to Court; but this will be no Riddle, hen I acquaint you that I placed my ſelf here with a eſign of getting ſo much Money as might enable me Purchaſe a handſome Retreat in the Country. At reſent my Circumſtances enable me, and my Duty rompts me, to paſs away the remaining Part of my ife in ſuch a Retirement as I at firſt propoſed to my lf; but to my great Misfortune I have entirely loſt e Reliſh of it, and ſhould now return to the Country ith greater Reluctance than I at firſt came to Court. am ſo unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of e Trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greateſt mportance: In ſhort, I find a Conteſt in my Mind be-ween Reaſon and Faſhion. I remember you once told e, that I might live in the World, and out of it, at e ſame time. Let me beg of you to explain this Pa-dox more at large to me, that I may conform my ife, if poſſible, both to my Duty and my Inclina-on. I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

N° 28. *Monday, April 2.*

——*Neque ſemper arcum*
Tendit Apollo. Hor.

I Shall here preſent my Reader with a Letter fro Projector, concerning a new Office which he thi may very much contribute to the Embelliſhmen the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Str I conſider it is a Satyr upon Projectors in general, an lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticiſm.

SIR,

'OBſerving that you have Thoughts of crea
'certain Officers under you, for the Inſpectio
'ſeveral petty Enormities which you your ſelf ca
'attend to; and finding daily Abſurdities hung out u
'the Sign-Poſts of this City, to the great Scandal of
'reigners, as well as thoſe of our own Country, w
'are curious Spectators of the ſame: I do humbly prop
'that you would be pleaſed to make me your Supe
'tendant of all ſuch Figures and Devices as are or
'be made uſe of on this Occaſion; with full Power
'rectifie or expunge whatever I ſhall find irregular or
'fective. For want of ſuch an Officer, there is not
'like ſound Literature and good Senſe to be met wit
'thoſe Objects, that are every where thruſting themſe
'out to the Eye, and endeavouring to become vi
'Our Streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans,
'red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs
'Armour, with many other Creatures more extraor
'nary than any in the Deſarts of *Africk*. Strange! t
'one who has all the Birds and Beaſts in Nature to ch
'out of, ſhould live at the Sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

'MY firſt Task therefore ſhould be, like that of H
'*cules*, to clear the City from Monſters. In the ſec

'P

Place I would forbid, that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures ſhould be joined together in the ſame Sign; ſuch as the Bell and the Neats-Tongue, the Dog and the Gridiron. The Fox and Gooſe may be ſuppoſed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Poſt? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here ſaid ſhould affect it. I muſt however obſerve to you upon this Subject, that it is uſual for a young Tradeſman, at his firſt ſetting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Maſter whom he ſerved; as the Husband after Marriage, gives a Place to his Miſtreſs's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Riſe to many of thoſe Abſurdities which are committed over our Heads; and, as I am informed, firſt occaſioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we ſee ſo frequently joined together. I would therefore eſtabliſh certain Rules, for the determining how far one Tradeſman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what Caſes he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'IN the third Place, I would enjoin every Shop to make uſe of a Sign which bears ſome Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconſiſtent, than to ſee a Bawd at the Sign of the Angel, or a Taylor at the Lion? A Cook ſhould not live at the Boot, nor a Shoe-maker at the roaſted Pig; and yet for want of this Regulation, I have ſeen a Goat ſet up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the *French* King's Head at a Sword-Cutler's.

'AN ingenious Foreigner obſerves, that ſeveral of thoſe Gentlemen who value themſelves upon their Families, and overlook ſuch as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact: But though it may not be neceſſary for Poſterity thus to ſet up the Sign of their Forefathers; I think it highly proper for thoſe who actually profeſs the Trade, to ſhew ſome ſuch Marks of it before their Doors.

'WHEN the Name gives an Occaſion for an ingeni-
'ous Sign-Poſt, I would likewiſe adviſe the Owner to tak
'that Opportunity of letting the World know who h
'is. It would have been ridiculous for the Ingenio
'Mrs. *Salmon* to have lived at the Sign of the Trou
'for which Reaſon ſhe has erected before her Houſe t
'Figure of the Fiſh that is her Name-ſake. Mr. *Bell* h
'likewiſe diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a Device of the ſam
'Nature: And here, Sir, I muſt beg leave to obſerve
'you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given O
'caſion to ſeveral Pieces of Wit in this kind. A Man
'your Reading, muſt know that *Abel Drugger* gain
'great Applauſe by it in the Time of *Ben. Johnſon*. O
'Apocryphal-Heathen God is alſo repreſented by this F
'gure; which, in Conjunction with the Dragon, mak
'a very handſome Picture in ſeveral of our Streets.
'for the Bell-Savage, which is the Sign of a Sava
'Man ſtanding by a Bell, I was formerly very much puz
'zled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell in
'the reading of an old Romance tranſlated out of t
'*French*; which gives an Account of a very beautif
'Woman who was found in a Wilderneſs, and is call
'in the *French la belle Sauvage*; and is every where tra
'ſlated by our Country-man the Bell-Savage. This Pie
'of Philoſophy will, I hope, convince you that I ha
'made Sign-Poſts my Study, and conſequently qualifi
'my ſelf for the Employment which I ſollicit at yo
'Hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I muſt com
'municate to you another Remark which I have ma
'upon the Subject with which I am now entertain
'you, namely, that I can give a ſhrewd Gueſs at t
'Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs b
'fore his Door. A ſurly cholerick Fellow, general
'makes Choice of a Bear; as Men of milder Diſpoſitio
'frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-Bowl pai
'ted upon a Sign near *Charing-Croſs*, and very curiou
'garniſhed, with a couple of Angels hovering over
'and ſqueezing a Lemmon into it, I had the Curioſi
'to ask after the Maſter of the Houſe, and found up
'Enquiry, as I had gueſſed by the little *Agrémens* up
'his Sign, that he was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir, it
'

not requiſite for me to enlarge upon theſe Hints to a Gentleman of your great Abilities; ſo humbly recommending my ſelf to your Favour and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I ſhall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the ſame Penny-Poſt.

From my own Apartment near Charing-Croſs.

Honoured Sir,

HAVING heard that this Nation is a great Encourager of Ingenuity, I have brought with me a Rope-Dancer that was caught in one of the Woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by Birth a Monkey; but ſwings upon a Rope, takes a Pipe of Tobacco, and drinks a Glaſs of Ale, like any reaſonable Creature. He gives great Satisfaction to the Quality; and if they will make a Subſcription for him, I will ſend for a Brother of his out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler; and alſo for another of the ſame Family whom I deſign for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an excellent Mimick, and the greateſt Drole in the Country where he now is. I hope to have this Entertainment in a Readineſs for the next Winter; and doubt not but it will pleaſe more than the Opera or Puppet-Show. I will not ſay that a Monkey is a better Man than ſome of the Opera Heroes; but certainly he is a better Repreſentative of a Man, than the moſt artificial Compoſition of Wood and Wire. If you will be pleaſed to give me a good Word in your Paper, you ſhall be every Night a Spectator at my Show for nothing.

C *I am*, &c.

Nº 29. *Tuesday, April* 3.

——*Sermo linguâ concinnus utraque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt. Hor

THERE is nothing that has more ſtartled our *Engliſh* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its firſt Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully ſurprized to hear Generals ſinging the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Meſſages in Muſick. Our Country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superſcription of a Letter ſet to a Tune. The Famous Blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers ſolus*, was now no longer an Abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a Hero in a Deſart, or a Princeſs in her Cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with Muſical Inſtruments.

BUT however this *Italian* Method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this Innovation: The Tranſition from an Air to Recitative Muſick being more natural, than the paſſing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *Purcell*'s Opera's.

THE only Fault I find in our preſent Practice, is the making uſe of the *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* Words.

TO go to the Bottom of this Matter, I muſt obſerve that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them ſpeak in a Tone

d therefore he very wiſely prefers his own Country-
en, not conſidering that a Foreigner complains of the
me Tone in an *Engliſh* Actor.

FOR this Reaſon, the Recitative Muſick in every Lan-
age, ſhould be as different as the Tone or Accent of
ch Language; for otherwiſe, what may properly ex-
eſs a Paſſion in one Language, will not do it in ano-
er. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very
ell, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote
finity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Conver-
ion, or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the Accents of
eir Language made more Muſical and Tuneful.

THUS the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration,
the *Italian* Muſick (if one may ſo call them) which re-
mble their Accents in Diſcourſe on ſuch Occaſions, are
t unlike the ordinary Tones of an *Engliſh* Voice when
e are angry; inſomuch that I have often ſeen our Au-
nces extreamly miſtaken as to what has been doing
on the Stage, and expecting to ſee the Hero knock
wn his Meſſenger, when he has been asking him a
eſtion; or fancying that quarrels with his Friend, when
only bids him Good-morrow.

FOR this Reaſon the *Italian* Artiſts cannot agree with
r *Engliſh* Muſicians, in admiring *Purcell*'s Compoſitions,
d thinking his Tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his
ords; becauſe both Nations do not always expreſs the
me Paſſions by the ſame Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *Engliſh*
ompoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* Recitative too
rvilely, but make uſe of many gentle Deviations from
in Compliance with his own Native Language. He
ay Copy out of it all the lulling Softneſs and *Dying Falls*
s *Shakeſpear* calls them,) but ſhould ſtill remember that
e ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* Audi-
nce; and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in or-
inary Converſation, have the ſame Regard to the Ac-
nt of his own Language, as thoſe Perſons had to theirs
hom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved, that ſeve-
l of the ſinging Birds of our own Country learn to
weeten their Voices, and mellow the Harſhneſs of their
tural Notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from
warmer

warmer Climates. In the ſame manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *Engliſh* Muſick as much as may grace and ſoften it, but never entrely to annihilate and deſtroy it. Let the Infuſion be as ſtrong as you pleaſe, but ſtill let the ſubject Matter of it be *Engliſh*.

A Compoſer ſhould fit his Muſick to the Genius of the People, and conſider that the Delicacy of Hearing and Taſte of Harmony, has been formed upon thoſe Sounds which every Country abounds with: In ſhort, that Muſick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Diſſonance to another.

THE ſame Obſervations which I have made upon the Recitative Part of Muſick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

SIGNIOR *Baptiſt Lully* acted like a Man of Senſe in this Particular. He found the *French* Muſick extreamly defective, and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Muſick, and plant the *Italian* in its ſtead; but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Muſick is now perfect in its kind; and when you ſay it is not ſo good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not pleaſe you ſo well, for there is ſcarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* ſuch a Preference. The Muſick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, and their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of ſuch a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Conſort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to Sing along with the Actors, ſo prevails with them, that I have ſometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a Celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Pariſh Church, who ſerves only to raiſe the Pſalm, and is afterwards drowned in the Muſick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are ſo Painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids

The

the Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *Engliſh* Dancing-Maſters. I have ſeen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, inſtead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Ruſhes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a Plume of Feathers, but with a Voice ſo full of Shakes and Quavers, that I ſhould have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Muſick.

I remember the laſt Opera I ſaw in that merry Nation, was the Rape of *Proſerpine*, where *Pluto*, to make himſelf more tempting Figure, puts himſelf in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Aſcalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I ſhall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Muſick, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Senſe and Taſte of Mankind, and not from the Principles of thoſe Arts themſelves; or in other Words, the Taſte is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taſte. Muſick is not deſigned to pleaſe only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of diſtinguiſhing Harſh from diſagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Paſſion is expreſſed in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of thoſe Sounds be more or leſs pleaſing. C

N° 30. *Wedneſday, April* 4.

Si Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore Jocisque
Nil eſt Jucundum; vivas in amore Jocisque. Hor.

ONE common Calamity makes Men extreamly affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Paſſion of Love is the moſt general Concern among Men; and I am glad to hear by my laſt Advices from *Oxford*, that there are a Set of

Sighers in that Univerſity, who have erected themſelv into a Society in Honour of that tender Paſſion. Theſe Ge tlemen are of that Sort of Inamorato's, who are not very much loſt to common Senſe, but that they unde ſtand the Folly they are guilty of; and for that Reaſon ſe parate themſelves from all other Company, becauſe the will enjoy the Pleaſure of talking incoherently, witho being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Ma comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any In troduction to his Diſcourſe, but at once, as he is ſeatin himſelf in his Chair, ſpeaks in the Thread of his ow Thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging Glance, Sh 'never looked ſo well in her Life as this Evening; or th like Reflection, without Regard to any other Membe of the Society: for in this Aſſembly they do not me to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Li berty of talking to himſelf. Inſtead of Snuff-boxes an Canes, which are uſual Helps to Diſcourſe with othe young Fellows, theſe have each ſome Piece of Ribbon a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play wit while they talk of the fair Perſon remembred by eac reſpective Token. According to the Repreſentation o the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear lik ſo many Players rehearſing behind the Scenes; one i ſighing and lamenting his Deſtiny in beſeeching Term another declaring he will break his Chain, and anothe in dumb-Show ſtriving to expreſs his Paſſion by hi Geſture. It is very ordinary in the Aſſembly for one o a ſudden to riſe and make a Diſcourſe concerning his Pa ſion in general, and deſcribe the Temper of his Mind i ſuch a Manner, as that the whole Company ſhall join i the Deſcription, and feel the Force of it. In this Caſe if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame i more pathetick Terms, he is made Preſident for tha Night, out of reſpect to his ſuperior Paſſion.

WE had ſome Years ago in this Town a Set of Peopl who met and dreſſed like Lovers, and were diſtinguiſhe by the Name of the *Fringe-Glove Club*; but they wer Perſons of ſuch moderate Intellects, even before the were impaired by their Paſſion, that their Irregularitie could not furniſh ſufficient Variety of Folly to afford da ly new Impertinencies; by which Means that Inſtitution dropped

dropped. Theſe Fellows could expreſs their Paſſion in nothing but their Dreſs; but the *Oxonians* are phantaſtical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Underſtanding before they became ſuch. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are tranſlated in honour of ſome modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won to Day, by the ſame Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thouſand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mentioned in the Society, under the Colour of laughing at the Paſſion and themſelves: But at the ſame Time, tho' they are ſenſible of the Extravagances of that unhappy Warrior, they do not obſerve, that to turn all the Reading of the beſt and wiſeſt Writings into Rhapſodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no leſs diverting than that of the aforeſaid accompliſhed *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correſpondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and ſent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'SINCE I find you take Notice of Clubs, I beg Leave to give you an Account of one in *Oxford*, which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We diſtinguiſh ourſelves by the Title of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries of *Cupid*, and Admirers of the Fair Sex. The Reaſon that we are ſo little known in the World, is the Secreſie which we are obliged to live under in the Univerſity. Our Conſtitution runs counter to that of the Place wherein we live: For in Love there are no Doctors, and we all profeſs ſo high Paſſion, that we admit of no Graduates in it. Our Preſidentſhip is beſtowed according to the Dignity of Paſſion; our Number is unlimited; and our Statutes are like thoſe of the Druids, recorded in our own Breaſts only, and explained by the Majority of the Company. A Miſtreſs, and a Poem in her Praiſe, will introduce any Candidate: Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in Love enough to rhime, is unqualified for our Society. To ſpeak diſ-

reſpectfully

'respectfully of any Woman is Expulsion from our gen-
'tle Society. As we are at present all of us Gown-men
'instead of duelling when we are Rivals, we drink to-
'gether the Health of our Mistress. The Manner of do-
'ing this sometimes indeed creates Debates; on such
'Occasions we have Recourse to the Rules of Love a-
'mong the Ancients.

Navia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

'This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her Name
'occasioned the other Night a Dispute of some Warmth.
'A young Student, who is in Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth*
'*Dimple*, was so unreasonable as to begin her Health un-
'der the Name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the
'Club, that by common Consent we retrenched it to
'*Betty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, that does
'not sigh five Times in a Quarter of an Hour; and look
'upon a Member as very absurd, that is so much him-
'self as to make a direct Answer to a Question. In
'fine, the whole Assembly is made up of absent Men,
'that is of such Persons as have lost their Locality, and
'whose Minds and Bodies never keep Company with one
'another. As I am an unfortunate Member of this dis-
'tracted Society, you cannot expect a very regular Ac-
'count of it; for which Reason, I hope you will pardon
'me that I so abruptly subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

T.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six Votes
'ries in this Club, is one of your Readers.

Thurs

N° 31. *Thurſday, April* 5.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui! —— Virg.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-houſe not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my ſelf for above half an Hour with over-hearing the diſcourſe of one, who, by the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I diſcovered to be of that Species who are generally diſtinguiſhed by the Title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as ſuch by his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Liſtners with a Project of an Opera, which he told us had not coſt him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He ſaid, that he had obſerved the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the ſeveral Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkies are in one Place; the Puppet Show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almoſt a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to loſe half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have ſeen all the ſtrange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great*; in which he had diſpoſed all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confeſſed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from ſeveral Performances which he had ſeen upon our Stage: In one of which there was a Rary-Show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Poſture-Man, a moving Picture, with many Curioſities of the like Nature.

THIS

THIS *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consul
ing the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjure
who has been viſited by ſo many Perſons of Quality
late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortun
At the ſame time *Clench* of *Barnet* is repreſented in an
ther Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Del*
phos, for joy of his Arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to
Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexand*
is to fall in Love with a piece of Wax-Work, that r
preſents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes i
to that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us t
Dogs were ſo exceeding fierce that they would not loo
their Hold, tho' they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb
and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Tee
when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be
Scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be repreſen
ed all the Diverſions of that Place, the Bull-baiting on
excepted, which cannot poſſibly be exhibited in the The
tre, by reaſon of the Lowneſs of the Roof. The ſeve
ral Woods in *Aſia*, which *Alexander* muſt be ſuppoſed t
paſs through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkie
dancing upon Ropes, with the many other Pleaſantries o
that ludicrous Species. At the ſame time, if there chan
to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds o
Beaſts, they may be either let looſe among the Wood
or driven acroſs the Stage by ſome of the Country Peop
of *Aſia*. In the laſt great Battel, *Pinkethman* is to pe
ſonate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encou
tered by *Powell*, repreſenting *Alexander* the Great, upon
Dromedary, which nevertheleſs Mr. *Powell* is deſired t
call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Cloſe of th
great deciſive Battel, when the two Kings are thoroughl
reconciled, to ſhew the mutual Friendſhip and good Co
reſpondence that reigns between them, they both of the
go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenio
Mr. *Powell Junior* may have an Opportunity of diſpla
ing his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diverſion of th
two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged, that a Puppe
Show was not a ſuitable Entertainment for *Alexander* th
Great; and that it might be introduced more properly,
we ſuppoſe the Conqueror touched upon that Part of *H*
d

which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Pro- immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further ad- that after the Reconciliation of theſe two Kings they ght invite one another to Dinner, and either of them ertain his Gueſt with the *German* Artiſt, Mr. *Pinketh-*'s Heathen Gods, or any of the like Diverſions, which l then chance to be in vogue.

THIS Project was receiv'd with very great Applauſe by whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, he had not yet communicated to us above half his ign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his In- ion that the whole Opera ſhould be acted in that Lan- ge, which was a Tongue he was ſure would wonder- y pleaſe the Ladies, eſpecially when it was a little ed and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not be acceptable to the whole Audience, becauſe there fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian*. e only Difficulty that remained, was how to get formers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome Gentlemen the Univerſities to learn to Sing, in order to qualifie mſelves for the Stage; but this Objection ſoon va- ed, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* re at preſent the only Muſicians in the *Turkiſh* Empire, that it would be very eaſie for our Factory at *Smyrna* furniſh us every Year with a Colony of Muſicians, by Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; beſides, ſays he, if want any ſingle Voice for any lower Part in the O- , *Lawrence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek*, as well as he does *lian*, in a Fortnight's time.

THE Projector having thus ſettled Matters, to the od liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the ble, and planted himſelf before the Fire, where I had luckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over- ring what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had ſtood by me above a quarter of a Minute, but he ned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and catching me by a tton of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the lowing manner: Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very traordinary Genius for Muſick that lives in *Switzerland*, who

who has ſo ſtrong a Spring in his Fingers, that he
make the Board of an Organ ſound like a Drum, and
could but procure a Subſcription of about Ten thou
Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch
over, and oblige him by Articles to ſet every thing
ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* Stage. After this he
ed full in my Face, expecting I would make an Anſ
when, by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered
Coffee-houſe ſince the Projector applied himſelf to
hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* Compoſitions, cry'd out
a kind of Laugh, Is our Muſick then to receive
Improvements from *Switzerland?* This alarmed the
jector, who immediately let go my Button, and
about to anſwer him. I took the Opportunity of the
verſion, which ſeemed to be made in favour of me,
laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with
Precipitation.

N° 32. *Friday, April 6.*

Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus eſſe Cothurnis. Hor.

THE late Diſcourſe concerning the Statutes of
Ugly Club, having been ſo well received at Ox
that, contrary to the ſtrict Rules of the Soc
they have been ſo partial as to take my own Teſtimo
and admit me into that ſelect Body; I could not re
the Vanity of publiſhing to the World the Honour w
is done me. It is no ſmall Satisfaction, that I have
Occaſion for the Preſident's ſhewing both his Inve
and Reading to ſuch Advantage as my Correſponde
ports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were
ny very proper Hums and Pauſes in his Harangue, w
loſe their Uglineſs in the Narration, and which my
reſpondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good
lent at repreſenting. I very much approve of the
tempt the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought t
laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concer
th

efore our Society can follow Nature, and where ſhe thought fit, as it were, to mock her ſelf, we can do oo, and be merry upon the Occaſion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR making publick the late Trouble I gave you, ' you will find to have been the Occaſion of this: ho ſhould I meet at the Coffee-houſe Door t'other ight, but my old Friend Mr. Preſident? I ſaw ſome- hat had pleaſed him; and as ſoon as he had caſt his Eye on me, " Oho, Doctor, rare News from *London*, ays he); the SPECTATOR has made honourable Men- on of the Club (Man) and publiſhed to the World his ncere Deſire to be a Member, with a recommen- tory Deſcription of his Phiz: And tho' our Conſtitu- on has made no particular Proviſion for ſhort Faces, et, his being an extraordinary Caſe, I believe we ſhall nd an Hole for him to creep in at; for I aſſure you he not againſt the Canon; and if his Sides are as com- ct as his Joles, he need not diſguiſe himſelf to make e of us. I preſently called for the Paper, to ſee how u looked in Print; and after we had regaled our ſelves while upon the pleaſant Image of our Proſelite, Mr. Pre- ent told me I ſhould be his Stranger at the next Night's ub: where we were no ſooner come, and Pipes ought, but Mr. Preſident began an Harangue upon ir Introduction to my Epiſtle, ſetting forth with no Volubility of Speech than Strength of Reaſon, " That Speculation of this Nature was what had been long d much wanted; and that he doubted not but it ould be of ineſtimable Value to the Publick, in re- nciling even of Bodies and Souls; in compoſing and ieting the Minds of Men under all corporal Redun- ncies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatſoever; d making every one ſit down content in his own reaſs, though it were not perhaps ſo mathematically t together as he could wiſh. And again, " How t for want of a due Conſideration of what you firſt ance, *viz.* that our Faces are not of our own chu- g, People had been tranſported beyond all good eding, and hurried themſelves into unaccountable and

" fatal

" fatal Extravagances: As, how many impartial L
" ing-Glaſſes had been cenſured and calumniated, na
" ſometimes ſhivered into ten thouſand Splinters, on
" a fair Repreſentation of the Truth? How many H
" ſtrings and Garters had been made acceſſary, and
" ally forfeited, only becauſe Folks muſt needs q
" with their own Shadows? And who (continues he
" is deeply ſenſible, that one great Source of the Un
" neſs and Miſery of human Life, eſpecially amongſt
" of Diſtinction, ariſes from nothing in the World
" but too ſevere a Contemplation of an indefeaſible
" texture of our external Parts, or certain natural an
" vincible Diſpoſitions to be fat or lean? When a
" more of Mr. SPECTATOR's Philoſophy would
" off all this; and in the mean time let them obſe
" that there's not one of their Grievances of this S
" but perhaps in ſome Ages of the World has been hi
" in vogue; and may be ſo again; nay, in ſome Co
" or other ten to one is ſo at this Day. My Lady A
" is the moſt miſerable Woman in the World, purel
" her own making: She even grudges her ſelf Mea
" Drink, for fear ſhe ſhould thrive by them; and is
" ſtantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I
" be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now the L
" Misfortune ſeems to be only this, that ſhe is plant
" a wrong Soil; for, go but t'other Side of the Water,
" a Jeſt at *Harlem* to talk of a Shape under eighteen S
" Theſe wiſe Traders regulate their Beauties as the
" their Butter, by the Pound; and Miſs *Croſs*, when
" firſt arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not comput
" be ſo handſome as Madam *Van Briſket* by near h
" Tun. On the other Hand, there's Squire *Lath*, a
" per Gentleman, of Fifteen hundred Pound *per A*
" as well as of an unblameable Life and Converſa
" yet would not I be the Eſquire for half his Eſtate;
" if it was as much more, he'd freely part with it a
" a Pair of Legs to his Mind: Whereas in the Reig
" our firſt King *Edward* of glorious Memory, no
" more modiſh then a Brace of your fine taper Supp
" ers, and his Majeſty without an Inch of Calf, ma
" Affairs in Peace and War as laudably as the braveſt

oſt politick of his Anceſtors; and was as terrible to Neighbours under the Royal Name of *Long-ſhanks*, *Cœur de Lion* to the *Saracens* before him. If we look ther back into Hiſtory we ſhall find, that *Alexander* Great wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; d then not a Soul ſtirred out till he had adjuſted his eck-Bone; the whole Nobility addreſſed the Prince d each other obliquely, and all Matters of Importance ere concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian* Court ith their Polls on one Side. For about the firſt Cen- ry nothing made more Noiſe in the World than *Ro-* n Noſes, and then not a Word of them till they re- ved again in Eighty eight. Nor is it ſo very long ſince *ichard* the Third ſet up half the Backs of the Nati- n; and high Shoulders, as well as high Noſes, were e Top of the Faſhion. But to come to our ſelves, entlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial Obſervati- n that we ſhall never get Ladies enough to make a rty in our own Country, yet might we meet with tter Succeſs among ſome of our Allies. And what ink you if our Board ſate for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly am of Opinion, that as odd as we appear in Fleſh and lood, we ſhould be no ſuch ſtrange things in Metzo- into. But this Project may reſt till our Number is ompleat; and this being our Election Night, gave me eave to propoſe Mr. SPECTATOR: You ſee his Incli- ations, and perhaps we may not have his Fellow.

I found moſt of them (as is uſual in all ſuch Caſes) ere prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom by the Mr. Preſident had taken all this Pains to bring over) te ſtill, and cocking his Chin, which ſeemed only to levelled at his Noſe, very gravely declared, "That n caſe he had had ſufficient Knowledge of you, no lan ſhould have been more willing to have ſerved you; ut that he, for his Part, had always had regard to his wn Conſcience, as well as other Peoples Merit; and e did not know but that you might be a handſome ellow; for as for your own Certificate, it was every ody's Buſineſs to ſpeak for themſelves. Mr. Preſi- nt immediately retorted, "A handſome Fellow! hy he is a Wit (Sir) and you know the Proverb:

" and to eaſe the old Gentleman of his Scruples, c
" That for Matter of Merit it was all one, you m
" wear a Mask. This threw him into a Pauſe, and
" looked deſirous of three Days to conſider on it;
" Mr. Preſident improved the Thought, and follo
" him up with an old Story, " That Wits were privil
" to wear what Masks they pleaſed in all Ages; and
" a Vizard had been the conſtant Crown of their
" bours, which was generally preſented them by
" Hand of ſome Satyr, and ſometimes of *Apollo* h
" ſelf: For the Truth of which he appealed to
" Frontiſpiece of ſeveral Books, and particularly to
" *Engliſh Juvenal*, to which he referred him; and
" added, " That ſuch Authors were the *Larvati*, or *L*
" *vâ donati* of the Ancients. This cleared up all, and
" Concluſion you were choſe Probationer; and Mr. P
" ſident put round your Health as ſuch, proteſting, " T
" though indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not
" lieve all the while you had any more Occaſion for
" than the Cat-a-mountain; ſo that all you have to
" now is to pay your Fees, which here are very rea
" able, if you are not impoſed upon; and you may
" your ſelf *Informis Societatis Socius:* Which I am de
" to acquaint you with; and upon the ſame I beg you
" accept of the Congratulation of,

SIR,

Oxford,
March 21.

Your obliged humble Servant,

R A.

Satur

No 33. *Saturday, April 7.*

Fervidus tecum Puer, & ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis ſine te Juventas
Mercuriuſque. Hor. ad Venerem.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Latitia* and *Daphne*; The Former is one of the greateſt Beauties of the Age in which ſhe lives, Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her ſon. Upon this one Circumſtance of their Outward m, the Good and Ill of their Life ſeems to turn. *La-* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, which means ſhe is no other than Nature made her, a beautiful Out-ſide. The Conſciouſneſs of her rms has rendered her inſupportably Vain and Inſolent, ards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was oſt Twenty before one civil thing had ever been ſaid er, found her ſelf obliged to acquire ſome Accompliſh-ts to make up for the want of thoſe Attractions ich ſhe ſaw in her Siſter. Poor *Daphne* was ſeldom ſub-ted to in a Debate wherein ſhe was concerned; her Diſ-rſe had nothing to recommend it but the good Senſe it, and ſhe was always under a neceſſity to have very ll conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; ile *Latitia* was liſtened to with Partiality, and Appro-on ſate in the Countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed h, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. ſe Cauſes have produced ſuitable Effects, and *Latitia* inſipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *itia*, confident of Favour, has ſtudied no Arts to pleaſe; *hne*, deſpairing of any Inclination towards her Per-has depended only on her Merit. *Latitia* has always ething in her Air that is ſullen, grave, and diſonſo-

late. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears cheer
open and unconcerned. A Young Gentleman ſaw *Le*
this Winter at a Play and became her Captive. His F
tune was ſuch, that he wanted very little Introduct
to ſpeak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover
admitted with the utmoſt Freedom into the Fa
where a conſtrained Behaviour, ſevere Looks, and di
Civilities, were the higheſt Favours he could obtain
Lætitia; while *Daphne* uſed him with the good Hum
Familiarity, and Innocence of a Siſter: Inſomuch
he would often ſay to her, *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou b*
Handſome as Lætitia! ——— She received ſuch Lang
with that ingenious and pleaſing Mirth, which is n
ral to a Woman without Deſign. He ſtill Sighed in
for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable C
verſation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with
haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with
peated Inſtances of good Humour he had obſerve
Daphne, he one Day told the latter, that he had ſo
thing to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed w
——— *Faith Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with*
and deſpiſe thy Siſter ſincerely. The manner of his de
ing himſelf gave his Miſtreſs Occaſion for a very h
Laughter. ——— *Nay*, ſays he, *I knew you would lau*
me, but I'll ask your Father. He did ſo; the Father
ceived his Intelligence with no leſs Joy than Surp
and was very glad he had now no Care left but fo
Beauty, which he thought he could carry to Mark
his Leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pl
me ſo much a great while, as this Conqueſt of my Fr
Daphne's. All her Acquaintance congratulate her
her Chance-Medly, and laugh at that premeditating
derer her Siſter. As it is an Argument of a light M
to think the worſe of our ſelves for the Imperfectio
our Perſons, it is equally below us to value our ſelve
on the Advantages of them. The Female World
to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this Partic
or which Reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following
tract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profeſs'd Beauties,
are a People almoſt as unſufferable as the Profeſs'd

M

MONSIEUR St. *Evremont* has concluded one of ' his Eſſays with affirming, that the laſt Sighs of Handſome Woman are not ſo much for the Loſs of er Life as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Raillery is purued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious Remark, that Woman's ſtrongeſt Paſſion is for her own eauty, and that ſhe values it as her Favourite Diſtinction. rom hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to imrove or preſerve it, meet with ſo general a Reception mong the Sex. To ſay nothing of many falſe Helps, and ontraband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in is great Mart, there is not a Maiden Gentlewoman, f a good Family in any County of *South-Britain*, who s not heard of the Virtues of *May*-Dew, or is unfurniſhed with ſome Receipt or other in Favour of her omplexion; and I have known a Phyſician of Learning d Senſe, after eight Years Study in the Univerſity, and Courſe of Travels into moſt Countries in *Europe*, owe e firſt raiſing of his Fortunes to a Coſmetick Waſh.

THIS has given me Occaſion to conſider how ſo niverſal a Diſpoſition in Womankind, which ſprings om a laudable Motive, the Deſire of Pleaſing, and proeeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundleſs, that ature may be helped by Art, may be turned to their dvantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable ervice to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and retenders, and to prevent their impoſing upon themlves, by diſcovering to them the true Secret and Art f improving Beauty.

IN order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it ill be neceſſary to lay down a few Preliminary Maxms, *viz.*

THAT no Woman can be Handſome by the Force f Features alone, any more than ſhe can be Witty on- by the Help of Speech.

THAT Pride deſtroys all Symmetry and Grace, and ffectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than e Small Pox.

THAT no Woman is capable of being Beautiful who not incapable of being Falſe.

AND, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is Deformity in a Miſtreſs.

'FROM these few Principles, thus laid down, it w
'be easie to prove, that the true Art of assisting Be
'consists in Embellishing the whole Person by the pro
'Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities.
'this Help alone it is, that those who are the Favour
'Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Po
'celain Clay of human Kind, become animated, and
'in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those w
'seem to have been neglected by her, like Mod
'wrought in haste, are capable in a great Measure of
'nishing what She has left imperfect.

'IT is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of t
'Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, [and soft
'the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Parti
'pation, to consider them meerly as Objects of Sig
'This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Pow
'to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Knell*
'How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty hei
'tened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Lo
'while it draws our Observation? How faint and spirit
'are the Charms of a Coquet, when compared with t
'real Loveliness of *Sophronia*'s Innocence, Piety, good H
'mour and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softnes
'her Sex, and even beautifie her Beauty! That Agreeab
'ness which must otherwise have appeared no longer
'the modest Virgin, is now preserved in the tender M
'ther, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. C
'lours artfully spread upon Canvas may entertain t
'Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she, who takes
'Care to add to the natural Graces of her Person any
'celling Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a P
'cture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

'WHEN *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* describi
'*Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impre
'ons he felt upon seeing her at her first Creation, he d
'not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her Shape
'Features, but by the Lustre of her Mind which sh
'in them, and gave them their Power of charming.

Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love!

'WITHOU

WITHOUT this irradiating Power the proudeſt
r One ought to know, whatever her Glaſs may tell
to the contrary, that her moſt perfect Features are
iformed and Dead.

I cannot better cloſe this Moral, than by a ſhort Epi-
h written by *Ben. Johnſon*, with a Spirit which no-
ng could inſpire but ſuch an Object as I have been
ſcribing.

Underneath this Stone doth lye
As much Virtue as cou'd die;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as cou'd live.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

34. *Monday, April* 9.

——— *parcit*
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera ——— Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily
compoſed of ſuch Perſons as are engaged in diffe-
rent Ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of
moſt conſpicuous Claſſes of Mankind: By this Means
furniſhed with the greateſt Variety of Hints and
rials, and know every thing that paſſes in the diffe-
Quarters and Diviſions, not only of this great City,
of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the
faction to find, that there is no Rank or Degree a-
g them who have not their Repreſentative in this
, and that there is always ſomebody preſent who
take Care of their reſpective Intereſts, that nothing
be written or publiſhed to the Prejudice or Infringe-
t of their juſt Rights and Privileges.

laſt Night ſate very late in Company with this ſelect
of Friends, who entertained me with ſeveral Re-

marks which they and others had made upon these Speculations, as also with the various Success which had met with among their several Ranks and Degrees Readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the eſt manner he could, that there were ſome Ladies for your Comfort, ſays WILL, they are not thoſe of moſt Wit) that were offended at the Liberties I ha ken with the Opera and the Puppet-ſhow; That of them were likewiſe very much ſurprized, that I ſh think ſuch ſerious Points as the Dreſs and Equipa Perſons of Quality, proper Subjects for Raillery.

HE was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEP took him up ſhort, and told him, That the Pape hinted at had done great good in the City, and tha their Wives and Daughters were the better for th And further added, That the whole City thought th ſelves very much obliged to me for declaring my g rous Intentions to ſcourge Vice and Folly as they ar in a Multitude, without condeſcending to be a Pub of particular Intreagues and Cuckoldoms. In ſhort, Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten Ro falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ Pen upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your P muſt needs be of general Uſe.

UPON this my Friend the TEMPLER told Sir DREW, That he wondered to hear a Man of his S talk after that manner; that the City had always the Province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King Cha Time jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole R He then ſhewed, by the Examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *leau*, and the beſt Writers of every Age, that the Foll the Stage and Court had never been accounted too ſa for Ridicule, how great ſoever the Perſons might be patronized them. But after all, ſays he, I think Raillery has made too great an Excurſion, in attac ſeveral Perſons of the Inns of Court; and I do not lieve you can ſhew me any Precedent for your Be our in that Particular.

MY good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, had ſaid nothing all this while, began his Speech wi Piſh! and told us, That he wondered to ſee ſo many Me

ſo very ſerious upon Fooleries. Let our good Friend, he, attack every one that deſerves it: I would only e you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himſelf to me, ke Care how you meddle with Country Squires: They he Ornaments of the *Engliſh* Nation; Men of good ds and ſound Bodies! and let me tell you, ſome of take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with tle Reſpect.

APTAIN SENTRY ſpoke very ſparingly on this ſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my Pru- e in not touching upon the Army, and adviſed me to inue to act diſcreetly in that Point.

Y this time I found every Subject of my Speculati- was taken away from me, by one or other of the ; and began to think my ſelf in the Condition of the Man that had one Wife who took a Diſlike to his Hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking what each of them had an Averſion to, they left his d altogether bald and naked.

VHILE I was thus muſing with my ſelf, my wor- Friend the Clergyman, who, very lucikly for me, at the Club that Night, undertook my Cauſe. He us, that he wondered any Order of Perſons ſhould k themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: That it not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted Men n Reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attack- where-ever they could be met with, and eſpecially n they were placed in high and conſpicuous Stations Life. He further added, That my Paper would only e to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly ex- d thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome mea- turned into Ridicule, by the Meanneſs of their Con- ons and Circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded to e Notice of the great Uſe this Paper might be of to Publick, by reprehending thoſe Vices which are too ial for the Chaſtiſement of the Law, and too fantaſti- for the Cognizance of the Pulpit. He then adviſed to proſecute my Undertaking with Chearfulneſs, and red me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with me, ould be approved by all thoſe whoſe Praiſes do Ho- r to the Perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

THE whole Club pays a particular Deference to Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, and are drawn into he ſays, as much by the candid ingenious Manner which he delivers himſelf, as by the Strength of ment and Force of Reaſon which he makes uſe WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that he had ſaid was right; and that for his Part, he would inſiſt upon the Quarter which he had demanded for Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the Frankneſs. The TEMPLER would not ſtand out; was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: all agreed that I ſhould be at Liberty to carry the War what Quarter I pleaſed; provided I continued to co with Criminals in a Body, and to aſſault the Vice out hurting the Perſon.

THIS Debate, which was held for the Good Mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* umvirate were formerly engaged in, for their De ction. Every Man at firſt ſtood hard for his Friend, they found that by this Means they ſhould ſpoil their ſcription: And at length, making a Sacrifice of all t Acquaintance and Relations, furniſhed out a very de Execution.

HAVING thus taken my Reſolutions to march boldly in the Cauſe of Virtue and good Senſe, and to noy their Adverſaries in whatever Degree or Rank Men they may be found: I ſhall be deaf for the future all the Remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on Account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall re mand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nur of Folly and Impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to anim vert upon it. In ſhort, If I meet with any thing in C Court, or Country, that ſhocks Modeſty or good M ners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt Endeavours to make an Ex ple of it. I muſt however intreat every particular ſon, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of this per, never to think himſelf, or any one of his Friend Enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: For I promiſe h never to draw a Faulty Character which does not fi leaſt a Thouſand People; or to publiſh a ſingle Paper, is not written in the Spirit of Benevolence, and wi Love to Mankind.

Tueſ

35. *Tuesday, April* 10.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est. Mart.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the rld with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look the Production of several Writers, who set up for n of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Hur; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of rd inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it to themselves without laughing. These poor Genen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of s and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as alt qualifie them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Hur should always lye under the Check of Reason, and it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by uch the more as it indulges it self in the most boundFreedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be rved in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all r; and a certain Regularity of Thought which must over the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same that he appears altogether given up to Caprice. For part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful or, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh y thing he writes.

HE deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great of the Talent which I am treating of, represents an y Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized ar one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour;

mour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* Readers w
be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of th
raving incoherent Pieces, which are often ſpread amo
us, under odd Chymerical Titles, are rather the Offſprin
of a Diſtempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

IT is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not H
mour, than what is; and very difficult to define it oth
wiſe than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. W
I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver th
after *Plato*'s manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by f
poſing Humour to be a Perſon, deduce to him all
Qualifications, according to the following Geneal
TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Fa
of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father
WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line c
MIRTH, by whom he had Iſſue HUMOUR. HUMO
therefore being the youngeſt of this Illuſtrious Fam
and deſcended from Parents of ſuch different Diſpoſiti
is very various and unequal in his Temper; ſometi
you ſee him putting on grave Looks and a ſolemn
bit, ſometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantaſtick in
Dreſs: Inſomuch that at different times he appear
ſerious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*.
as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Conſtitu
whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his C
pany laugh.

BUT ſince there is an Impoſtor abroad, who t
upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and w
willingly paſs for him in the World; to the end
well-meaning Perſons may not be impoſed upo
Cheats, I would deſire my Readers, when they
with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, an
examine him ſtrictly, whether or no he be remote
lied to TRUTH, and lineally deſcended from G
SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counte
They may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud an
ceſſive Laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his Com
to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR ge
looks ſerious, while every Body laughs about him;
HUMOUR is always laughing, whilſt every Body
him looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not i

ixture of both Parents, that is, if he would paſs for the pring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH with-WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spuri- and a Cheat.

THE Impoſtor of whom I am ſpeaking, deſcends O- nally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called ENZY, who married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, mmonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on om he begot that Monſtrous Infant of which I have n here ſpeaking. I ſhall ſet down at length the Ge- logical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the ſame e, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, the Reader may at one View behold their different grees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.—MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning ſeveral of Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in mber than the Sands of the Sea, and might in parti- ar enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he begot in this Iſland. But as this would be a very in- ious Task, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that FALSE UMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does m a Man.

Firſt of all, HE is exceedingly given to little Apiſh icks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, HE ſo much delights in Mimickry, that it is one to him whether he expoſes by it Vice and Folly, xury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and iſdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, HE is wonderfully unlucky, inſomuch that will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to

ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For hav
but ſmall Talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*,
where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, BEING intirely void of Reaſon, he purſ
no Point either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is La
crous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, BEING incapable of any thing but Mo
Repreſentations, his Ridicule is always Perſonal, and di
ed at the vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice,
at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of F
Humouriſts; but as one of my principal Deſigns in
Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which
covers it ſelf in the Writings of the preſent Age, I ſh
not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſm
Wits, that infeſt the World with ſuch Compoſitions
are ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the o
Exception which I ſhall make to the general Rule I h
preſcribed my ſelf, of *attacking Multitudes:* Since ev
honeſt Man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natu
State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and
annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This
but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they tr
others.

N° 36. *Wedneſday, April* 11.

Immania monſtra
Perferimus Virg.

I Shall not put my ſelf to any further Pains for t
Day's Entertainment, than barely to publiſh the L
ters and Titles of Petitions from the Play-houſe, w
the Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Co
duct in relation to them.

Drury-lane, March the 19

'UPON reading the Project which is ſet forth
'one of your late Papers, of making an Allian
'b

etween all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and Lions, hich are ſeparately expoſed to publick View in the Ci- es of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; together with the other Wonders, Shows and Monſters, whereof you made eſpective Mention in the ſaid Speculation; We, the chief ctors of this Play-houſe, met and ſate upon the ſaid Deſign. It is with great Delight that we expect the Execution of this Work; and in order to contribute to , we have given Warning to all our Ghoſts to get heir Livelihoods where they can, and not to appear mong us after Day-break of the 16th Inſtant. We are reſolved to take this Opportunity to part with every hing which does not contribute to the Repreſentation f humane Life; and ſhall make a free Gift of all ani- ated Utenſils to your Projector. The Hangings you rmerly mentioned are run away; as are likewiſe a ett of Chairs, each of which was met upon two Legs oing through the *Roſe* Tavern at two this Morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper Notice to the Town hat we are endeavouring at theſe Regulations; and hat we intend for the future to ſhow no Monſters, ut Men who are converted into ſuch by their own In- uſtry and Affectation. If you will pleaſe to be at the houſe to-night, you will ſee me do my Endeavour to ew ſome unnatural Appearances which are in vogue mong the Polite and Well-bred. I am to repreſent, the Character of a fine Lady dancing, all the Diſtor- ons which are frequently taken for Graces in Mein nd Geſture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Method e ſhall take to expoſe the Monſters which come with- the Notice of a regular Theatre; and we deſire no- ing more groſs may be admitted by you Spectators r the future. We have caſhiered three Companies of heatrical Guards, and deſign our Kings ſhall for the ture make Love, and ſit in Council, without an Army; d wait only your Direction, whether you will have em reinforce King *Porus*, or join the Troops of *Ma- don*. Mr. *Pinkethman* reſolves to conſult his *Pantheon* f Heathen Gods in Oppoſition to the Oracle of *Del- hos*, and doubts not but he ſhall turn the Fortunes of *rus*, when he perſonates him. I am deſired by the

Com-

'Company to inform you, that they ſubmit to yo
'Cenſures; and ſhall have you in greater Veneration th
'*Hercules* was in of old, if you can drive Monſters fr
'the Theatre; and think your Merit will be as m
'greater than his, as to convince is more than to c
'quer.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T.

SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and u
'pected Viciſſitudes of my Fortune, I do
'not but I ſhall obtain your Pity and Favour. I h
'for many Years laſt paſt been Thunderer to the P
'houſe; and have not only made as much Noiſe out
'the Clouds as any Predeceſſor of mine in the The
'that ever bore that Character, but alſo have deſcen
'and ſpoke on the Stage as the bold Thunder in the
'*hearſal*. When they got me down thus low, t
'thought fit to degrade me further, and make m
'Ghoſt. I was contented with this for theſe two
'Winters; but they carry their Tyranny ſtill further,
'not ſatisfied that I am baniſhed from above Ground, t
'have given me to underſtand that I am wholly to
'part their Dominions, and take from me even my
'terraneous Employment. Now, Sir, what I deſire
'you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to uſe Fire-Ar
'(as other Authors have done) in the Time of *Alexan*
'I may be a Canon againſt *Porus*, or elſe provide for
'in the Burning of *Perſepolis*, or what other Method
'ſhall think fit.

Salmoneus of *Covent-Gar*

THE Petition of all the Devils of the Play-hou
behalf of themſelves and Families, ſetting forth their
pulſion from thence, with Certificates of their good
and Converſation, and praying Relief.

THE Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. R
who made them Devils.

T

THE Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to com-
d the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander*.
Granted.

THE Petition of *William Bullock*, to be *Hepheſtion* to
uthman the Great.
Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*A Widow Gentlewoman, well born both by Father and Mo-
's Side, being the Daughter of* Thomas Prater, *once an
nt Practitioner in the Law, and of* Letitia Tattle, *a Fa-
well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been re-
d by Misfortunes to wait on ſeveral great Perſons, and
ſome time to be Teacher at a Boarding-School of young
ies; giveth Notice to the Publick, That ſhe hath lately
n a Houſe near* Bloomsbury-Square, *commodiouſly ſitu-
next the Fields in a good Air; where ſhe teaches all
s of Birds of the loquacious Kind, as Parrots, Starlings,
gpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Per-
ion than ever yet was practiſed. They are not only in-
ſted to pronounce Words diſtinctly, and in a proper Tone
Accent, but to ſpeak the Language with great Purity and
bility of Tongue, together with all the faſhionable Phraſes
Compliments now in uſe either at Tea-Tables or viſiting
s. Thoſe that have good Voices may be taught to ſing
aneweſt Opera-Airs, and, if required, to ſpeak either* Italian
French, *paying ſomething extraordinary above the com-
n Rates. They whoſe Friends are not able to pay the full
es, may be taken as Half-boarders. She teaches ſuch as
deſigned for the Diverſion of the Publick, and to act in
anted Woods on the Theatres, by the Great. As ſhe has
n obſerved with much Concern how indecent an Education
ſually given theſe innocent Creatures, which in ſome Mea-
is owing to their being placed in Rooms next the Street,
re, to the great Offence of chaſte and tender Ears, they
n Ribaldry, obſcene Songs, and immodeſt Expreſſions from
ſingers and idle People, as alſo to cry Fiſh and Card-
ches, with other uſeleſs Parts of Learning to Birds who
e rich Friends, ſhe has fitted up proper and neat Apart-
ts for them in the back Part of her ſaid Houſe; where ſhe
ſuffers*

ſuffers none to approach them but her ſelf, and a Servant Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom ſhe provided on purpoſe to prepare their Food and cleanſe their Cages; having found by long Experience how hard a thing it is for thoſe who keep Silence who have the Uſe of Speech, and the Dangers Scholars are expoſed to by the ſtrong Impreſſions that are made by harſh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In ſhort, if they Birds of any Parts or Capacity, ſhe will undertake to return them ſo accompliſhed in the Compaſs of a Twelve-month, that they ſhall be fit Converſation for ſuch Ladies as love to converſe their Friends and Companions out of this Species.

Nº 37. *Thurſday, April* 12.

——*Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ*
Fœmineas aſſueta manus. —— Virg.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER being in the Country, encloſed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the Morning, and was deſired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till ſuch time as ſhe was in a Readineſs to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curioſity to ſee it; and, as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quarto's* were ſeparated from the *Octavo's* by a Pile of ſmaller Veſſels which roſe in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea-Diſhes of all Shapes, Colours and Sizes which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame, that the whole looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finſt Stro

es of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt Varie- Dyes. That Part of the Library which was de- for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and o- looſe Papers, was encloſed in a kind of Square, con- of one of the prettieſt Groteſque Works that ever , and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, arines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Fi- in *China* Ware. In the Midſt of the Room was a Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the Shape of a Book. I found there were ſeveral other counter- ooks upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in , and ſerved only to fill up the Numbers, like Fa- in the Muſter of a Regiment. I was wonderfully d with ſuch a mixt kind of Furniture, as ſeemed ſuitable to both the Lady and the Scholar, and did now at firſt whether I ſhould fancy my ſelf in a Grotto, a Library.

UPON my looking into the Books, I found there ſome few which the Lady had bought for her own ut that moſt of them had been got together, either ſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had he Authors of them. Among ſeveral that I exami- I very well remember theſe that follow.

dby's Virgil.
den's Juvenal.
Sandra.
patra.
ra.
Iſaac Newton's Works.
Grand Cyrus; with a Pin ſtuck in one of the mid- aves.
broke's Arcadia.
k of Human Underſtanding; with a Paper of Patches
Spelling-Book.
Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.
rlock upon Death.
fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
William Temple's Eſſays.

Father-

Father *Malbranche*'s Search after Truth, tranſlated
Engliſh.

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verſe by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Le
gilt on the Back, and doubled down in ſeveral Place

All the Claſſick Authors in Wood.

A Set of *Elziver's* by the ſame Hand.

Clelia: Which opened of it ſelf in the Place tha
ſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr. *Steele*'s Chriſtian Heroe.

A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Wat
the ſide of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.

Fielding's Tryal.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of t
and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and
on my preſenting her with the Letter from the Kn
told me, with an unſpeakable Grace, that ſhe hoped
ROGER was in good Health: I anſwered *Yes*, for I
long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty,
is ſtill a very lovely Woman. She has been a Wi
for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her
Marriage, has taken a Reſolution never to venture
a ſecond. She has no Children to take care of, and le
the Management of her Eſtate to my good Friend
ROGER. But as the Mind naturally ſinks into a kin
Lethargy and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſ
Favourite Pleaſures and Purſuits, *Leonora* has turned a
Paſſions of her Sex, into a Love of Books and Re
ment. She converſes chiefly with Men, (as ſhe has

er ſelf) but it is only in their Writings; and admits ry few Male-Viſitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, m ſhe hears with great Pleaſure, and without Scan- As her Reading has lain very much among Ro- es, it has given her a very particular Turn of Think- nd diſcovers it ſelf even in her Houſe, her Gardens, er Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an together with a Deſcription of her Country-Seat, h is Situated in a kind of Wilderneſs, about an hun- Miles diſtant from *London*, and looks like a little En- ed Palace. The Rocks about her are ſhaped into icial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jeſſa- s. The Woods are cut into ſhady Walks, twiſted Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The gs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that s taught to Murmur very agreeably. They are like- collected into a Beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by uple of Swans, and empties itſelf by a little Rivulet h runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The ght likewiſe tells me, that this Lady preſerves her e better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, (ſays Sir ROGER) that ſhe ſets ſo great a Value upon Partridges and Pheaſants, as upon her Larks and ntingales. For ſhe ſays that every Bird which is killed r Ground, will ſpoil a Conſort, and that ſhe ſhall cer- y miſs him the next Year.

HEN I think how odly this Lady is improved by ning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admiration Pity. Amidſt theſe Innocent Entertainments which has formed to her ſelf, how much more Valuable ſhe appear than thoſe of her Sex, who employ them- s in Diverſions that are leſs Reaſonable, tho' more aſhion? What Improvements would a Woman have e, who is ſo Suſceptible of Impreſſions from what reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch Books as have a ency to enlighten the Underſtanding and rectifie the ions, as well as to thoſe which are of little more uſe to divert the Imagination?

UT the manner of a Lady's Employing her ſelf uſe- in Reading ſhall be the Subject of another Paper, in which

which I design to recommend such particular Book may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. As this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I shall desire Correspondents to give me their Thoughts upon it.

N° 38. *Friday, April* 13.

——— *Cupias non placuisse nimis.* Mart.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me Opportunity of observing a great deal of Beau a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, Absurdity in the other, by the meer Force of Affe tion. The Fair One had something in her Person which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempte shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Ge The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You migh his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something common, and what they call bright, to entertain while she writhed her self into as many different Po to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were t ver at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Te Her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, th the Reach she may discovr the Roundness of her A then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls b smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discompo that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. W she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to thin something very pleasant to say next to her, or make unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her nity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturall me to look into that strange State of Mind which so nerally discolours the Behaviour of most People we with.

HE learned Dr. *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, Occaſion to obſerve, That every Thought is at- with Conſciouſneſs and Repreſentativeneſs; the has nothing preſented to it, but what is immediate- llowed by a Reflection or Conſcience, which tells whether that which was ſo preſented is graceful or coming. This Act of the Mind diſcovers it ſelf in Geſture, by a proper Behaviour in thoſe whoſe Con- ſneſs goes no further than to direct them in the juſt ſs of their preſent State or Action; but betrays an ruption in every ſecond Thought, when the Conſci- ſs is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own ceptions; which ſort of Conſciouſneſs is what we Affectation.

S the Love of Praiſe is implanted in our Boſoms as ng Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very diffi- Task to get above a Deſire of it for things that ſhould holly indifferent. Women, whoſe Hearts are fixed the Pleaſure they have in the Conſciouſneſs that they e Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing ir of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude eir Bodies, to ſtrike the Hearts of their Beholders new Senſe of their Beauty. The dreſſing Part of ex, whoſe Minds are the ſame with the ſillier Part e other, are exactly in the like uneaſie Condition to garded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with common Briskneſs, a very well-choſen Coat, or o- Inſtances of Merit, which they are impatient to ſee ſerved.

UT this apparent Affectation, ariſing from an ill-go- d Conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at ch looſe and trivial Minds as theſe: But when you reign in Characters of Worth and Diſtinction, it is you cannot but lament, not without ſome Indigna- It creeps into the Heart of the wiſe Man as well t of the Coxcomb. When you ſee a Man of Senſe about for Applauſe, and diſcover an itching Incli- to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incenſe, from thoſe whoſe Opinion he values in nothing but wn Favour; Who is ſafe againſt this Weakneſs? or knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt

Way

Way to get clear of ſuch a light Fondneſs for App
is to take all poſſible Care to throw off the Love
upon Occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable;
as it appears, we hope for no Praiſe from them. Of
Nature are all Graces in Mens Perſons, Dreſs, and b
Deportment; which will naturally be winning and
tractive if we think not of them, but loſe their For
proportion to our Endeavour to make them ſuch.

When our Conſciouſneſs turns upon the main D
of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the
Purpoſe either in Buſineſs or Pleaſure, we ſhall neve
tray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it:
when we give the Paſſion for Praiſe an unbridled L
ty, our Pleaſure in little Perfections, robs us of w
due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities.
many excellent Speeches and honeſt Actions are loſt
want of being indifferent where we ought? Men a
preſſed with regard to their Way of ſpeaking and a
inſtead of having their Thoughts bent upon what
ſhould do or ſay; and by that Means bury a Capaci
great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent t
This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but i
ſome Tincture of it, at leaſt ſo far, as that their Fe
erring in a thing of no Conſequence, argues they
be too much pleaſed in performing it.

IT is only from a thorough Diſregard to himſelf i
Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Suffi
cy: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in view; a
commits no Errors, becauſe he thinks nothing an
but what deviates from that Intention.

THE wild Havock Affectation makes in that P
the World which ſhould be moſt polite, is viſible w
ever we turn our Eyes: It puſhes Men not only into
pertinencies in Converſation, but alſo into their pre
tated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench,
Buſineſs it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is ſ
before it by the Practitioner; as well as ſeveral little
of Injuſtice which ariſe from the Law it ſelf. I
ſeen it make a Man run from the Purpoſe before a J
who was, when at the Bar himſelf, ſo cloſe and lo
Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his P
he never ſpoke a Word too much.

Vol. I.

T might be born even here, but it often aſcends the it it ſelf; and the Declaimer, in that ſacred Place, is ently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of the laſt Day f with ſo many quaint Phraſes, that there is no Man underſtands Raillery, but muſt reſolve to ſin no e: Nay, you may behold him ſometimes in Prayer, proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, ble himſelf with ſo very well turned Phraſe, and ion his own Unworthineſs in a Way ſo very becom- that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preſerved, the Lowlineſs of the Preacher.

hall end this with a ſhort Letter I writ the other to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am ing of.

ar Sir,

Spent ſome Time with you the other Day, and muſt take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you of the ufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all you ſay do. When I gave you an Hint of it, you asked me ether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think him? No; but Praiſe is not to be the Entertainment every Moment: He that hopes for it muſt be able ſuſpend the Poſſeſſion of it till proper Periods of e, or Death it ſelf. If you would not rather be com- nded than be Praiſe-worthy, contemn little Merits; allow no Man to be ſo free with you, as to praiſe to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will nt its Food, At the ſame time Your Paſſion for em will be more fully gratified; Men will praiſe in their Actions: Where you now receive one Com- ent, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

N° 39. *Saturday, April* 14.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum
Cum ſcribo ——— Hor.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the nobleſt Production human Nature, ſo it is capable of giving the M one of the moſt delightful and moſt improv Entertainments. A virtuous man (ſays *Seneca*) ſtrugg with Misfortunes, is ſuch a Spectacle as Gods might l upon with Pleaſure: And ſuch a Pleaſure it is which meets with in the Repreſentation of a well-written T gedy. Diverſions of this kind wear out of our Thoug every thing that is mean and little. They cheriſh and tivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our ture. They ſoften Inſolence, ſooth Affliction, and ſub the Mind to the Diſpenſations of Providence.

IT is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Na of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with lick Encouragement.

THE modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and R in the Intricacy and Diſpoſition of the Fable; but, a Chriſtian Writer would be aſhamed to own, falls nitely ſhort of it in the moral Part of the Performance.

THIS I may ſhew more at large hereafter; and in mean time, that I may contribute ſomething tow the Improvement of the *Engliſh* Tragedy, I ſhall take tice, in this and in other following Papers, of ſome ticular Parts in it that ſeem liable to Exception.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the *Iambick* Verſe the *Greek* Tongue was the moſt proper for Tragedy: cauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the Diſcourſe f Proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it any other kind of Verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſ that Men in ordinary Diſcourſe very often ſpeak *bicks*, without taking Notice of it. We may make ſame Obſervation of our *Engliſh* Blank Verſe, which

s into our common Diſcourſe, though we do not
d to it, and is ſuch a due Medium between Rhyme
Proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy.
therefore very much offended when I ſee a Play in
me; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a Tragedy of
meters would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The
ciſm is, I think, ſtill greater, in thoſe Plays that
ſome Scenes in Rhyme and ſome in Blank Verſe,
h are to be looked upon as two ſeveral Languages;
here we ſee ſome particular Similies dignified with
me, at the ſame time that every thing about them
in Blank Verſe. I would not however debar the
from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleaſes, eve-
ct of it, with two or three Couplets, which may
the ſame Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after
g *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Be-
, that we ſee a Diverſity of Numbers in ſome Parts
e Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from be-
ired with the ſame continued Modulation of Voice.
he ſame Reaſon I do not diſlike the Speeches in our
ſh Tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemiſtick*, or half Verſe,
ithſtanding the Perſon who ſpeaks after it begins a
Verſe, without filling up the preceding one; nor
abrupt Pauſes and Breakings-off in the middle of a
e, when they humour any Paſſion that is expreſſed

INCE I am upon this Subject, I muſt obſerve that
Engliſh Poets have ſucceeded much better in the Style,
in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Lan-
e is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Senſe
r very trifling or very common. On the contrary,
e Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille*
Racine, tho' the Expreſſions are very great, it is the
ght that bears them up and ſwells them. For my
part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depreſſed
homely Language, infinitely before a vulgar one
s blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Ex-
ion. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may riſe
Want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the
rs, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taſte
ir Readers, who are better Judges of the Language

than of the Sentiments, and conſequently reliſh the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectifie the Conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of his Dialogue in plain *Engliſh*, before he turned it into Blank Verſe; and if the Reader, after the Peruſal of every Scene, would conſider the naked Thought of every Speech in it, when diveſted of all its Tragick Ornaments; by this means, without being impoſed upon by Words, we may judge impartially of the Thought, and conſider whether it be natural or great enough for the Perſon that utters it, whether it deſerves to ſhine in ſuch a Blaze of Eloquence, or ſhew it ſelf in ſuch a Variety of Lights as are generally made uſe of by the Writers of *Engliſh* Tragedy.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that when the Thoughts are great and juſt, they are often obſcured by the ſounding Phraſes, hard Metaphors, and forced Expreſſions in which they are cloathed. *Shakeſpear* is often very faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Obſervation in *Ariſtotle* to this purpoſe, which I have never yet quoted. The Expreſſion, ſays he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive Parts of the Fable, as in Deſcriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in which the Opinions, Manners and Paſſions of Men are not repreſented; for theſe (namely the Opinions, Manners and Paſſions) are apt to be obſcured by Pompous Phraſes, or Elaborate Expreſſions. *Horace*, who copied moſt of his Criticiſms after *Ariſtotle*, ſeems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule, in the following Verſes:

Et Tragicus plerumque doles Sermone pedeſtri,
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.

Tragœdians too lay by their State, to Grieve.
Peleus *and* Telephus, *exil'd and poor,*
Forget their ſwelling and gigantick Words.

Ld. ROSCOM

AMO

AMONG our Modern *Engliſh* Poets, there is none ho was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if inſtead favouring the Impetuoſity of his Genius, he had re-ained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. His houghts are wonderfully ſuited to Tragedy, but fre-ently loſt in ſuch a Cloud of Words, that it is hard to the Beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in his orks, but ſo involved in Smoak, that it does not ap-r in half its Luſtre. He frequently ſucceeds in the Paſ-nate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where ſlackens his Efforts, and eaſes the Stile of thoſe Epi-ts and Metaphors, in which he ſo much abounds. hat can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Paſſio-e, than that Line in *Statira*'s Speech, where ſhe de-ibes the Charms of *Alexander*'s Converſation?

Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!

THAT unexpected Break in the Line, and turning e Deſcription of his manner of Talking into an Admi-n of it, is inexpreſſibly Beautiful, and wonderfully ſuited he fond Character of the Perſon that ſpeaks it. There Simplicity in the Words, that outſhines the utmoſt Pride Expreſſion.

OTWAY has followed Nature in the Language of Tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the Paſſionate Parts, re than any of our *Engliſh* Poets. As there is ſome-ng Familiar and Domeſtick in the Fable of his Trage-more than in thoſe of any other Poet, he has little mp, but great Force in his Expreſſions. For which aſon, tho' he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender melting Part of his Tragedies, he ſometimes falls into great a Familiarity of Phraſe in thoſe Parts, which, *Ariſtotle*'s Rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſuppor-by the Dignity of Expreſſion.

It has been obſerved by others, that this Poet has nded his Tragedy of *Venice Preſerved* on ſo wrong a t, that the greateſt Characters in it are thoſe of Rebels Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play diſcovered the e good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that ſhewed for its Ruin and Subverſion, the Audience ld not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now

repreſented, we can only ſay of him what the Ro
Hiſtorian ſays of *Cataline*, that his Fall would have b
Glorious (*ſi pro Patriâ ſic concidiſſet*) had he ſo fallen
the Service of his Country.

N° 40. *Monday, April* 16.

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

THE *Engliſh* Writers of Tragedy are poſſeſſed w
a Notion, that when they repreſent a virtuou
innocent Perſon in Diſtreſs, they ought no
leave him till they have delivered him out of his T
bles, or made him triumph over his Enemies. This
ror they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine
modern Criticiſm, that they are obliged to an equal
ſtribution of Rewards and Puniſhments, and an impa
Execution of Poetical Juſtice. Who were the firſt
eſtabliſhed this Rule I know not; but I am ſure it
no Foundation in Nature, in Reaſon, or in the Pra
of the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happe
like to all Men on this Side the Grave; and as the pri
pal Deſign of Tragedy is to raiſe Commiſeration and T
ror in the Minds of the Audience, we ſhall defeat
great End, if we always make Virtue and Innocence h
py and ſucceſsful. Whatever Croſſes and Diſappointme
a good Man ſuffers in the Body of the Tragedy, th
will make but ſmall Impreſſion on our Minds, when
know that in the laſt Act he is to arrive at the End
his Wiſhes and Deſires. When we ſee him engaged
the Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort
ſelves, becauſe we are ſure he will find his Way out of the
and that his Grief, how great ſoever it may be at preſent, w

on terminate in Gladneſs. For this Reaſon the ancient riters of Tragedy treated Men in their Plays, as they dealt with in the World, by making Virtue ſome-nes happy and ſometimes miſerable, as they found it the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might eſt their Audience in the moſt agreeable Manner. *Ari-tle* conſiders the Tragedies that were written in either theſe Kinds, and obſerves, that thoſe which ended happily, had always pleaſed the People, and carried a-y the Prize in the publick Diſputes of the Stage, from oſe that ended happily. Terror and Commiſeration ve a pleaſing Anguiſh in the Mind; and fix the Audi-ce in ſuch a ſerious Compoſure of Thought, as is uch more laſting and delightful than any little tranſient arts of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, at more of our *Engliſh* Tragedies have ſucceeded, in hich the Favourites of the Audience ſink under eir Calamities, than thoſe in which they recover emſelves out of them. The beſt Plays of this Kind the *Orphan*, *Venice preſerved*, *Alexander the Great*, *oſius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, *&c.* *ng Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame Kind, *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according the chymerical Notion of Poetical Juſtice, in my hum-Opinion it has loſt half its Beauty. At the ſame time muſt allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which ve been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended ppily; as indeed moſt of the good Tragedies, which ve been written ſince the ſtarting of the aboyemen-oned Criticiſm, have taken this Turn: As the *Mourning ide*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulyſſes*, *Phædra* and *Hyppolitus*, with moſt Mr. *Dryden*'s. I muſt alſo allow, that many of *Shake-ar*'s, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies of Anti-ity, are caſt in the ſame Form. I do not therefore ſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies, but a-inſt the Criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only ethod; and by that Means would very much cramp the *gliſh* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to the enius of our Writers.

THE Tragi-Comedy, which is the Product of t *Engliſh* Theatre, is one of the moſt monſtrous Inven ons that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An A thor might as well think of weaving the Adventures *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing ſuc motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the Abſurdity theſe Performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not in upon it.

THE ſame Objections which are made to Tragi-C medy, may in ſome meaſure be applied to all Trage that have a double Plot in them; which are likew more frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage, than upon a other: For though the Grief of the Audience, in ſuch P formances, be not changed into another Paſſion, as Tragi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another Obj which weakens their Concern for the principal Act and breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into ferent Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may a great Meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by ſkilful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear ſuch near Relation to the principal Deſign, as to contribute wards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the Cataſtrophe.

THERE is alſo another Particular, which may reckoned among the Blemiſhes, or rather the falſe Be ties, of our *Engliſh* Tragedy: I mean thoſe partic Speeches which are commonly known by the Name *Rants*. The warm and paſſionate Parts of a Trage are always the moſt taking with the Audience; for wh Reaſon we often ſee the Players pronouncing, in all Violence of Action, ſeveral Parts of the Tragedy wh the Author writ with great Temper, and deſigned t they ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* w often raiſe himſelf a loud Clap by this Artifice. The P that were acquainted with this Secret, have given quent Occaſion for ſuch Emotions in the Actor, by ding Vehemence to Words where there was no Paſſ or inflaming a real Paſſion into Fuſtian. This hath fi the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombaſt; and given th ſuch Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling t a Greatneſs of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Cur

ws, Blaſphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Out-ing of the Gods, frequently paſs upon the Audience tow'ring Thoughts, and have accordingly met with nite Applauſe.

ſhall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tra- Writers may make an ill uſe of. As our Heroes are erally Lovers, their Swelling and Bluſtring upon the e very much recommends them to the fair Part of r Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleaſed to a Man inſulting Kings, or affronting the Gods, in Scene, and throwing himſelf at the Feet of his Mi-ſs in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently to-ds the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and s ten to one but he proves a Favourite of the Boxes. *den* and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their Tragedies, have pra-ed this Secret with good Succeſs.

But to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the moſt juſt natural Thought that is not pronounced with Vehe-nce, I would deſire the Reader, when he ſees the Tra- of *Oedipus*, to obſerve how quietly the Hero is diſ-ſed at the End of the third Act, after having pronoun-the following Lines, in which the Thought is very ural, and apt to move Compaſſion.

To you, good Gods, I make my laſt Appeal,
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal.
If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward trod thoſe Paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree:
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

t us then obſerve with what Thunder-claps of Applauſe leaves the Stage, after the Impieties and Execrations the End of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to an Audience ſo curſed and ſo pleaſed at the ſame me.

O that as oft I have at Athens *ſeen,*
[Where, by the Way, there was no Stage till many Years after *Oedipus*.]
The Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;

So now, in very Deed, I might behold
This ponderous Globe, and all yon marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of Jove, *and crush Mankind,*
For all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having ſpoken of Mr. Powell, *as ſometimes raiſing him Applauſe from the ill Taſte of an Audience; I muſt do him Juſtice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleaſes, deſerves the Admiration of the beſt Judges; as I doubt not but he will in the* Conqueſt of Mexico, *which is acted for his own Benefit To-morrow Night.*

Nº 41. *Tueſday, April* 17.

—— *Tu non inventa reperta ſes.* Ovid.

COMPASSION for the Gentleman who wr the following Letter, ſhould not prevail upon to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I they are frequently Fairer than they ought to be. S Impoſtures are not to be tollerated in Civil Society; I think his Misfortune ought to be made publick, Warning for other Men always to Examine into w they Admire.

SIR,

'SUPPOSING you to be a Perſon of ge
' Knowledge, I make my Application to yo
' a very particular Occaſion. I have a great Mind t
' rid of my Wife, and hope, when you conſider my C
' you will be of Opinion I have very juſt Pretenſion
' a Divorce. I am a mere Man of the Town, and h
' very little Improvement, but what I have got from P
' In remember in *The Silent Woman*, the Learned
' *Cutberd*, or Dr. *Otter* (I forget which) makes one of
' Cauſes of Separation to be *Error Perſonæ*, when a
' ma

marries a Woman, and finds her not to be the ſame Woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be Law, it is, I preſume, exactly my Caſe. For you are to know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are Women who do not let their Husbands ſee their Faces till they are married. NOT to keep you in ſuſpence, I mean plainly, that Part of the Sex who paint. They are ſome of them ſo exquiſitely skilful this Way, that give them but a tolerable Pair of Eyes to ſet up with, and they will make Boſom, Lips, Cheeks and Eyebrows, by their own Induſtry. As for my Dear, never Man was ſo enamoured as I was of her fair Forehead, Neck and Arms, as well as the bright Jett of her Hair; but to my great Aſtoniſhment, I find they were all the Effects of Art: Her Skin is ſo tarniſhed with this Practice, that when ſhe firſt wakes in a Morning, ſhe ſcarce ſeems young enough to be the Mother of her whom I carried to Bed the Night before. I ſhall take the Liberty to part with her by the firſt Opportunity, unleſs her Father will make her Portion ſuitable to her real, nor her aſſumed, Countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your Means.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady will do for this Injured Gentleman, but muſt allow he has very much Juſtice on his ſide. I have indeed very long obſerved this Evil, and diſtinguiſhed thoſe of our Women who wear their own, from thoſe in borrowed Complexions, by the *Picts* and the *Britiſh*. There does not need any great Diſcernment to judge which are which. The *Britiſh* have a lively animated Aſpect; The *Picts*, tho' never ſo Beautiful, have dead uninformed Countenances. The Muſcles of a real Face ſometimes ſwell with ſoft Paſſion, ſudden Surpriſe, and are fluſhed with agreeable Conſuſions, according as the Objects before them, or the Ideas preſented to them, affect their Imagination. But the *Picts* hold all things with the ſame Air, whether they are chearful or Sad; the ſame fixed Inſenſibility appears upon all

all Occaſions. A *Pict*, tho' ſhe takes all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them a certain Diſtance; a Sigh in a Languiſhing Lover, if received too near her, would diſſolve a Feature; and a Kiſs ſnatched by a Forward one, might transfer the Complexion of the Miſtreſs to the Admirer. It is hard to ſpeak of theſe falſe Fair Ones, without ſaying ſomething uncomplaiſant, but I would only recommend to them to conſider how they like coming into a Room new Painted, they may aſſure themſelves, the near Approach of a Lover who uſes this Practice is much more offenſive.

WILL. HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had Wit, as well as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Buſineſs to gain Hearts, for no other Reaſon, but to rally the Torments of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to ſnare Men, but without any manner of Scruple break when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Vanity made my Friend very eaſily Proof againſt the Charms of her Wit and Converſation; but her beauteous Form inſtead of being blemiſhed by her Falſhood and Inconſtancy, every Day increaſed upon him, and ſhe had new Attractions every time he ſaw her. When ſhe obſerved WILL irrevocably her Slave, ſhe began to uſe him as ſuch and after many ſteps toward ſuch a Cruelty, ſhe at utterly baniſhed him. The unhappy Lover ſtrove in vain by ſervile Epiſtles, to revoke his Doom; till at length was forced to the laſt Refuge, a round Sum of Money her Maid. This corrupt Attendant placed him early in Morning behind the Hangings in her Miſtreſs's Dreſſing Room. He ſtood very conveniently to obſerve, without being ſeen. The *Pict* begins the Face ſhe deſigned to wear that Day, and I have heard him proteſt ſhe had work a full half Hour before he knew her to be the ſame Woman. As ſoon as he ſaw the Dawn of that Complexion for which he had ſo long languiſhed, he thought fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

Th' adorning Thee with ſo much Art,
Is but a barb'rous Skill;
'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.

THE *Pict* ſtood before him in the utmoſt Confuſion, th the prettieſt Smirk imaginable on the finiſhed ſide of Face, pale as Aſhes on the other. HONEYCOMB ſeiz- all her Gally-pots and Waſhes, and carried off his Hand- chief full of Bruſhes, Scraps of *Spaniſh* Wool, and Phi- of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the ver was cured.

T is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it ſelf void. I would refore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to ſingle them out, do I know any but *Lindamira* who ſhould be exempt m Diſcovery; for her own Complexion is ſo delicate, ſhe ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint, Puniſhment for chuſing to be the worſt Piece of Art nt, inſtead of the Maſterpiece of Nature. As for my , who have no Expectations from Women, and cor- them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not ſo much fear offending a Beauty as a Woman of Senſe; all therefore produce ſeveral Faces which have been in lick this many Years, and never appeared; it will be ry pretty Entertainment in the Play-houſe, (when I e aboliſhed this Cuſtom) to ſee ſo many Ladies, when firſt lay it down, *incog.* in their own Faces.

N the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their rms, let the Sex ſtudy the agreeable *Statira*. Her Fea- s are enlivened with the Chearfulneſs of her Mind, and d Humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Grace- without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without earing Careleſs. Her having no manner of Art in her nd, makes her want none in her Perſon.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict*, to Deſcription Dr. *Donne* gives of his Miſtreſs?

—Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her Body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Perſon of Quality lately deceaſed) Paints the Fineſt Fleſh-colour, wants a Place, and is

to

to be heard of at the Houſe of Minheer Groteſque, a D
Painter in Barbican.

N. B. *She is alſo well ſkilled in the Drapery-part,*
puts on Hoods and mixes Ribbons ſo as to ſuit the Colo
the Face with great Art and Succeſs.

N° 42. *Wedneſday, April* 18.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuſcum,
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in Scena concurrit dextera læva.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, That ordinary W
in Tragedy endeavour to raiſe Terror and Pi
their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and
preſſions, but by the Dreſſes and Decorations of the S
There is ſomething of this kind very ridiculous in
Engliſh Theatre. When the Author has a Mind to
riſe us, it thunders; When he would make us melan
ly, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragic
tifices, I am the moſt offended at thoſe which are
uſe of to inſpire us with magnificent Ideas of the Pe
that ſpeak. The ordinary Method of making an H
is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, w
riſes ſo very high, that there is often a greater Le
from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the
of his Foot. One would believe, that we thoug
great Man and a tall Man the ſame thing. This
much embarraſſes the Actor, who is forced to hol
Neck extreamly ſtiff and ſteady all the while he ſpe
and notwithſtanding any Anxieties which he preten
his Miſtreſs, his Country, or his Friends, one ma
by his Action, that his greateſt Care and Concern
keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his H
For my own part, when I ſee a Man uttering his C
p

ants under ſuch a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to
k upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a
reſſed Hero. As theſe ſuperfluous Ornaments upon
Head make a great Man, a Princeſs generally receives
Grandeur from thoſe additional Incumbrances that
into her Tail: I mean the broad ſweeping Train that
ows her in all her Motions, and finds conſtant Em-
yment for a Boy who ſtands behind her to open and
ad it to Advantage. I do not know how others are
cted at this Sight, but I muſt confeſs, my Eyes are
olly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the
een, I am not ſo attentive to any thing ſhe ſpeaks, as
he right adjuſting of her Train, leſt it ſhould chance
rip up her Heels, or incommode her, as ſhe walks to
fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very
Spectacle, to ſee a Queen venting her Paſſion in a
rdered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the
le that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The
s that the two Perſons act on the Stage at the ſame
e, are very different: The Princeſs is afraid leſt ſhe
ld incur the Diſpleaſure of the King her Father, or
the Hero her Lover, whilſt her Attendant is only
erned leſt ſhe ſhould entangle her Feet in her Pet-
t.

WE are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move
Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and di-
ſed Heroes, uſed to make the Actors repreſent them
reſſes and Cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed.
Artifice for moving Pity, ſeems as ill-contrived, as
we have been ſpeaking of to inſpire us with a great
of the Perſons introduced upon the Stage. In ſhort,
ould have our Conceptions raiſed by the Dignity of
ught and Sublimity of Expreſſion, rather than by a
n of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

ANOTHER mechanical Method of making great
, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to ac-
pany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or
Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-ſnuffers,
e up a compleat Body of Guards upon the *Engliſh*
; and by the Addition of a few Porters dreſſed in
Coats, can repreſent above a dozen Legions. I have

ſometimes ſeen a Couple of Armies drawn up toget upon the Stage, when the Poet has been diſpoſed to Honour to his Generals. It is impoſſible for the Read Imagination to multiply twenty Men into ſuch prodigi Multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred th ſand Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or f Yards in Compaſs. Incidents of ſuch a nature ſhould told, not repreſented.

——— *Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.

Ld. ROSCOMM

I ſhould therefore, in this Particular, recommen my Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage, w the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I ſhould like be glad if we imitated the *French* in baniſhing from Stage the Noiſe of Drums, Trumpets, and Hu which is ſometimes ſo very great, that when there Battel in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it as *Charing-Croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe Particulars w are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the Perſons Tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another Paper the ſeveral pedients which are practiſed by Authors of a vulgar nius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in Hearers.

THE Taylor and the Painter often contribute to Succeſs of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Acto very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed Play has ſome brought them as full Audiences, as a well-written The *Italians* have a very good Phraſe to expreſs thi of impoſing upon the Spectators by Appearances: call it the *Fourberia della Scena*, *The Knavery or Part of the Drama*. But however the Show and O of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the

erſtanding Part of the Audience immediately ſee thro' nd deſpiſe it.

good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of rmy or a Battel in a Deſcription, than if he actually them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or en- d in the Confuſion of a Fight. Our Minds ſhould be ed to great Conceptions, and inflamed with glorious iments, by what the Actor ſpeaks, more than by what ppears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King ero, give *Brutus* half that Pomp and Majeſty which eceives from a few Lines in *Shakeſpear?* C

43. *Thurſday, April* 19.

e tibi erunt artes; paciſque imponere morem,
rcere Subjectis, & debellare Superbos. Virg.

HERE are Crowds of Men, whoſe great Misfor- tune it is that they were not bound to Mechanick Arts or Trades; it being abſolutely neceſſary for to be led by ſome continual Task or Employment. e are ſuch as we commonly call dull Fellows; Per- who for want of ſomething to do, out of a certain ncy of Thought, rather than Curioſity, are ever med- with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give Notion of them better than by preſenting you with ter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Society of Order of Men, reſiding at *Oxford.*

Oxford, April 13. 1711.

IR, *Four a Clock in the Morning*

N ſome of your late Speculations, I find ſome Sket- ches toward an Hiſtory of Clubs: But you ſeem to to ſhew them in ſomewhat too ludicrous a Light. ave well weighed that Matter, and think, that the ſt important Negotiations may beſt be carried on in ſuch emblies. I ſhall therefore, for the good of Mankind hich, I truſt, you and I are equally concerned for) poſe an Inſtitution of that Nature for Example ſake.

I

'I must confess the Design and Transactions of
'many Clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no Co
'quence to the Nation or Publick Weal: Those Wh
'you up. But you must do me then the Justice to
'that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than
'Scheme we go upon. To avoid Nicknames and
'ticisms, we call our selves *The Hebdomadal Meeting*
'President continues for a Year at least, and some
'four or five: We are all Grave, Serious, Designing
'in our Way: We think it our Duty, as far as in
'to take care the Constitution receives no Harm,—
'*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica* —— To censure
'ctrines or Facts, Persons or Things, which we
'like; To settle the Nation at home, and to carry
'War abroad, where and in what manner we see fit.
'other People are not of our Opinion, we can't help
''Twere better they were. Moreover, we now and
'condescend to direct, in some measure, the little
'of our own University.

'VERILY, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, we are much offe
'at the Act for Importing *French* Wines: A Bottle or
'of good solid Edifying Port, at honest *George's*, m
'Night cheerful, and threw off Reserve. But this
'guy *French* Claret will not only cost us more M
'but do us less Good: Had we been aware of it, b
'it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would
'petitioned to be heard upon that Subject. But let th

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, th
'look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, in
'junction with Infidels, to be palpably against our
'Will and Liking; and, for all Monsieur *Palmquist*,
'dangerous Innovation; and we are by no mea
'sure, that some People are not at the Bottom of
'least, my own private Letters leave Room for a
'cian, well vers'd in Matters of this Nature, to
'as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me.

'WE think we have at last done the Business w
'Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall clap up a Peac

'WHAT the Neutrality Army is to do, or
'the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three
'Princes, is not yet fully determined among us;

ait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer's*, ho, you muſt know, is our Authentick Intelligence, r *Ariſtotle* in Politicks. And 'tis indeed but fit there ould be ſome Dernier Reſort, the abſolute Decider of Controverſies.

WE were lately informed, that the Gallant Train'd-nds had patroll'd all Night long about the Streets of *ndon:* We indeed could not imagine any Occaſion for we gueſſed not a Tittle on't aforehand, we were in thing of the Secret; and that City Tradeſmen, or eir Apprentices ſhould do Duty, or work, during the olidays, we thought abſolutely impoſſible. But *Dyer* ing poſitive in it, and ſome Letters from other People, o had talked with ſome who had it from thoſe ho ſhould know, giving ſome Countenance to it. the airman reported from the Committee, appointed to mine into that Affair, That 'twas Poſſible there might ſomething in't. I have much more to ſay to you, my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Dominick* d *Slyboots*, are juſt come in, and the Coffee's ready. m, in the mean time,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Admirer, and Humble Servant,

Abraham Froth.

OU may obſerve the Turn of their Minds tends on- Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It d be Diſappointment to them, to come to Certainty y thing, for that would gravel them, and put an o their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make nformation, but for Exerciſe. I do not know but may be a very good way of accounting for what requently ſee, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very Men of Buſineſs. Buſineſs relieves them from their natural Heavineſs, by furniſhing them with what to whereas Buſineſs to Mercurial Men, is an Interrupti- rom their real Exiſtence and Happineſs. Tho' the art of Mankind are harmleſs in their Amuſements, re to be wiſhed they had no vacant Time, becauſe uſually undertake ſomething that makes their Wants icuous, by their manner of ſupplying them. You

ſhall

ſhall ſeldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, (if he happens to have any Leiſure upon his Hands) turn his Head to one of thoſe two Amuſements, Fools of Eminence, Politicks or Poetry. The former theſe Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general; when Dullneſs is lodged in a Perſon of a quick Life, it generally exerts it ſelf in Poetry. One might mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entainment to the Age, by reaſon that the Stupidity of Heads is quickned by the Alacrity of their Hearts. Conſtitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonſ and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwiſe nate. The *Britiſh Prince*, that Celebrated Poem, was written in the Reign of King *Charles* the Sec and deſervedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomble*, was the Effect of ſuch an happy Genius as we ſpeaking of. From among many other Diſticks no to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the following Lines.

A painted Veſt Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a Naked Pict *his Grandſire won.*

HERE if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as w Stupid, he could not, in the Warmth and Hurry of ſenſe, have been capable of forgetting that neither *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could ſtrip a Naked M his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Conſtitution, have ſtayed to have Flea'd the *Pict*, and made Buff Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

To bring theſe Obſervations to ſome uſeful Purpo Life, what I would propoſe ſhould be, that we im thoſe wiſe Nations, wherein every Man learns Handycraft Work. Would it not employ a Beau p enough, if inſtead of eternally playing with a Snuf he ſpent ſome part of his Time in making one? S Method as this would very much conduce to the P Emolument, by making every Man Living good for thing; for there would then be no one Member o man Society, but would have ſome little Pretenſio ſome Degree in it; like him who came to *Will's* houſe, upon the Merit of having writ a Poſie of a

44. *Friday, April* 20.

… quid ego & populus mecum deſideret audi. Hor.

AMONG the ſeveral Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of an Audience with Terror, the firſt Place is due to Thunder and …rning, which are often made uſe of at the Deſcend… of a God, or the Riſing of a Ghoſt, at the Vaniſhing Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known …l introduced into ſeveral Tragedies with good Effect; …have ſeen the whole Aſſembly in a very great Alarm …e while it has been ringing. But there is nothing …h delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* Theatre ſo much Ghoſt, eſpecially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. …pectre has very often ſaved a Play, though he has done …ing but ſtalked acroſs the Stage, or roſe through a …t of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one Word. …e may be a proper Seaſon for theſe ſeveral Terrors; …when they only come in as Aids and Aſſiſtances to …oet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be ap…ed. Thus the ſounding of the Clock in *Venice pre…d*, makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; …conveys a ſtronger Terror to the Mind, than it is …ble for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghoſt …*amlet* is a Maſter-piece in its kind, and wrought up …all the Circumſtances that can create either Attenti… …r Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully …ared for his Reception by the Diſcourſes that precede …is dumb Behaviour at his firſt Entrance, ſtrikes the …ination very ſtrongly; but every Time he enters, he …l more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with …h young *Hamlet* accoſts him, without trembling?

…r. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
…m. *Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!*
…on a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;

Bring

Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blaſts from Hell,
Be thy Event wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable Shape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! Oh! Anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearſed in Death,
Have burſt their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarſe again in compleat Steel
Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices ab mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and companied by proportionable Sentiments and Expreſſ in the Writing.

FOR the moving of Pity, our principal Machi the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Trage we ſhould not know very often that the Perſons a Diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Fa it from me to think of baniſhing this Inſtrument of row from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not ſu without it: All that I would contend for, is, to ke from being miſapplied. In a Word, I would have th ctor's Tongue ſympathize with his Eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand frequently drawn Compaſſion from the Audience, has therefore gained a Place in ſeveral Tragedies. A dern Writer, that obſerved how this had took in Plays, being reſolved to double the Diſtreſs, and mak Audience twice as much as thoſe before him had d brought a Princeſs upon the Stage with a little Bo one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a good Effect. A third Poet being reſolved to out-w all his Predeceſſors, a few Years ago introduced Children, with great Succeſs: And, as I am inform young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break

obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the erſon that appears upon the Stage is an afflicted w in her Mourning-Weeds, with half a Dozen fa- s Children attending her, like thoſe that uſually bout the Figure of Charity. Thus ſeveral Incidents e beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by into the Hands of a bad one.

T among all our Methods of moving Pity or Ter- here is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and what expoſes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our bours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, is ſo very frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage. To in ſeeing Men ſtabbed, poyſoned, racked, or im- is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as often practiſed before the *Britiſh* Audience, ſeveral Criticks, who think theſe are grateful Spectacles to e Occaſion from them to repreſent us a People that in Blood. It is indeed very odd, to ſee our Stage d with Carcaſſes in the laſt Scene of a Tragedy; obſerve in the Ward-robe of the Play-houſe ſeveral rs, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poiſon, and many Inſtruments of Death. Murders and Executions are tranſacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Thea- hich in general is very agreeable to the Manners olite and civilized People: But as there are no Ex- s to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them bſurdities almoſt as ridiculous as that which falls our preſent Cenſure. I remember in the famous *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* *riatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome *riatii* one after another, (inſtead of being congratu- y his Siſter for his Victory, being upbraided by her ing ſlain her Lover) in the Height of his Paſſion and ment kills her. If any thing could extenuate ſo n Action, it would be the doing of it on a ſudden, the Sentiments of Nature, Reaſon, or Manhood ake Place in him. However, to avoid *publick Blood-* ſoon as his Paſſion is wrought to its Height, he s his Siſter the whole length of the Stage, and for- illing her till they are both withdrawn behind the I muſt confeſs, had he murder'd her before the

Audi-

Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; Fact ought not to have been repreſented, but to have told, if there was any Occaſion for it.

IT may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to ſee *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like Circumſtances. *Oreſtes* was in the ſame Condition *Hamlet* in *Shakeſpear*, his Mother having murdered his ther, and taken Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom in Conſ with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, determined to revenge his Father's Death upon thoſe filled his Throne, conveys himſelf by a beautiful S gem into his Mother's Apartment, with a Reſoluti kill her. But becauſe ſuch a Spectacle would have too ſhocking to the Audience, this dreadful Reſoluti executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard c out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son anſwering that ſhe ſhewed no Mercy to his Father: After which ſhrieks out that ſhe is wounded, and by what follow find that ſhe is ſlain. I do not remember that in our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Sc though there are other Inſtances of this Nature to be with in thoſe of the Ancients: And I believe my R will agree with me, that there is ſomething infi more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the ther and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have in any thing tranſacted before the Audience. *Oreſte* mediately after meets the Uſurper at the Entrance Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet killing him before the Audience, by telling him th ſhould live ſome Time in his preſent Bitterneſs of before he would diſpatch him, and by ordering hi retire into that part of the Palace where he had ſla Father, whoſe Murther he would revenge in the ſame Place where it was committed. By this Means Poet obſerves that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards bliſhed by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricide unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*

t not Medea *draw her murthering Knife,*
nd ſpill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage.

French have therefore refined too much upon *Horace*'s
e, who never deſigned to baniſh all Kinds of Death
n the Stage; but only ſuch as had too much Horror in
n, and which would have a better Effect upon the
ience when tranſacted behind the Scenes. I would
efore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of
ncient Poets, who were very ſparing of their publick
cutions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the
es, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon
Audience. At the ſame Time I muſt obſerve, that
gh the devoted Perſons of the Tragedy were ſeldom
before the Audience, which has generally ſomething
culous in it, their Bodies were often produced after
Death, which has always in it ſomething melancho-
terrifying; ſo that the killing on the Stage does not
to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but alſo
Improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet*;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in Avem Progne *vertatur*, Cadmus *in anguem*,
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi. Hor.

Medea *muſt not draw her murth'ring Knife,*
Nor Atreus *there his horrid Feaſt prepare:*
Cadmus *and* Progne's *Metamorphoſis,*
She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my Senſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

have now gone through the ſeveral dramatick Inven-
s which are made uſe of by the ignorant Poets to ſup-
the Place of Tragedy, and by the skilful to improve
ſome of which I could wiſh entirely rejected, and
reſt to be uſed with Caution. It would be an endleſs
k to conſider Comedy in the ſame Light, and to men-
the innumerable Shifts that ſmall Wits put in practice

to raiſe a Laugh. *Bullock* in a ſhort Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this Effect. In ordinary Co dies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different C racters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Sh der-Belt, and ſometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A L running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out Barrel, was thought a very good Jeſt in King *Charles* Second's Time; and invented by one of the firſt Wi that Age. But becauſe Ridicule is not ſo delicate as C paſſion, and becauſe the Objects that make us laugh infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us w there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tra Artifices, and by conſequence a much greater Indulg to be allowed them.

N° 45. *Saturday, April* 21.

Natio Comœda eſt ——— Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a and honourable Peace, tho' at the ſame time very apprehenſive of many ill Conſequences may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Poli but to our *Manners*. What an Inundation of Ribbon Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of La and Impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the Pr tion of theſe great Evils, I could heartily wiſh that was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Impor of *French* Fopperies.

THE Female Inhabitants of our Iſland have al received very ſtrong Impreſſions from this ludicrou tion, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no which has not ſome Good attending it) they are well worn out and forgotten. I remember the when ſome of our well-bred Country-Women kept *Valet de Chambre*, becauſe, forſooth, a Man was more handy about them than one of their own Se my ſelf have ſeen one of theſe Male *Abigals* trip

the Room with a Looking-Glaſs in his Hand, and bing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. ether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a 's being got with Child by one of theſe her Hand- ds I cannot tell, but I think at preſent the whole of them is extinct in our own Country.

BOUT the Time that ſeveral of our Sex were ta- into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewiſe brought he Faſhion of receiving Viſits in their Beds. It was looked upon as a Piece of Ill Breeding for a Woman efuſe to ſee a Man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and rter would have been thought unfit for his Place, could have made ſo aukward an Excuſe. As I love to very thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my d WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with to one of theſe Travelled Ladies, deſiring him, at the time, to preſent me as a Foreigner who could not *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a in the Diſcourſe. The Lady, tho' willing to appear eſt, had put on her beſt Looks, and painted her ſelf ur Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Diſ- , as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her lders was ruffled with great Care. For my Part, I ſo ſhocked with every thing which looks immodeſt e Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my from her when ſhe moved in her Bed, and was in greateſt Confuſion imaginable every time ſhe ſtirred a or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this om, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well know- hat a Woman of Threeſcore may kick and tumble Heart out, without making any Impreſſions.

EMPRONIA is at preſent the moſt profeſt Admi- f the *French* Nation, but is ſo modeſt as to admit Viſitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd that beautiful Creature makes, when ſhe is talking icks with her Treſſes flowing about her Shoulders, examining that Face in the Glaſs, which does ſuch ution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily ſhe divide her Diſcourſe between her Woman and Viſitants? What ſprightly Tranſitions does ſhe make an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pin-

Cuſhion? How have I been pleaſed to ſee her interru in an Account of her Travels, by a Meſſage to her Fo man? and holding her Tongue, in the midſt of a M Reflection, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

THERE is nothing which expoſes a Woman to gr er Dangers, than that Gaiety and Airineſs of Tem which are natural to moſt of the Sex. It ſhould be the fore the Concern of every wiſe and virtuous Woman, keep this Sprightlineſs from degenerating into Levity. the contrary, the whole Diſcourſe and Behaviour of *French* is to make the Sex more Fantaſtical, or, (as are pleaſed to term it) *more awakened*, than is conſi either with Virtue or Diſcretion. To ſpeak Loud in P lick Aſſemblies, to let every one hear you Talk of Th that ſhould only be mentioned in Private, or in Whi are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At ſame time, a Bluſh is unfaſhionable, and Silence mor bred than any thing that can be ſpoken. In ſhort, Di tion and Modeſty, which in all other Ages and Coun have been regarded as the greateſt Ornaments of the Sex, are conſidered as the Ingredients of narrow Co ſation, and Family Behaviour.

SOME Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macb* and unfortunately placed my ſelf under a Woman of lity that is ſince Dead; who, as I found by the Noi made, was newly returned from *France*. A little b the riſing of the Curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud loquy, *When will the dear Witches enter*? and immed upon their firſt Appearance, asked a Lady that ſate Boxes from her, on her Right Hand, if thoſe Wi were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Ber* was in one of the fineſt Speeches of the Play, ſhe her Fan at another Lady, who ſate as far on the Hand, and told her with a Whiſper, that might be all over the Pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Ball* Night. Not long after, calling out to a young B by his Name, who ſate three Seats before me, ſhe him whether *Mackbeth*'s Wife was ſtill alive; and he could give an Anſwer, fell a talking of the Gh *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Au to her ſelf, and fixed the Attention of all about her.

had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere
er Impertinence, and planted my ſelf in one of the
oreſt Corners of the Pit.

THIS pretty Childiſhneſs of Behaviour is one of the
t refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained
erfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Im-
vement. A natural and unconſtrained Behaviour has
ething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no wonder to ſee
ple endeavouring after it. But at the ſame time, it is
ery hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that
ple often make themſelves Ridiculous in attempting

very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies
he Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it ill Breed-
and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an
Word right; for which Reaſon they took frequent
ſion to uſe hard Words, that they might ſhew a Po-
eſs in murdering them. He further adds, that a La-
f ſome Quality at Court, having accidentally made
of an hard Word in a proper Place, and Pronounced
ght, the whole Aſſembly was out of Countenance for

muſt however be ſo juſt to own, that there are ma-
Ladies who have Travelled ſeveral Thouſands of Miles
hout being the worſe for it, and have brought Home
them all the Modeſty, Diſcretion, and good Senſe,
they went Abroad with. As on the contrary, there
great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, who have lived
eir Days within the Smoak of *London*. I have known
oman that never was out of the Pariſh of St. *James's*
y as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as
could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Eu-*

C

N° 46. *Monday, April* 13.

Non bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum. Ovid

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is
Cuſtom to go abroad in queſt of Game;
when I meet any proper Subject, I take
firſt Opportunity of ſetting down an Hint of it
on Paper. At the ſame time I look into the Letter
my Correſpondents, and if I find any thing ſuggeſted
them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I like
enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials.
this Means I frequently carry about me a whole Sh
full of Hints, that would look like a Rhapſody of N
ſenſe to any Body but my ſelf: There is nothing in th
but Obſcurity and Confuſion, Raving and Inconſiſte
In ſhort, they are my Speculations in the firſt Princi
that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all L
Diſtinction, and Order.

ABOUT a Week ſince there happened to me a
odd Accident, by Reaſon of one of theſe my Paper
Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Ly*
Coffee-houſe, where the Auctions are uſually kept.
fore I miſſed it, there was a Cluſter of People who
found it, and were diverting themſelves with it at
End of the Coffee-houſe: It had raiſed ſo much La
ter among them before I had obſerved what they
about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The
of the Coffee-houſe, when they had done with it,
ried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they
dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it,
was ordered by thoſe merry Gentlemen who had be
peruſed it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and
it to the whole Room, that if any one would ow
they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pu
and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUT

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLY's Country Seat —— Yes, I hate long Speeches —— Query, if a good Chriſtian y be a Conjurer —— *Childermas-day*, Saltſeller, Houſe-g, Screech-Owl, Cricket —— Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *Lon-*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*. *Yarico* —— *reſcitque medendo* —— Ghoſts —— The Lady's Libra- —— Lion by Trade a Taylor —— Dromedary cal- *Bucephalus* —— Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum* —*Charles Lillie* to be taken Notice of —— Short Face elief to Envy —— Redundancies in the three Pro- ions —— King *Latinus* a Recruit —— Jew devou- g an Ham of Bacon —— *Weſtminſter-Abby* —— *Grand iro* —— Procraſtination —— *April* Fools —— Blue Boars, d Lions, Hogs in Armour —— Enter a King and two llers *ſolus* —— Admiſſion into the Ugly Club —— Beau- how improveable —— Families of true and falſe Hu- ur —— The Parrot's School-Miſtreſs —— Face half *Pict* f *Britiſh* —— No Man to be an Hero of a Tragedy un- fix Foot —— Club of Sighers —— Letters from Flow- Pots, Elbow-Chairs, Tapeſtry-Figures, Lion, Thunder —The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show —— Old Woman th a Beard married to a ſmock-faced Boy —— My next at to be turned up with Blue —— Fable of Tongs and idiron —— Flower Dyers —— The Soldier's Prayer —— ank ye for nothing, ſays the Gally-Pot —— *Pactolus* in ckings, with golden Clocks to them —— Bamboos, dgels, Drum-ſticks —— Slip of my Landlady's eldeſt ughter —— The black Mare with a Star in her Fore- d —— The Barber's Pole —— WILL. HONEYCOMB's at-pocket —— *Cæſar's* Behaviour and my own in Pa- el Circumſtances —— Poem in Patch-work —— *Nulli vis eſt percuſſus Achilles* —— The Female Conventicler —The Ogle-Maſter.

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee- uſe very merry; ſome of them concluded it was writ- by a Madman, and others by ſome Body that had n taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had Appearance of a very ſubſtantial Citizen, told us, with eral politick Winks and Nods, that he wiſhed there

was no more in the Paper than what was expreſſed
it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromed
the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to ſignifie ſomethi
more than what is uſually meant by thoſe Words; a
that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, th
to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. H
further added, that he did not like the Name of the o
landiſh Man with the Golden Clock in his Stocking.
young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Unc
at the Coffee-houſe, diſcovered to us who this *Pacto*
was; and by that Means turned the whole Scheme of th
worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were maki
their ſeveral Conjectures upon this innocent Paper,
reached out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming o
of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingl
This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me
but after having caſt a curſory Glance over it, and ſhoo
my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twiſted
into a kind of Match, and litt my Pipe with it. My pr
found Silence, together with the Steadineſs of my Cou
tenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during th
whole Tranſaction, raiſed a very loud Laugh on all Sid
of me; but as I had eſcaped all Suſpicion of being th
Author, I was very well ſatisfied, and applying my ſelf
my Pipe and the *Poſtman*, took no further Notice of an
thing that paſſed about me.

MY Reader will find, that I have already made uſe o
above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and w
eaſily ſuppoſe, that thoſe Subjects which are yet untouch
ed, were ſuch Proviſions as I had made for his futur
Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevente
by this Accident, I ſhall only give him the Letters whic
relate to the two laſt Hints. The firſt of them I ſhou
not have publiſhed, were I not informed that there
many an Husband who ſuffers very much in his privat
Affairs by the indiſcreet Zeal of ſuch a Partner as is here
after mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous In
ſcription quoted by the Biſhop of *Salisbury* in his Travels
Dum nimia pia eſt, facta eſt impia.

SIR

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe unhappy Men that are plagued with a Goſpel-Goſſip, ſo common among Diſſenters (ſpecially Friends.) Lectures in the Morning, Church-meetings at Noon, and Preparation-Sermons at Night, take up ſo much of her Time, 'tis very rare ſhe knows what we have for Dinner, unleſs when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Siſters it ſeems; while others, really ſuch, are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her Company alone, ſhe is a meer Sermon Popgun, repeating and diſcharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications ſo perpetually, that how-ever weary I may go to Bed, the Noiſe in my Head will not let me ſleep till towards Morning. The Miſery of my Caſe, and great Numbers of ſuch Sufferers, plead your Pity and ſpeedy Relief; otherwiſe muſt expect, in little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unleſs the Happineſs of being ſooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

THE ſecond Letter, relating to the Ogling Maſter, is thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am an *Iriſh* Gentleman, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement; during which time have accompliſhed my ſelf in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at preſent practiſed in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to ſet up for an Ogling-Maſter. I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-houſe Ogle by Candle-light. I have alſo brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkning one of my Windows. I have a Manuſcript of my own called *The Compleat Ogler*, which I ſhall be ready to ſhew you upon any Occaſion. In the mean Time, I

'beg you will publiſh the Subſtance of this Letter in
'Advertiſement, and you will very much oblige,

C Your, &c.

Nº 47. *Tueſday, April* 24.

Ride ſi ſapis ——— Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his Diſcourſe of Human Nat
which, in my humble Opinion, is much the b
of all his Works, after ſome very curious Ob
vations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Paſſion
'Laughter is nothing elſe but ſudden Glory ariſing fr
'ſome ſudden Conception of ſome Eminency in our ſel
'by Compariſon with the Infirmity of others, or with
'own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of the
'ſelves paſt, when they come ſuddenly to Remembra
'except they bring with them any preſent Diſhonour.

ACCORDING to this Author therefore, when
hear a Man laugh exceſſively, inſtead of ſaying he is
Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And
deed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we
meet with many Obſervations to confirm us in his Opin
Every one laughs at ſome Body that is in an inferior S
of Folly to himſelf. It was formerly the Cuſtom for e
great Houſe in *England* to keep a tame Fool dreſſe
Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an
portunity of joking upon him and diverting himſelf
his Abſurdities. For the ſame Reaſon Idiots are ſtill in
queſt in moſt of the Courts of *Germany*, where ther
not a Prince of any great Magnificence who has not
o three dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed, undiſputed Fools in his
tinue, whom the reſt of the Courtiers are always brea
their Jeſts upon.

THE *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Ind
and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang u
ſeveral of their Streets what they call the Sign of the
per, that is the Head of an Idiot dreſſed in a Cap and
and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner: This is a ſi
ing Jeſt at *Amſterdam*.

TH

THUS every one diverts himſelf with ſome Perſon or ther that is below him in Point of Underſtanding, and iumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilſt he has ch Objects of Deriſion before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has ry well expreſſed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, hich are part of a Tranſlation of a Satyr in Monſieur ileau,

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr. *Hobbs*'s Reflection gives us the Reaſon why the ſignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of ughter among Men of a groſs Taſte: But as the more derſtanding Part of Mankind do not find their Riſibility fected by ſuch ordinary Objects, it may be worth the hile to examine into the ſeveral Provocatives of Laugh- in Men of ſuperior Senſe and Knowledge.

IN the firſt Place I muſt obſerve, that there is a Set of erry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries mire, and ſeem to love ſo well, *that they could eat them*; cording to the old Proverb: I mean thoſe circumforanc- s Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that ſh of Meat which it loves beſt. In *Holland* they are med *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *accaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. Theſe erry Wags, from whatſoever Food they receive their tles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always pear in a Fool's Coat, and commit ſuch Blunders and iſtakes in every Step they take, and every Word they ter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

BUT this little Triumph of the Underſtanding, under e Diſguiſe of Laughter, is no where more viſible than that Cuſtom which prevails every where among us on e Firſt Day of the preſent Month, when every Body kes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In oportion as there are more Follies diſcovered, ſo there more Laughter raiſed on this Day than on any other in e whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haber- ſher by Trade, and a very ſhallow conceited Fellow, akes his Boaſts that for theſe Ten Years ſucceſſively he s not made leſs than an Hundred *April* Fools. My Land-

lady

lady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago for ſending every one of her Children upon ſome *Sleeveleſs Errand*, as ſhe terms it. Her eldeſt Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldeſt Daughter was diſpatched half a Mile to ſee a Monſter; and in ſhort, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay my Landlady her ſelf did not eſcape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon theſe Conceits ever ſince.

THIS Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelve-month; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men ſprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. Theſe Gentlemen are commonly diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at thoſe Miſtakes which are of their own Production.

THUS we ſee, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chuſes his Fool out of a lower or higher Claſs of Mankind; or, to ſpeak in a more Philoſophical Language, That ſecret Elation and Pride of Heart which is generally called Laughter, ariſes in him from his comparing himſelf with an Object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very poſſible, that the Perſons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiſer Men than our ſelves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they muſt fall ſhort of us in thoſe Reſpects which ſtir up the Paſſion.

I am afraid I ſhall appear too Abſtracted in my Speculations, if I ſhew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh it is by betraying ſome Oddneſs or Infirmity in his own Character, or in the Repreſentation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even at an inanimate thing, it is at ſome Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Abſurdity in reaſonable Creatures.

BUT to come into common Life: I ſhall paſs by the Conſideration of thoſe Stage Coxcombs that are able to ſhake a whole Audience, and take Notice of a particular ſort of Men who are ſuch Provokers of Mirth in Converſation, that it is impoſſible for a Club or Merry-meeting to ſubſiſt without them; I mean thoſe honeſt Gentlemen

are always expoſed to the Wit and Raillery of their wiſhers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, nen, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a Word, as *Butts* in Converſation, for every one to ſhoot at pleaſes. I know ſeveral of theſe *Butts* who are Men Wit and Senſe, though by ſome odd Turn of Humour, unlucky Caſt in their Perſon or Behaviour, they always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who ot a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridi- s Side of his Character. A ſtupid *Butt* is only fit e Converſation of ordinary People: Men of Wit re- one that will give them Play, and beſtir himſelf in bſurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with theſe Ac- pliſhments frequently gets the Laugh of his Side, and the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John* ff was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good ription of himſelf in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the wing manner; *Men of all ſorts* (ſays that merry Knight) *Pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able nt any thing that tends to Laughter more than I in- r is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my ſelf, e Cauſe that Wit is in other Men.* C

48. *Wedneſday, April* 25.

——Per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras
Repperit —— Ovid.

Y Correſpondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time, let them know I have received their Letters. The moſt effectual Way will be to ſome of them that are upon important Subjects; I ſhall introduce with a Letter of my own that I Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to me an honorary Member.

To

To the Preſident and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

May it pleaſe your Deformities,

'I Have received the Notification of the Honour
'have done me, in admitting me into your Soci
'I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Re
'ſhall endeavour at all Times to make up my own
'lures, by introducing and recommending to the
'Perſons of more undoubted Qualifications than I
'pretend to. I ſhall next Week come down in the S
'Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board; and
'bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The Per
'I ſhall preſent to you, are an old Beau and a mo
'*Pict*. If they are not ſo eminently gifted by Natu
'our Aſſembly expects, give me leave to ſay their a
'red Uglineſs is greater than any that has ever appe
'before you. The Beau has varied his Dreſs every
'of his Life for theſe thirty Years paſt, and ſtill
'ded to the Deformity he was born with. The Pi
'ſtill greater Merit towards us, and has, ever ſince
'came to Years of Diſcretion, deſerted the handſome
'ty, and taken all poſſible Pains to acquire the Face in w
'I ſhall preſent her to your Conſideration and Fa
'I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

The SPECTA

P. S. 'I deſire to know whether you admit Peo
'Quality.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Apr*

'TO ſhew you there are among us of the vain
'Sex, ſome that have Honeſty and Fortit
'nough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thoug
'I apply my ſelf to you, to beg your Intereſt and
'commendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own
'will not be taken, (tho' in this Caſe a Woman's
'I can bring credible Witneſs of my Qualificatio
'their Company, whether they inſiſt upon Hair,
'head, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin; to which I mo
'that I find it eaſier to lean to my left Side, th

ght. I hope I am in all Reſpects agreeable: And for mour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the Preſident him-f. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the ſt Woman has appeared deſirous of good Company d agreeable Converſation, I may take and keep the per End of the Table. And indeed I think they want Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner as y can wiſh. I deſire your Thoughts of my Claim ſoon as you can. Add to my Features the Length of y Face, which is full half Yard; tho' I never knew e Reaſon of it till you gave one for the Shortneſs of urs. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to e above-deſcribed Face, I would feign one; but, to y unſpeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only diſa-eable Prettineſs about me; ſo pr'ythee make one for that ſignifies all the Deformity in the World: You derſtand *Latin*, but be ſure bring it in with my being, the Sincerity of my Heart,

Your moſt frightful Admirer,
and Servant,
Hecatiſſa.

r. SPECTATOR,

Read your Diſcourſe upon Affectation, and from ' the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart ſtrictly, that I thought I had found out its moſt ſe-t Avenues, with a Reſolution to be aware of them the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now under-nd, that I have ſeveral Follies which I do not know Root of. I am an old Fellow, and extreamly trou-d with the Gout; but having always a ſtrong Vani-towards being pleaſing in the Eyes of Women, I ne-have a Moment's Eaſe, but I am mounted in high-led Shoes with a glaſed Wax-leather Inſtep. Two s after a ſevere Fit I was invited to a Friend's Houſe the City, where I believed I ſhould ſee Ladies; and h my uſual Complaiſance cripled my ſelf to wait n them: A very ſumptuous Table, agreeable Com-y, and kind Reception, were but ſo many impor-te Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentle-

' man

'man of the Family obſerved my Condition; and
'after the Queen's Health, he, in the Preſence of
'whole Company, with his own Hands degraded me
'an old Pair of his own Shoes. This Operation, be
'fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxco
'was ſuffered with the ſame Reluctance as they a
'the Help of Men in their greateſt Extremity. The
'turn of Eaſe made me forgive the rough Obligation
'upon me, which at that time relieved my Body fro
'Diſtemper, and will my Mind for ever from a Folly.
'the Charity received I return my Thanks this way.

Your moſt Humble Serva

SIR, *Epping, April*

'WE have your Papers here the Morning they co
'out, and we have been very well entertai
'with your laſt, upon the falſe Ornaments of Per
'who repreſent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made y
'Speculation come very ſeaſonably among us is, that
'have now at this Place a Company of Strolers, who
'very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor
'the Drama. They are ſo far from falling into th
'falſe Gallantries, that the Stage is here in its Orig
'Situation of a Cart. *Alexander* the Great was acted
'a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the
'of *Eſſex* ſeemed to have no Diſtreſs but his Pover
'And my Lord *Foppington* the ſame Morning wanted
'better Means to ſhew himſelf a Fop, than by wear
'Stockings of different Colours. In a Word, tho' t
'have had a full Barn for many Days together, our
'nerants are ſtill ſo wretchedly poor, that without y
'can prevail to ſend us the Furniture you forbid at
'Play-houſe, the Heroes appear only like ſturdy Begg
'and the Heroins Gipſies. We have had but one
'which was performed and dreſſed with Propriety,
'that was Juſtice *Clodpate*: This was ſo well done t
'it offended Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, who, in the midſt of
'whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet Sho
'ſo highly provoked, that he told them, If they wo
'move Compaſſion, it ſhould be in their own Perſo
'a

not in the Characters of diſtreſſed Princes and Po-tates: He told them, If they were ſo good at find-the way to Peoples Hearts, they ſhould do it at the of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their proper Vo-ion of Beggars. This, the Juſtice ſays, they muſt ex-, ſince they could not be contented to act Hea-Warriors, and ſuch Fellows as *Alexander*, but muſt ume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quorum*.

Your Servant.

49. *Thurſday, April* 26.

—*Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* Mart.

is very natural for a Man who is not turned for irthful Meetings of Men, or Aſſemblies of the fair x, to delight in that ſort of Converſation which we Coffee-houſes. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in ement; for if he cannot talk, he can ſtill be more able to his Company, as well as pleaſed in himſelf, ng only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to yet of no ſmall uſe in the Conduct of Life, that you fall into a Man's Converſation, the firſt thing ſhould conſider is, whether he has a greater Inclina-o hear you, or that you ſhould hear him. The lat-the more general Deſire, and I know very able Flat-that never ſpeak a Word in Praiſe of the Perſons whom they obtain daily Favours, but ſtill practiſe a Attention to whatever is uttered by thoſe with they converſe. We are very Curious to obſerve ehaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the Paſſions and Intereſts move Men in lower Spheres; (that have nothing elſe to do, but make Obſervati-ſee in every Pariſh, Street, Lane, and Alley of this ous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and atterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, ſame Arts that are practiſed upon Men in higher ns.

IN the Place I moſt uſually frequent, Men rather in the Time of Day in which they make a F than in any real Greatneſs above one another. I, wh at the Coffee-houſe at Six in a Morning, know th Friend *Beaver* the Haberdaſher has a Levy of mor diſſembled Friends and Admirers, than moſt of the tiers or Generals in *Great Britain*. Every Man abou has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but non pretend to gueſs what Step will be taken in any one of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his and declares what Meaſures the Allies muſt enter in on this new Poſture of Affairs. Our Coffee-houſe i one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Aud and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till in a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupt the Students of the Houſe; ſome of whom are dreſs'd for *Weſtminſter*, at Eight in a Morning, wit ces as buſie as if they were retained in every Cauſe t and others come in their Night-Gows to ſaunter their Time, as if they never deſigned to go thither. not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Ob which move both my Spleen and Laughter ſo effect as thoſe Young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Sa* and all other Coffee-houſes adjacent to the Law, wh early for no other purpoſe but to publiſh their Laz One would think theſe young *Virtuoſo's* take a gay and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gow be Enſigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach other with an Air, which ſhews they regard one an for their Veſtments. I have obſerved, that the Supe ty among theſe proceeds from an Opinion of Gal and Faſhion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry who preſides ſo much over the reſt, has, it ſeems, ſcribed to every Opera this laſt Winter, and is ſup to receive Favours from one of the Actreſſes.

WHEN the Day grows too buſie for theſe Gentl to enjoy any longer the Pleaſures of their *Deſhabilé*, any manner of Confidence, they give Place to Men have Buſineſs or good Senſe in their Faces, and co the Coffee-houſe either to tranſact Affairs or enjoy verſation. The Perſons to whoſe Behaviour and Diſc

moſt regard, are ſuch as are between theſe two of Men: Such as have not Spirits too active to be and well pleaſed in a private Condition, nor Com- ns too warm to make them neglect the Duties and ons of Life. Of theſe ſort of Men conſiſt the wor- Part of Mankind; of theſe are all good Fathers, ge- Brothers, ſincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Entertainments are derived rather from Reaſon Imagination: Which is the Cauſe that there is no ience or Inſtability in their Speech or Action. You their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet ſion of the preſent Inſtant, as it paſſes, without de- to quicken it by gratifying any Paſſion, or proſe- any new Deſign. Theſe are the Men formed for y, and thoſe little Communities which we expreſs Word *Neighbourhoods*.

HE Coffee-houſe is the Place of Rendezvous to all ive near it, who are thus turned to reliſh calm and ary Life. *Eubulus* preſides over the middle Hours of Day, when this Aſſembly of Men meet together. He s a great Fortune handſomely, without launching in- pence; and exerts many noble and uſeful Qualities, out appearing in any publick Employment. His Wiſ- and Knowledge are ſerviceable to all that think fit ake uſe of them; and he does the Office of a Coun- Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquain- , not only without the Profits which attend ſuch es, but alſo without the Deference and Homage h are uſually paid to them. The giving of Thanks pleaſing to him. The greateſt Gratitude you can him, is to let him ſee you are the better Man for ervices; and that you are as ready to oblige others, is to oblige you.

N the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at le- Value, conſiderable Sums, which he might highly aſe by rolling in the publick Stocks. He does not der in whoſe Hands his Mony will improve moſt, where it will do moſt Good.

UBULUS has ſo great an Authority in his little al Audience, that when he ſhakes his Head at any e of publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and,

and, on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with good Stomach and chearful Aſpect, when *Eubulus* ſees to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is ſo great, that when they are in other Company they ſpeak and act after him; are Wiſe in his Sentences, and are no ſooner ſate down at their own Tables but they hope or fear, rejoice or deſpond as they ſaw him do at the Coffee-houſe. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as ſoon as his Back is turned.

HAVING here given an Account of the ſeveral Reigns that ſucceed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I ſhall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occaſion, and ſhut up the whole Series of them with the Hiſtory of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as firſt Miniſter of the Coffee-houſe, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the moſt Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Diſpoſition of Liquors, Coals and Cinders.

N° 50. *Friday, April 27.*

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Enquiries of their Landlord the Upholſterer, relating to their Manners and Converſation, as alſo concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of ſuch Strangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

THE Upholſterer finding my Friend very inquiſitive about theſe his Lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little Bundle of Papers, which he aſſured him were the

by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Raſh Tow*, and, as he ſup-
ſes, left behind by ſome Miſtake. Theſe Papers are
w tranſlated, and contain abundance of very odd Ob-
rations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings
de during their Stay in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. I
ll preſent my Reader with a ſhort Specimen of them
this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to
hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the follow-
Words, which without doubt are meant of the
urch of St. *Paul*.

ON the moſt riſing Part of the Town there ſtands a
ge Houſe, big enough to contain the whole Nation of
hich I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*,
ing of the *Rivers*, is of Opinion it was made by the
ands of that great God to whom it is conſecrated. The
ings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it
as created with the Earth, and produced on the ſame
ay with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part,
the beſt Information that I could get of this Matter,
am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was faſhioned
to the Shape it now bears by ſeveral Tools and In-
ruments, of which they have a wonderful Variety in
is Country. It was probably at firſt an huge miſ-ſha-
en Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, which
e Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind
f regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible
ains and Induſtry, till they had wrought in it all thoſe
eautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at
is Day. As ſoon as this Rock was thus curiouſly
ooped to their liking, a prodigious Number of Hands
uſt have been employed in chipping the Out-ſide of it,
hich is now as ſmooth as the Surface of a Pebble; and
in ſeveral Places hewn out into Pillars that ſtand like the
runks of ſo many Trees bound about the Top with
arlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great
ork was begun, which muſt have been many hundred
ears ago, there was ſome Religion among this Peo-
le, for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have
Tradition that it was deſigned for Men to pay their
evotion in. And indeed, there are ſeveral Reaſons
hich make us think, that the Natives of this Country
had

'had formerly among them ſome ſort of Worſhip
'they ſet apart every ſeventh Day as ſacred: But upo
'going into one of theſe holy Houſes on that D
'could not obſerve any Circumſtance of Devoti
'their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in black
'was mounted above the reſt, and ſeemed to utter ſ
'thing with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for
'underneath him, inſtead of paying their Worſhip t
'Deity of the Place, they were moſt of them bowin
'curtiſying to one another, and a conſiderable Numb
'of them faſt aſleep.

'THE Queen of the Country appointed two M
'attend us, that had enough of our Language to
'themſelves underſtood in ſome few Particulars. Bu
'ſoon perceived theſe two were great Enemies to
'another, and did not always agree in the ſame S
'We could make a ſhift to gather out of one of t
'that this Iſland was very much infeſted with a
'ſtrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, c
'*Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we ſh
'meet with none of them in our Way, for that i
'did, they would be apt to knock us down for b
'Kings.

'OUR other Interpreter uſed to talk very muc
'a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a
'ſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being
'reigners. Theſe two Creatures, it ſeems, are born
'a ſecret Antipathy to one another, and engage w
'they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rh
'ceros. But as we ſaw none of either of theſe Spe
'we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us
'Miſrepreſentations and Fictions, and amuſed us wit
'Account of ſuch Monſters as are not really in their C
'try.

'THESE Particulars we made a Shift to pick
'from the Diſcourſe of our Interpreters; which
'put together as well as we could, being able to u
'ſtand but here and there a Word of what they ſaid,
'afterwards making up the Meaning of it among
'ſelves. The Men of the Country are very cunning
'ingenious in handicraft Works; but withal ſo very

we often ſaw young luſty raw-boned Fellows car-
up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms
a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service.
eir Dreſs is likewiſe very barbarous, for they almoſt
ngle themſelves about the Neck, and bind their Bo-
with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are
Occaſion of ſeveral Diſtempers among them which
Country is entirely free from. Inſtead of thoſe
utiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they
n buy up a monſtrous Buſh of Hair, which covers
ir Heads, and falls down in a large Fleece below the
ddle of their Backs; with which they walk up and
wn the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of
ir own Growth.

WE were invited to one of their publick Diverſions,
ere we hoped to have ſeen the great Men of their
untry running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that
might have diſcovered who were the Perſons of the
ateſt Abilities among them; but inſtead of that they
veyed us into a huge Room lighted up with abun-
ce of Candles, where this lazy People ſate ſtill
ve three Hours to ſee ſeveral Feats of Ingenuity per-
med by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

AS for the Women of the Country, not being able
talk with them, we could only make our Remarks
on them at a Diſtance. They let the Hair of their
ads grow to a great length; but as the Men make a
at ſhow with Heads of Hair that are none of their
n, the Women, who they ſay have very fine Heads
Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being ſeen.
e Women look like Angels, and would be more beau-
l than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots
t are apt to break out in their Faces, and ſometimes
in very odd Figures. I have obſerved that thoſe
le Blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſ-
ear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to
ak out in another, inſomuch that I have ſeen a Spot
on the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon
Chin in the Morning.

THE Author then proceeds to ſhew the Abſurdity of
ches and Petticoats, with many other curious Obſerva-
tions

tions, which I ſhall reſerve for another Occaſion. I
not however conclude this Paper without taking No
That amidſt theſe wild Remarks there now and the
pears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe
bear obſerving, that we are all guilty in ſome me
of the ſame narrow way of Thinking, which we
with in this Abſtract of the *Indian* Journal; when
fancy the Cuſtoms, Dreſſes, and Manners of other Coun
are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble
of our own.

N° 51. *Saturday, April* 28.

Torquet ab Obſcenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem!

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Fortune, Quality, and Perſon are ſuch a
'der me as conſpicuous as any young Wom
'Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in
'Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Educ
'contracted a great Averſion to the forward Air and
'ſhion which is practiſed in all Publick Places and
'ſemblies. I attribute this very much to the Style
'Manners of our Plays: I was laſt Night at the Fa
'where a confident Lover in the Play, ſpeaking of
'Miſtreſs, cries out —— *Oh that* Harriot! *to fold theſe A*
'*about the Waſte of that beauteous, ſtrugling, and at laſt*
'*ing Fair!* Such an Image as this ought, by no m
'to be preſented to a chaſte and regular Audience, I
'pect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommen
'your Conſideration, as a SPECTATOR, the Condu
'the Stage at preſent, with Relation to Chaſtity and
'deſty.

I am, S I R,

Your Conſtant Reader, and Well-Wiſher.

THE Complaint of this young Lady is ſo juſt, th
Offence is groſs enough to have diſpleaſed Perſons

not pretend to that Delicacy and Modeſty, of which
is Miſtreſs. But there is a great deal to be ſaid in Be-
f of an Author: If the Audience would but conſider
Difficulty of keeping up a ſprightly Dialogue for five
s together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants
, and can't pleaſe any otherwiſe, to help it out with
ttle Smuttineſs. I will anſwer for the Poets, that no
ever writ Bawdry for any other Reaſon but Dearth of
ention. When the Author cannot ſtrike out of him-
any more of that which he has ſuperior to thoſe who
le up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourſe
o that which he has in common with them; and a
ſcription which gratifies a ſenſual Appetite will pleaſe,
en the Author has nothing about him to delight a re-
d Imagination. It is to ſuch a Poverty we muſt im-
e this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of
kind, and which are commonly term'd Luſcious
reſſions.

THIS Expedient, to ſupply the Deficiences of Wit,
been uſed, more or leſs, by moſt of the Authors who
e ſucceeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who
profeſſedly writ a Play upon the Baſis of the Deſire
multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir *George*
rrege; if I underſtand what the Lady would be at, in
Play called *She would if She could*. Other Poets
e, here and there, given an Intimation that there is
Deſign, under all the Diſguiſes and Affectations which
Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has
le ſure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the
dience upon this one Purpoſe, from the Beginning to
end of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly;
whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if
y could, or that the Innocents go to it, to gueſs only
at *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well
ived.

IT lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is ad-
to it a laſcivious Geſture of Body; and when it is too
to be raiſed even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened
making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*,
er fail of keeping this Secret in reſerve, to create a
gh, or raiſe a Clap. I, who know nothing of Wo-

men but from ſeeing Plays, can give great Gueſſes at whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently ced in the Pit, and inſulted by the Petticoats of their cers; the Advantage of whoſe pretty Perſons are a help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in Writing ouſly, a pretty Girl can move laſciviouſly, and have ſame good Conſequence for the Author. Dull Poet this Caſe uſe their Audiences, as dull Paraſites do Patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with Wit or Humour, they bait their Ears with ſomet which is agreeable to their Temper, though below Underſtanding. *Apicius* cannot reſiſt being pleaſed, if give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius* you deſcribe a wanton Beauty: Tho' at the ſame time you do not awake thoſe Inclinations in them, no Men better Judges of what is juſt and delicate in Converſat But as I have before obſerved, it is eaſier to talk to Man, than to the Man of Senſe.

IT is remarkable, that the Writers of leaſt Learning beſt skilled in the luſcious Way. The Poeteſſes of Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obli to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a pr ratory Scene to the very Action, when the Emp throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Miſtreſs follow him into the moſt retired part of the Seraglio. muſt be confeſſed his *Turkiſh* Majeſty went off with a g Air, but, methought, we made but a ſad Figure waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the ſame S who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire ſtrip to Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is diſappointed, and the E peror is underſtood to go on to the utmoſt. The Pleaſu of Stripping almoſt Naked has been ſince practiſed (wh indeed it ſhould have been begun) very ſucceſsfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

IT is not here to be omitted, that in one of the abo mentioned Female Compoſitions, the *Rover* is very quently ſent on the ſame Errand; as I take it, ab once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, t ſay, the Men-Authors draw themſelves in their Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed

Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a Fortune, the Female gives her Heroin a good Gal- at the end of the Play. But, indeed, there is hard- Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman ſtruts off upon the ſame account, and leaves us to der what good Office he has put us to, or to em- our ſelves as we pleaſe. To be plain, a Man who ents Plays, would have a very reſpectful Notion of elf, were he to recollect how often he has been uſed Pimp to raviſhing Tyrants, or ſucceſsful Rakes: n the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occaſion, Ladies are ſure to have an examining Glance from the to ſee how they reliſh what paſſes; and a few lewd s are very ready to employ their Talents upon the poſure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents heſe make ſome Ladies wholly abſent themſelves the Play-houſe; and others never miſs the firſt of a Play, leſt it ſhould prove too luſcious to ad- their going with any Countenance to it on the ſe- d.

F Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, d of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn Thoughts upon raiſing it from good natural Im- s as are in the Audience, but are choaked up by Vice Luxury, they would not only pleaſe, but befriend us e ſame time. If a Man had a Mind to be new in his of Writing, might not he who is now repreſented fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed is Neighbour and Friend, and lyes with half the Wo- in the Play, and is at laſt rewarded with her of the Character in it; I ſay, upon giving the Comedy a- er Caſt, might not ſuch a one divert the Audience e as well, if at the Cataſtrophe he were found out a Traytor, and met with Contempt accordingly? re is ſeldom a Perſon devoted to above one Darling at a Time, ſo that there is room enough to catch at s Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets attempt it with the Honeſty which becomes their racters.

THERE is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Mi-, in a manner ſo very abandoned, as not to be capa-

ble of reliſhing an agreeable Character, that is no w
Slave to either of thoſe Purſuits. A Man that is Tem
rate, Generous, Valiant, Chaſte, Faithful and Hon
may, at the ſame time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, g
Breeding and Gallantry. While he exerts theſe l
Qualities, twenty Occaſions might be invented to ſh
he is Maſter of the other noble Virtues. Such Charac
would ſmite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Sc
when he is given up to his Pleaſures. He would ſee
has been miſtaken all this while, and be convinced th
found Conſtitution and an innocent Mind are the true
gredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men
true Taſte would call a Man of Wit, who ſhould
his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to
Country; but I am at a loſs what Name they w
give him, who makes uſe of his Capacity for cont
Purpoſes.

Nº 52. *Monday, April* 30.

Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat Te prole parentem.

AN ingenious Correſpondent, like a ſprightly W
will always have the laſt Word. I did not th
my laſt Letter to the deformed Fraternity w
have occaſioned any Anſwer, eſpecially ſince I had
miſed them ſo ſudden a Viſit: But as they think
cannot ſhew too great a Veneration for my Perſon,
have already ſent me up an Anſwer. As to the Prop
of a Marriage between my ſelf and the matchleſs *H*
tiſſa, I have but one Objection to it; which is, Tha
the Society will expect to be acquainted with her;
who can be ſure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, w
ſhe may have ſo much Choice? I am the more alar
at this, becauſe the Lady ſeems particularly ſmitten w
Men of their Make.

believe I ſhall ſet my Heart upon her; and think never worſe of my Miſtreſs for an Epigram a ſmart Fellow t, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more re-mend her to me. At the ſame Time I cannot but over that his Malice is ſtoln from *Martial*.

Tacta places, Audita places, ſi non videare
Tota places, neutro ſi, videare, places.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren *in thy Tongue,*
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd?
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.

YOUR Letter to us we have received, as a ſignal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. e ſhall be heartily glad to ſee your ſhort Face in *Ox-d:* And ſince the Wiſdom of our Legiſlature has been mortalized in your Speculations, and our perſonal eformities in ſome ſort by you recorded to all Poſte-y; we hold our ſelves in Gratitude bound to receive, ith the higheſt Reſpect, all ſuch Perſons as for their traordinary Merit you ſhall think fit, from Time to ime, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictiſh mſel, we have an eaſie Chair prepared at the upper d of the Table; which we doubt not but ſhe will ace with a very hideous Aſpect, and much better be-me the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomeli-ſs of her Perſon, than with all the ſuperfical Airs of e Pencil, which (as you have very ingeniouſly ob-rved) vaniſh with a Breath, and the moſt innocent dorer may deface the Shrine with a Saluration, and in e literal Senſe of our Poets, ſnatch and imprint his lmy Kiſſes, and devour her melting Lips: In ſhort, e only Faces of the Pictiſh Kind that will endure the eather, muſt be of Dr. *Carbuncle's* Die; tho' his, in uth, has coſt him a World the Painting; but then he aſts with *Zeuxes, In eternitatem pingo*; and oft jo-ſely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire Colours at would ſtand kiſſing, they muſt no longer Paint but rink for a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age s been purſued with no ill Succeſs; and has been as

' admirable in its Effects, as the famous Cosmetick m
' tioned in the *Post-man*, and invented by the renow
' *British Hippocrates* of the Pestle and Mortar; making
' Party, after a due Course, rosie, hale, and airy; and
' best and most approved Receipt now extant for
' Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our Female C
' didate, who, I understand, is returned to her self,
' will no longer hang out false Colours; as she is the
' of her Sex that has done us so great an Honour, she
' certainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose
' Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated Deformity
' living; and meet with Admirers here as frightful as
' self. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I
' apt to imagine she has some further Design than
' have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more Mind
' the SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as
' Person of all the World she could like for a Paramo
' And if so, really I cannot but applaud her Choice;
' should be glad, if it might lye in my Power, to ef
' an amicable Accommodation betwixt two Faces
' such different Extreams, as the only possible Expe
' to mend the Breed, and rectifie the Phisiognomy
' the Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a L
' of a very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that
' first Child will be born dumb, which otherwise
' might have some Reason to be apprehensive of.
' be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in
' for tho' she has not a Face like a *John-Apple*, yet
' late Friend of mine, who at sixty five ventured
' Lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining
' Years of his Life, gave me to understand, That, as
' as he then seemed, when they were first married
' and his Spouse could make but Fourscore; so
' Madam *Hecatissa* very justly alledge hereafter, That
' long visaged as she may then be thought, upon
' Wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and she had but
' an Ell of Face betwixt them: And this my very w
' thy Predecessor, Mr. Sergeant *Chin*, always maintai
' to be no more than the true oval Proportion betw
' Man and Wife. But as this may be a new thing
' you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from

men, I ſhall allow you what Time you think fit to conſider on't; not without ſome Hope of ſeeing at laſt your Thoughts hereupon ſubjoined to mine, and which is an Honour much deſired by,

SIR, Your aſſured Friend,
and moſt humble Servant,
Hugh Gobling, Præſes.

THE following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praiſe I cannot for my Heart ſuppreſs it.

SIR,

YOU propoſed in your SPECTATOR of laſt *Tueſday* Mr. *Hobbs*'s Hypotheſis, for ſolving that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypotheſis valuable by eſpouſing it your ſelf; for had it continued Mr. *Hobbs*'s, no Body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed Caſe ariſes. A certain Company laughed very heartily upon the Reading of that very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he muſt be a Man of more than ordinary Conſtancy that could ſtand it out againſt ſo much Comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World ſo far loſt to all good Senſe, as to look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly *inferior to himſelf*. Pray then, how do you juſtifie your Hypotheſis of Laughter?

Thurſday, the 26th of the Month of Fools.

Your moſt humble,
Q. R.

SIR,

IN anſwer to your Letter, I muſt deſire you to recollect your ſelf; and you will find, that when you did me the Honour to be ſo merry over my Paper, you laughed at the Ideot, the *German* Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdaſher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

N° 53. *Tuesday, May* 1.

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* Hor.

MY Correſpondents grow ſo numerous, that I cann avoid frequently inſerting their Applications to m

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours ' adorn that Sex, which is the faireſt Part of the viſibl ' Crearion, are well received, and like to prove not un ' ſucceſsful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Siſter *L titia* has been the Subject of Converſation at ſeveral Te ' Tables where I have been preſent; and I have obſerve ' the fair Circle not a little pleaſed to find you conſideri ' them as reaſonable Creatures, and endeavouring to baniſ ' that *Mahometan* Cuſtom which had too much prevail ' even in this Iſland, of treating Women as if they had n ' Souls. I muſt do them the Juſtice to ſay, that there ſeem ' to be nothing wanting to the finiſhing of theſe lovel ' Pieces of Human Nature, beſides the turning and apply ' ing their Ambition properly, and the keeping them u ' to a Senſe of what is their true Merit. *Epictetus*, th ' plain honeſt Philoſopher, as little as he had of Gallantry ' appears to have underſtood them, as well as the Poli ' *St. Evremont*, and has hit this Point very luckily. *Whe Young Women*, ſays he, *arrive at a certain Age, they hea themſelves called* Miſtreſſes, *and are made to believe tha their only Buſineſs is to pleaſe the Men; they immediately be gin to dreſs, and place all their Hopes in the adorning of thei Perſons; it is therefore*, continues he, *worth the while t endeavour by all Means to make them ſenſible, that the Ho nour payed to them is only upon Account of their conducting themſelves with Virtue, Modeſty, and Diſcretion.*

'NOW to purſue the Matter yet further, and to ren ' der your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair One ' more

more effectual, I would propoſe a new Method, like thoſe Applications which are ſaid to convey their Virtue by Sympathy; and that is, that in order to embelliſh the Miſtreſs, you ſhould give a new Education to the Lover, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazled by falſe Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our Sex knew always how to place their Eſteem juſtly, the other would not be ſo often wanting to themſelves in deſerving it. For as the being enamour'd with a Woman of Senſe and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's Underſtanding and Morals, and the Paſſion is ennobled by the Object which inſpires it; ſo on the other ſide, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wiſe and elegant Mind, carries in it ſelf no ſmall Degree of Merit and Accompliſhment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

SIR, *April 26.*

'YOURS of *Saturday* laſt I read, not without ſome Reſentment; but I will ſuppoſe when you ſay you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades, and to ſee many new Vanities which the Women will fall into upon a Peace with *France*, that you intend only the unthinking part of our Sex; and what Methods can reduce them to Reaſon is hard to imagine.

'BUT, Sir, there are others yet that your Inſtructions might be of great uſe to, who, after their beſt Endeavours, are ſometimes at a loſs to acquit themſelves to a Cenſorious World: I am far from thinking you can altogether diſapprove of Converſation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Honour and Prudence; and have thought it an Obſervation not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, the Women loſt their Wit, and the Men their good Manners. 'Tis ſure, from thoſe improper Liberties you

'mentioned, that a ſort of undiſtinguiſhing People
'baniſh from their Drawing-Rooms the beſt bred Men
'the World, and condemn thoſe that do not. Your
'ting this Point might, I think, be of good uſe, as w
'as much oblige,

SIR, Your Admirer and

moſt Humble Servant,

ANNA BELL

No Anſwer to this, 'till Anna Bella *ſends a Deſcription of t*
ſhe calls the Beſt bred Men in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Gentleman who for many Years laſt paſt h
'been well known to be truly Splenatick, and t
'my Spleen ariſes from having contracted ſo great a D
'licacy, by reading the beſt Authors, and keeping
'moſt refined Company, that I cannot bear the leaſt
'propriety of Language, or Ruſticity of Behaviour. No
'Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wiſe Diſtem
'but by late Obſervations, find that every heavy Wre
'who has nothing to ſay, excuſes his Dulneſs by compl
'ing of the Spleen. Nay, I ſaw, the other Day, two
'lows in a Tavern Kitchen ſet up for it, call for a P
'and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each oth
'Health, and wafting Smoak in each other's Face,
'tend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you, whe
'theſe Diſhonours are to be done to the Diſtemper of
'Great and the Polite. I beſeech you, Sir, to inf
'theſe Fellows that they have not the Spleen, becauſe t
'cannot talk without the help of a Glaſs at t
'Mouths, or convey their Meaning to each other wit
'the interpoſition of Clouds. If you will not do this w
'all ſpeed, I aſſure you, for my part, I will wholly
'the Diſeaſe, and for the future be merry with the W
'gar.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant.

SI

SIR,

THIS is to let you understand, that I am a reform-
'ed Starer, and conceived a Detestation for that Practice from what you have writ upon the Subject. But as you have been very severe upon the Behaviour of us Men at Divine Service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the Women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our Eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last *Sunday* to be shut into a Pew, which was full of young Ladies in the bloom of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began, I had not room to kneel at the Confession, but as I stood kept my Eyes from wandring as well as I was able, 'till one of the young Ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my Looks, and fix my Devotion on her self. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper works with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the Admiration of some Ogler or Starer in the Congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave my self, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed her self as to be kneeling just before me. She display'd the most beautiful Bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some Fervour, while a delicate well-shaped Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was not in Nature to command ones Eyes from this Object. I could not avoid taking notice also of her Fan, which had on it various Figures, very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the Body of the Piece a *Venus*, under a Purple Canopy furled with curious Wreaths of Drapery, half naked, attended with a Train of *Cupids*, who were busied in Fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping over the silken Fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my Sight another way, but was still detained by the Fascination of the Peeper's Eyes, who had long practised a Skill in them, to recal the parting Glances of her Beholders. You see my Complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous People, the Peepers, into your Consideration: I doubt not but

you

'you will think a Peeper, as much more pernicious th
'a Starer, as an Ambuſcade is more to be feared than
'open Aſſault.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Serv

This Peeper uſing both Fan and Eyes to be conſidered as a Pi and proceed accordingly.

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

'THO' ſome may think we deſcend from our Im
'rial Dignity, in holding Correſpondence wi
'private *Litterato*; yet as we have great Reſpect to
'good Intentions for our Service, we do not eſteem
'beneath us to return you our Royal Thanks for w
'you publiſhed in our Behalf, while under Confinem
'in the Inchanted Caſtle of the *Savoy*, and for your Me
'tion of a Subſidy for a Prince in Misfortune. This y
'timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to be a
'ing unto us, if we could propoſe the Means. We ha
'taken their Good-will into Conſideration, and have co
'trived a Method which will be eaſie to thoſe who ſh
'give the Aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive
'A Conſort of Muſick ſhall be prepared at *Haberdaſhe*
'*Hall* for *Wedneſday* the Second of *May*, and we will h
'nour the ſaid Entertainment with our own Preſen
'where each Perſon ſhall be aſſeſſed but at two Shillin
'and ſix Pence. What we expect from you is, that y
'publiſh theſe our Royal Intentions, with Injunction th
'they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of *Lo*
'*don* and *Weſtminſter*; and ſo we bid you heartily Fa
'well.

Latinus, *King of the* Volſci

Given at our Court in Vinegard-Yard, *Story the Thi From the Earth.* April 28, 1711.

№ 54. *Wedneſday, May* 2.

——*Strenua nos exercet inertia.* Hor.

THE following Letter being the firſt that I have receive from the learned Univerſity of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my ſelf the Honour of publiſhit. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philoſophers ich has aroſe in that famous Reſidence of Learning; is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to proce.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge, April* 26.

BELIEVING you to be an univerſal Encourager ‘ of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any Information from the learned World, I thought an Account of a Sect of Philoſophers very frequent among us, but not taken Notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philoſophers of this Sect are in the Language of our Univerſity called *Lowngers*. I am of Opinion, that, as in many other things, ſo likewiſe in this, the Ancients have been defective; *viz.* in mentioning no Philoſophers of this Sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, becauſe we ſee them continually walking about. But I would have theſe Gentlemen conſider, that though the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much alſo; (witneſs, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Ariſtotle* and others:) Whereas it is notorious that moſt of our Profeſſors never lay out a Farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving them from *Diogenes*, becauſe ſeveral of the leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-ſhine. But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his conſtant Habitation in a narrow Tub, whilſt

‘ our

'our Philoſophers are ſo far from being of his Opin
'that it's Death to them to be confined within the Li
'of a good handſome convenient Chamber but for
'an Hour. Others there are, who from the Clearne
'their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Lowngers* from
'great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*)
'after all his Study and Learning profeſſed, That al
'then knew was, that he knew nothing. You
'ſee this is but a ſhallow Argument, and may be
'confuted.

'I have with great Pains and Induſtry made my
'ſervations, from Time to Time, upon theſe Sages;
'having now all Meterials ready, am compiling a T
'tiſe, wherein I ſhall ſet forth the Riſe and Progreſ
'this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Auſt
'ties, Manner of living, *&c.* Having prevailed wit
'Friend who deſigns ſhortly to publiſh a new Editio
'*Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatiſe of mine by w
'of Supplement; I ſhall now, to let the World ſee w
'may be expected from me (firſt begging Mr. SPECT
'TOR's Leave that the World may ſee it) briefly to
'upon ſome of my chief Obſervations, and then ſubſc
'my ſelf your humble Servant. In the firſt Place I ſ
'give you two or three of their Maxims: The fun
'mental one, upon which their whole Syſtem is built,
'this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable Enemy to
'Deſtroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own Co
'and be deſtroyed and murdered without Mercy, by
'the Ways that can be invented. Another favourite S
'ing of theirs is, That Buſineſs was deſigned only
'Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A Third ſeems
'be a ludicrous one, but has a great Effect upon th
'Lives; and is this, That the Devil is at Home. No
'for their Manner of Living: And here I have a la
'Field to expatiate in; but I ſhall reſerve Particulars
'my intended Diſcourſe, and now only mention one
'two of their principal Exerciſes. The elder Proficie
'employ themſelves in inſpecting *mores hominum mul*
'*rum*, in getting acquainted with all the Signs and Wi
'dows in the Town. Some are arrived to ſo great Kno
'ledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher kill

'Ca

Calf, every time any old Woman's Cat is in the Straws; and a thouſand other Matters as important. One ancient Philoſopher contemplates two or three Hours every Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to the Dial

——As the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhone upon.

Our younger Students are content to carry their Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-Greens, Billiard-Tables, and ſuch like Places: This may ſerve for a Sketch of my Deſign; in which I hope I ſhall have your Encouragement. I am,

SIR, Yours.

I muſt be ſo juſt as to obſerve I have formerly ſeen of this Sect at our other Univerſity; tho' not diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation which the learned Hiſtorian, my Correſpondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were rather looked upon as a People that impaired themſelves more by their ſtrict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others ſeldom hurt themſelves any further than to gain weak Eyes and ſometimes Head-Aches; but theſe Philoſophers are ſeized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Wearineſs, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heavineſs in removing to another.

THE *Lowngers* are ſatisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without diſtinguiſhing themſelves from amongſt them. They may be ſaid rather to ſuffer their Time to paſs, than to ſpend it, without Regard to the paſt, or Proſpect of the future. All they know of Life is only the preſent Inſtant, and do not taſte even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferred to his Coach and Horſes, and his Life is to be meaſured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of theſe Philoſophers can poſſibly propoſe to himſelf, is to get a Reliſh of Dreſs. This, methinks, might diverſifie the Perſon he is weary of (his own dear ſelf) to himſelf. I have known theſe two Amuſements make one of theſe Philoſophers make a tolerable

tolerable Figure in the World; with Variety of Dr in publick Aſſemblies in Town, and quick Motion of Horſes out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, t to *New-Market*, and then to *London*, he has in Proce Time brought it to paſs, that his Coach and his Ho have been mentioned in all thoſe Places. When the *Lo gers* leave an Academick Life, and inſtead of this m elegant way of appearing in the Polite World, retir the Seats of their Anceſtors, they uſually join a Pac Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Pou from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that of this Order has ever taken to make a Noiſe in the Wo but I ſhall enquire into ſuch about this Town as have rived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the Force of tural Parts, without having ever ſeen an Univerſity; ſend my Correſpondent, for the Embelliſhment of Book, the Names and Hiſtory of thoſe who paſs t Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they Coffee-houſes and Chocolate-houſes from Hour to Hour get over the inſupportable Labour of doing nothing.

Nº 55. *Thurſday, May* 3.

——— Intus, & in jecore agro
Naſcuntur Domini ———

MOST of the Trades, Profeſſions, and Ways Living among Mankind, take their Original eit from the Love of Pleaſure, or the Fear of Wa The former, when it becomes too violent, degener into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe t Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Perſius* has gi us a very humorous Account of a young Fellow who w rouzed out of his Bed, in order to be ſent upon a lo Voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded a kept at Home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length t Pla

dings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in Original, with Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation of them.

Mane, piger, stertis: surge inquit Avaritia; eja
urge. Negas, Instat, surge inquit. Non queo. Surge.
t quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
astorem, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
lle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.
rte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu!
aro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
ontentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
am pueris pellem succinctus & œnophorum aptas;
cyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ
Egæum rapis, nisi solers Luxuria ante
eductum moneat; quò deinde, insane ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
tumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
Cœna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris? ——

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go strait Aboard:
With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incense, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.

Be

Be ſure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,
'Tis wholeſome Sin: But *Jove*, thou ſay'ſt, will he
Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma's* even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his Back:
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He,
That ſoft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil Queſtion; Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou woud'ſt tempt the Sea
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowſie Swobbers fed;
Dead Wine that ſtinks of the *Borachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſie Maple Cup?
Say, woud'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store,
From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chuſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

WHEN a Government flouriſhes in Conqueſts, is ſecure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into the Pleaſures of Luxury; and as theſe Pleaſures are expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upon raiſing freſh Supplies of Mony, but all the Methods of Paciouſneſs and Corruption; ſo that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated Principle of Action in thoſe whoſe Hearts are wholly ſet upon Eaſe, Magnificence and Pleaſure. The moſt Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Hiſtorians obſerves, that in his time, when the moſt formidable States of the World were ſubdued by the *Romans*, the Republick ſunk into thoſe two Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice: And accordi

dingly deſcribes *Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth other Men, at the ſame time that he ſquander'd away own. This Obſervation on the Commonwealth, when as in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of Governments that are ſettled in a State of Eaſe and ſperity. At ſuch times Men naturally endeavour to ſhine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themſelves he Enjoyment of all the Pleaſures they can get into ir Poſſeſſion; which naturally produces Avarice, and an moderate Purſuit after Wealth and Riches.

AS I was humouring my ſelf in the Speculation of ſe two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear owing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or ble, with which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

THERE were two very powerful Tyrants engaged perpetual War againſt each other: The Name of the was *Luxury*, and of the ſecond *Avarice*. The Aim each of them was no leſs than Univerſal Monarchy the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals der him, who did him great Service, as *Pleaſure*, *Mirth*, , and *Faſhion*. *Avarice* was likewiſe very ſtrong in Officers, being faithfully ſerved by *Hunger*, *Induſtry*, and *Watchfulneſs*: He had likewiſe a Privy-Coun- or who was always at his Elbow, and whiſpering mething or other in his Ear: the Name of this Privy unſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf the Counſels of *Poverty*, his Antagoniſt was entirely ded by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his Counſellor and Miniſter of State, that concerted all Meaſures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. hile theſe two great Rivals were thus contending for pire, their Conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got ſeſſion of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The ther of a Family would often range himſelf under the ners of *Avarice*, and the Son under thoſe of *Luxury*. Wife and Husband would often declare themſelves the two different Parties; nay, the ſame Perſon would y often ſide with one in his Youth, and revolt to the er in his old Age. Indeed the Wiſe Men of the World

ſtood

ſtood *Neuter*; but alas! their Numbers were not conſi
rable. At length, when theſe two Potentates had we
ed themſelves with waging War upon one another, t
agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Co
ſellers were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* be
the Parly, and after having repreſented the endleſs State
War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, w
a Frankneſs of Heart which is natural to him, that he
lieved they two ſhould be very good Friends, were it not
the Inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counſel
who made an ill uſe of his Ear, and filled him with grou
leſs Apprehenſions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* re
ed, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt Miniſter of
Antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive Counſellor t
Poverty, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting Pleaſu
baniſhing all the neceſſary Cautions againſt Want, and c
ſequently undermining thoſe Principles on which the G
vernment of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order
an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminar
That each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his Pri
Counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towa
a Peace, all other Differences were ſoon accommodat
inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as go
Friends and Confederates, and to ſhare between th
whatever Conqueſts were made on either ſide. For t
Reaſon, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Poſſe
on of the ſame Heart, and dividing the ſame Perſon
tween them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince t
diſcarding of the Counſellors above mentioned, *Ava*
ſupplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* Prom
Avarice in the place of *Poverty*.

N° 56. *Friday, May* 4.

Felices errore ſuo —— Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls; not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the moſt inanimate things, as Stocks and ones. They believe the ſame of all the Works of Art, of Knives, Boats, Looking-glaſſes: And that as any of ſe things periſh, their Souls go into another World, hich is inhabited by the Ghoſts of Men and Women. this Reaſon they always place by the Corpſe of r dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did heir wooden Bodies in this. How abſurd ſoever ſuch Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philoſophers e maintained ſeveral Notions altogether as improbable: ne of *Plato*'s Followers in particular, when they talk the World of Ideas, entertain us with Subſtances and ngs no leſs extravagant and chymerical. Many *Ari-ians* have likewiſe ſpoken as unintelligibly of their ſtantial Forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, o in his Diſſertation upon the Loadſtone obſerving that e will deſtroy its magnetick Vertues, tells us that he k particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a cer-blue Vapour to ariſe from it, which he believed ght be the *ſubſtantial Form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* raſe, the *Soul* of the Load-ſtone.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that of their Countrymen deſcended in a Viſion to the at Repoſitory of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the er World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends iſtinct Account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe gions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have merly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpre-s of the *Indian* Kings, to enquire of them, if poſſible, what

what Tradition they have among them of this Matt
Which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many Queſti
which he asked them at ſeveral Times, was in Subſta
as follows.

THE Viſionary, whoſe Name was *Marraton*, after
ving travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mo
tain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World
Spirits, but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick Fo
made up of Buſhes, Brambles, and pointed Thorns,
perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it
impoſſible to find a Paſſage through it. Whilſt he
looking about for ſome Track or Path-way that mi
be worn in any Part of it, he ſaw an huge Lion couc
under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in
ſame Poſture as when he watches for his Prey. The
dian immediately ſtarted back, whilſt the Lion roſe w
a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly de
tute of all other Weapons, he ſtooped down to take
a huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surpr
graſped nothing, and found the ſuppoſed Stone to be
ly the Appariton of one. If he was diſappointed on t
Side, he was as much pleaſed on the other, when
found the Lion, which had ſeized on his left Should
had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghoſt
that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He
ſooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marc
up to the Wood, and after having ſurveyed it for ſo
Time, endeavoured to preſs into one Part of it that
a little thinner than the reſt; when again, to his gr
Surprize, he found the Buſhes made no Reſiſtance,
that he walked through Briars and Brambles with
ſame Eaſe as through the open Air; and, in ſhort, t
the whole Wood was nothing elſe but a Wood of Shad
He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket
Thorns and Brakes was deſigned as a kind of Fence
quick-ſet Hedge to the Ghoſts it incloſed; and that
bably their ſoft Subſtances might be torn by theſe ſub
Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make
Impreſſions in Fleſh and Blood. With this Thought
reſolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when
Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon hi

grew ſtronger and ſweeter in proportion as he advan-
He had not proceeded much further when he ob-
ed the Thorns and Briars to end, and give Place to a
ſand beautiful green Trees covered with Bloſſoms of
ineſt Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderneſs of
ets, and were a kind of Lining to thoſe ragged Scenes
ch he had before paſſed through. As he was com-
out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering
the Plains it incloſed, he ſaw ſeveral Horſemen ruſh-
by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a
of Dogs. He had not liſtned long before he ſaw the
rition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on
Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls
bout an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the
ſt of an Hare, which ran away before them with an
eakable Swiftneſs. As the Man on the Milk-white
came by him, he looked upon him very attentive-
nd found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*,
died about half a Year before, and, by reaſon of his
Virtues, was at that Time lamented over all the We-
Parts of *America*.

E had no ſooner got out of the Wood, but he was
rtained with ſuch a Landskip of flowry Plains, green
dows, running Streams, ſunny Hills, and ſhady Vales,
ere not to be repreſented by his own Expreſſions,
as he ſaid, by the Conceptions of others. This hap-
Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of
rs, who applied themſelves to Exerciſes and Diverſi-
according as their Fancies led them. Some of them
e toſſing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching
Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Appa-
n of a Horſe; and Multitudes employing them-
s upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *depart-*
Utenſils, for that is the Name which in the *Indian*
guage they give their Tools when they are burnt or
ken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he
very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that roſe
y where about him in the greateſt Variety and Pro-
on, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own
ntry: But he quickly found that though they were
ects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch.
at length came to the Side of a great River, and being

a good Fiſherman himſelf, ſtood upon the Banks ſome time to look upon an Angler that had taken a many Shapes of Fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and by him.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had formerly married to one of the greateſt Beauties o Country, by whom he had ſeveral Children. This ple were ſo famous for their Love and Conſtancy to another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they gi married Man Joy of his Wife, wiſh that they may liv gether like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had ſtood long by the Fiſherman when he ſaw the Sha of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for ſome time fixe Eye upon him, before he diſcovered her. Her Arms ſtretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him to her; and at the ſame time ſeemed to tell him that River was unpaſſable. Who can deſcribe the Paſſion m up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Deſire, Aſtoniſhment, that in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? could expreſs it by nothing but his Tears, which ran a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He not ſtood in this Poſture long, before he plunged into Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be noth but the Phantom of a River, ſtalked on the Bottom till he aroſe on the other Side. At his Approach *Yarat* flew into his Arms, whilſt *Marraton* wiſhed himſelf encumbered of that Body which kept her from his braces. After many Queſtions and Endearments on b Sides, ſhe conducted him to a Bower which ſhe dreſſed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments could be met with in thoſe blooming Regions. She made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every adding ſomething new to it. As *Marraton* ſtood aſton ed at the unſpeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and viſhed with the Fragrancy that came from every Part it, *Yaratilda* told him that ſhe was preparing this Bo for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would c tainly bring him to that happy Place, whenever his ſhould be at an End. She then brought two of her C

n to him, who died ſome Years before, and reſided h her in the ſame delightful Bower; adviſing him to ed up thoſe others which were ſtill with him in ſuch a nner, that they might hereafter all of them meet to- her in this happy Place.

THE Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards ght of thoſe diſmal Habitations which are the Portion ll Men after Death; and mentions ſeveral Molten Seas Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *ropeans*, who put to the Sword ſo many Thouſands of *Indians* for the ſake of that precious Metal: But ha- already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradi- , and exceeded the Meaſure of my Paper, I ſhall not e any further Account of it. C

N° 57. *Saturday, May 5.*

Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit a Sextu? ——— Juv.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, diſcourſes with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, de- g her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to Maids and mind her Spinning: By which the Poet in- ates, that Men and Women ought to buſie themſelves their proper Spheres, and on ſuch Matters only as are table to their reſpective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, o has paſſed a great Part of his Life in the Nurſery, d, upon Occaſion, can make a Caudle or a Sack Poſſet ter than any Man in *England*. He is likewiſe a won- rful Critick in Cambrick and Muſlins, and will talk an our together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his other every Night with Obſervations that he makes h in Town and Court: As what Lady ſhews the niceſt ncy in her Dreſs; what Man of Quality wears the reſt Whig; who has the fineſt Linnen, who the pret-

tieſt Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Rema
that may be made in good Company.

ON the other hand I have very frequently the Opp
tunity of ſeeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up
Town laſt Winter, and is one of the greateſt Fox Hunt
in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horſes,
makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. I
Man tells her a waggiſh Story, ſhe gives him a Puſh w
her Hand in jeſt, and calls him an impudent Dog;
if her Servant neglects his Buſineſs threatens to k
him out of the Houſe. I have heard her, in her Wr
call a ſubſtantial Tradeſman a Louſie Cur; and
member one Day; when ſhe could not think of
Name of a Perſon, ſhe deſcribed him, in a large Co
pany of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Br
Shoulders.

I F thoſe Speeches and Actions, which in their o
Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they p
ceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfection
one Sex tranſplanted into another, appear black and m
ſtrous. As for the Men, I ſhall not in this Paper any
ther concern my ſelf about them; but as I would
contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the moſt be
tiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wea
all thoſe little Spots and Blemiſhes that are apt to ri
mong the Charms which Nature has poured out u
them, I ſhall dedicate this Paper to their Service.
Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of,
that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much c
into their Converſation. This is, in its Nature, a M
Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Paſſions
are altogether repugnant to the Softneſs, the Mod
and thoſe other endearing Qualities which are natural
the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mank
and ſooth them into Tenderneſs and Compaſſion; not
ſet an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in th
thoſe Paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own
cord. When I have ſeen a pretty Mouth uttering Calu
nies and Invectives, what would I not have given
have ſtopt it? How have I been troubled to ſee ſome
the fineſt Features in the World grow pale, and trem
W

ch Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt Beauties the *Britiſh* Nation, and yet values her ſelf more upon ng the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toaſt both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encoun- d the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* acroſs a Tea- le; but in the height of her Anger, as her Hand ced to ſhake with the Earneſtneſs of the Diſpute, ſhe ded her Fingers, and ſpilt a Diſh of Tea upon her Pet- at. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no y knows where it would have ended.

THERE is one Conſideration which I would earneſt- recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I , will have ſome weight with them. In ſhort, it is , that there is nothing ſo bad for the Face as Party- l. It gives an ill-natured Caſt to the Eye, and a diſa- eable Sourneſs to the Look; beſides, that it makes the es too ſtrong, and fluſhes them worſe than Brandy. ave ſeen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as ſhe been talking againſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had ne- ſeen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party- man that kept her Beauty for a Twelve-month. I uld therefore adviſe all my Female Readers, as they e their Complexions, to let alone all Diſputes of this ure; though, at the ſame time I would give free ty to all ſuperannuated motherly Partizans to be as ent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no Danger ei- of their ſpoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Con- t.

FOR my own part, I think a Man makes an odious deſpicable Figure, that is violent in a Party; but a man is too ſincere to mitigate the Fury of her Prin- les with Temper and Diſcretion, and to act with that tion and Reſervedneſs which are requiſite in our Sex. en this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them o ten thouſand Heats and Extravagances; their generous ls ſet no Bounds to their Love, or to their Hatred; and ether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an a or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Paſſion, ile it reigns, engroſſes the whole Woman.

remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his Glo- I accompanied my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB

in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were
sooner sate down, but upon casting my Eyes about
Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print
represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensi
A little after, as the Lady was discourfing my Friend,
held her Snuff-Box in her Hand, who should I see in
Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after
when she had occasion for her Handkerchief, which u
the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it
Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL. w
loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *True-l*
Place (for that was the Name of her Husband) he sho
be made as uneasie by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello*
I am afraid, said she, *Mr.* HONEYCOMB, *you are a T*
tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not? Wi
instead of making her Reply, smiled in her Face (for ind
she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Pate
was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and lo
ing a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hanged if*
and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in
Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing. Upon
she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening
it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who
placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it.
word I found that the Doctor had taken Possession
her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furnitu
but finding my self pressed too close by her Question
winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he
accordingly.

Monda

N° 58. *Monday, May* 7.

Ut pictura poeſis erit ——— Hor.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little underſtood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; and as for thoſe who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentlly fallen in their Way, and that too in little Reflections, or in general declamatory Flouriſhes, without entring into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope before I ſhall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I ſhall endeavour to do in a Manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the Cenſure which a famous Critick beſtows upon one who had written a Treatiſe upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Style. I intend to lay aſide a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe my ſelf, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I ſhall endeavour to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in ſome Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them diſcouraged, for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

AS the great and only End of theſe my Speculations is to baniſh Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great Britain*, I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a Taſte of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to ſet my Readers right in ſeveral Points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and ſhall from Time to Time impart my Notions of Comedy, which I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookſeller that theſe Papers of Criticiſm, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch

Subjects; for which I Reason I shall enter upon my p
sent Undertaking with greater Chearfulness.

IN this, and one or two following Papers, I shall tr
out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the sev
Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of
World. This I think the more necessary at present,
cause I observed there were Attempts on Foot last Win
to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit that h
been long exploded out of the Common-wealth of Lett
There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed abou
Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant
disputed Blockheads about the Town began to entert
ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for Polite Authors.
shall therefore describe at length those many Arts of f
Wit, in which a Writer does not shew himself a Man o
beautiful Genius, but of great Industry.

THE first Species of false Wit which I have met w
is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced sev
Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Ilia*
self: I mean those short Poems printed among the mi
Greek Poets, which resemble the Figure of an Egg, a P
of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

AS for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may
improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeav
to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to transl
it into *English*, did not I find the Interpretation of it v
difficult; for the Author seems to have been more int
upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Sense
it.

THE Pair of Wings consist of twelve Verses, or rat
Feathers, every Verse decreasing gradually in its Meas
according to its Situation in the Wing. The Subject
it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears so
remote Affinity with the Figure, for it describes a God
Love, who is always painted with Wings.

THE Ax methinks would have been a good Figure
a Lampoon, had the Edge of it consisted of the most S
tyrical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original,
take it to have been nothing else but the Posie of an
which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought
have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the build

the *Trojan* Horſe; which is a Hint I ſhall leave to the ſideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the ſie was written originally upon the Ax, like thoſe ich our modern Culters inſcribe upon their Knives; that therefore the Poſie ſtill remains in its ancient pe, tho' the Ax it ſelf is loſt.

THE Shepherd's Pipe may be ſaid to be full of Muſ, for it is compoſed of nine different Kinds of Verſes, ich by their ſeveral Lengths reſemble the nine Stops of old muſical Inſtrument, that is likewiſe the Subject the Poem.

THE Altar is inſcribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, theſe falſe Pieces of Wit are much more antient than Authors to whom they are generally aſcribed; at I will never be perſwaded, that ſo fine a Writer as *ritus* could have been the Author of any ſuch ſim- Works.

IT was impoſſible for a Man to ſucceed in theſe Per-mances who was not a kind of Painter, or at leaſt a ſigner: He was firſt of all to draw the Out-line of the ject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards form the Deſcription to the Figure of his Subject. he Poetry was to contract or dilate it ſelf according to Mould in which it was caſt. In a Word, the Ver- were to be cramped or extended to the Dimenſions of Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo Fate of thoſe Perſons whom the Tyrant *Procruſtes* ed to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too ſhort, ſtretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, opped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the ouch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of Wit in one the following Verſes in his *Mac Flecno*; which an *En-ſh* Reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that ere are thoſe little Poems abovementioned in the Shape Wings and Altars.

——*Chuſe for thy Command*
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land;
There may'ſt thou Wings *diſplay, and* Altars *raiſe,*
And torture one poor Word a thouſand Ways.

THIS Faſhion of falſe Wit was revived by ſeve Poets of the laſt Age, and in particular may be met wi among Mr. *Herbert*'s Poems; and, if I am not miſtake in the Tranſlation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember ny other Kind of Work among the Moderns which mo reſembles the Performances I have mentioned, than th famous Picture of King *Charles* the Firſt, which has t whole Book of *Pſalms* written in the Lines of the Fa and the Hair of the Head. When I was laſt at *Oxford* peruſed one of the Whiskers; and was reading the othe but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, b reaſon of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Tr vellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a Piece Curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an em nent Writing-Maſter in Town, who has tranſcribed the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottomed Perriwig; and if th Faſhion ſhould introduce the thick kind of Wigs whic were in Vogue ſome few Years ago, he promiſes to ad two or three ſupernumerary Locks that ſhall contain the *Apocrypha*. He deſigned this Wig originally for Kin *William*, having diſpoſed of the two Books of *Kings* in th two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarc dying before the Wig was finiſhed, there is a Space left i it for the Face of any one that has a Mind to purchaſe i

BUT to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, would humbly propoſe, for the Benefit of our moder Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Bre then among the Ancients in thoſe ingenious Devices. have communicated this Thought to a young Poetica Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to preſent hi Miſtreſs with a Copy of Verſes made in the Shape of he Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finiſhed th three firſt Sticks of it. He has likewiſe promiſed me t get the Meaſure of his Miſtreſs's Marriage-Finger, wit a Deſign to make a Poſie in the Faſhion of a Ring whic ſhall exactly fit it. It is ſo very eaſie to enlarge upon good Hint, that I do not queſtion but my ingenious Re ders will apply what I have ſaid to many other Particu lars; and that we ſhall ſee the Town filled in a very littl time with Poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes and the like Female Ornaments. I ſhall therefore con-

clude

le with a Word of Advice to thoſe admirable *Engliſh* thors who call themſelves Pindarick Writers, that they uld apply themſelves to this kind of Wit without Loſs Time, as being provided better than any other Poets h Verſes of all Sizes and Dimenſions. C

№ 59. *Tueſday, May* 8.

Operosè Nihil agunt. Sen.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithſtanding Pedants of pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to y the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flaſh* and *Froth*, y all of them ſhew upon Occaſion that they would e no Pains to arrive at the Character of thoſe whom y ſeem to deſpiſe. For this Reaſon we often find n endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which coſt them ite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a n had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to that Title by thoſe Elaborate Trifles which have the Inventions of ſuch Authors as were often Ma- of Great Learning but no Genius.

IN my laſt Paper I mentioned ſome of theſe falſe Wits ong the Ancients, and in this ſhall give the Reader o or three other Species of them, that flouriſhed in ſame early Ages of the World. The firſt I ſhall pro- e are the *Lipogrammatiſts* or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity, would take an Exception, without any Reaſon, a- inſt ſome particular Letter in the Alphabet, ſo as not to mit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was reat Maſter in this kind of Writing. He compoſed an ſſy or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *Ulyſſes*, con- ing of four and twenty Books, having entirely baniſhed Letter *A* from his firſt Book, which was called *Alpha* (*Lucus a non lucendo*) becauſe there was not an *Alpha* it. His Second Book was inſcribed *Beta*, for the ſame ſon. In ſhort, the Poet excluded the whole four and nty Letters in their turns, and ſhewed them, one af- another, that he could do his Buſineſs without them.

IT must have been very pleasant to have seen
Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as ano
would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from
through the several *Greek* Dialects, when he was pre
with it in any particular Syllable. For the most apt
elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected,
a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemi
with a wrong Letter. I shall only observe upon
Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had b
now extant, the *Odissey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all Probabil
would have been oftner quoted by our learned Peda
than the *Odissey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund wo
it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual
barisms and Rusticities, absurd Spellings and complica
Dialects? I make no Question but it would have b
looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasuries
the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewise among the Ancients that ingenious k
of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Na
of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a Letter but a whole Wo
by substituting a Picture in its place. When *Cæsar*
one of the Masters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the
gure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the Publick M
ny: the Word *Cæsar* signifying an Elephant in the *Pu*
Language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæsar*,
cause it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp
own Figure upon the Coin of the Common-wealth,
ero, who was so called from the Founder of his Fam
that was marked on the Nose with a little Wenn lik
Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tul*
Cicero, ordered the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the
gure of a Vetch at the end of 'em to be inscribed o
Publick Monument. This was done probably to sh
that he was neither ashamed of his Name or Family, n
withstanding the Envy of his Competitors had often
proached him with both. In the same manner we re
of a famous Building that was marked in several Parts
it with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Those Wor
in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, w
by the Laws of their Country were never permitted
inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For t
sa

me Reaſon it is thought, that the Forelock of the Horſe the Antique-Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, reſents at a diſtance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the ountry of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *henian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Country-men about an Age or two ago, ho did not practiſe it for any oblique Reaſon, as the ncients abovementioned, but purely for the ſake of be- Witty. Among innumerable Inſtances that may be ven of this Nature, I ſhall produce the Device of one r. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cam-* in his Remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to repreſent his Name a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-ee, that had ſeveral Berries upon it, and in the midſt of em a great golden N hung upon a Bough of the Tree, hich by the help of a little falſe Spelling made up the Word *N-ew-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this Topick with a *Rebus*, which has en lately hewn out in Free-ſtone, and erected over two the Portals of *Blenheim* Houſe, being the Figure of a monſtrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better underſtanding of which Device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame Word that ſignifies a *French-Man*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *Engliſh* Nation. Such a Device in ſo noble a Pile of Building looks like a Punn in an Heroick Poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious Architect would ſuffer the Statuary to blemiſh his excellent Plan with ſo poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have ſaid will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewiſe in ancient Times the Conceit of making an Eccho talk ſenſibly, and give rational Anſwers. If this could be excuſable in any Writer it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Eccho as a Nymph, before ſhe was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Eraſmus*, tho' a Man of Wit and Genius, has compoſed a Dialogue upon this ſilly kind of Device, and made uſe of an Eccho who ſeems to have been a very extraordinary Linguiſt, for ſhe anſwers the Perſon ſhe talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as ſhe found the Syllables

Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned Languages. *Hudibras*, in Ridicule of this false kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary Eccho, who is of great use to the Poet in several Distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules *for loss of* Hylas;
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret;
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For Loss of his dear Crony Bear,
That Eccho from the hollow Ground
His doleful Wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which She nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my —— Eccho, Ruin,
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step
For Fear. (*Quoth Eccho*) Marry guep.
Am I not here to take thy Part!
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?
Have these Bones ratled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake? (*Youth she*) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' Dish
Thou turn'dst thy Back? *Quoth Eccho,* Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? *Quoth Eccho,* Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for Thee,

In

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who wou'd grudge to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Pudding. C

60. *Wedneſday, May* 9.

Hæc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc eſt?
Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of falſe Wit that vaniſhed in the refined Ages of the World, diſcovered themſelves again in the Times of Monkiſh Ignorance.

AS the Monks were the Maſters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives entirely diſengaged from Buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Compoſition of ſuch Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Sagacity. I have ſeen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* Rhymes by one of the *Beaux Eſprits* of that dark Age; who ſays in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the Sweets of Rhyme to make it the moſt perfect Work in its kind. I have likewiſe ſeen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it conſiſted but of the eight following Words;

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, Cœlo.

Thou haſt as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the Changes upon theſe eight ſeveral Words, and by that Means made his Verſes almoſt as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is a Wonder that Men who had ſo much Time upon their Hands, did not only reſtore all the antiquated Pieces of falſe Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production

of

of Anagrams, which is nothing else but a Transmutat of one Word into another, or the turning of the same of Letters into different Words; which may change Ni into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is Goddess that presides over these Sorts of Compos on, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in lusion to this Kind of Writing, calls his Rival, w (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in Pl that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram a Man.*

WHEN the Anagrammatist takes a Name to wo upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken which will not shew the Treasure it contains till he s have spent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is Business to find out one Word that conceals it self in a ther, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of S tions in which they can possibly be ranged. I have he of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit wa fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's Heart by She was one of the finest Women of her Age, and kno by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon.* The Lover not ing able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liber indulged to this kind of Writing converted it into M and after having shut himself up for half a Year, with defatigable Industry produced an Anagram. Upon presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed her Heart to see her self degraded into *Moll Boon*, she t him, to his infinite Surprize, that he had mistaken Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun.*

Ibi omnis
Effusus labor

The Lover was thunder-struck with his Misfortune, in much that in a little Time after he lost his Senses, wh indeed had been very much impaired by that conti Application he had given to his Anagram.

THE Acrostick was probably invented about the sa time with the Anagram, tho' it is impossible to de whether the Inventor of the one or the other were greater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostick is nothing the Name or Title of a Person or Thing made out of ini

ial Letters of ſeveral Verſes, and by that Means writ- after the Manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular ne. But beſides theſe there are *Compound* Acroſticks, hen the principal Letters ſtand two or three deep. I e ſeen ſome of them where the Verſes have not only en edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had ſame Name running down like a Seam through the iddle of the Poem.

THERE is another near Relation of the Anagram Acroſticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. his kind of Wit appears very often on many modern edals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent the Inſcription the Year in which they were coined. hus we ſee on a Medal of *Guſtaphus Adolphus* the follow- Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. you take the Pains to pick the Figures out of the ſeve- Words, and range them in their proper Order, you ll find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the r in which the Medal was ſtamped: For as ſome of Letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and over- their Fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double pacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious rman Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one theſe ingenious Devices. A Man would think they re ſearching after an apt claſſical Term, but inſtead of they are looking out a Word that has an L, an M, or D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe ſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in 'em for the hought, as for the Year of the Lord.

THE *Bouts Rimez* were the Favourites of the *French* ation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time hen it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a iſt of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by nother Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make Poem to the Rhymes in ſame Order that they were aced upon the Liſt: The more uncommon the Rhymes ere, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the oet that could accommodate his Verſes to them. I do ot know any greater Inſtance of the Decay of Wit and earning among the *French* (which generally follows e Declenſion of Empire) than the endeavouring to re-

ſtore

ſtore this fooliſh Kind of Wit. If the Reader will be the Trouble to ſee Examples of it, let him look into t new *Mercure Gallant*; where the Author every Mon gives a Liſt of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *M cure* for the ſucceeding Month. That for the Month *November* laſt, which now lies before me, is as follows.

. . . . . *Lauri*
. . . . . *Guerri*
. . . . . *Muſe*
. . . . . *Liſe*

. . . . . *Ceſ*
. . . . . *Etend*
. . . . . *Houlet*
. . . . . *Folet*

One would be amazed to ſee ſo learned a Man as *Mena* talking ſeriouſly on this Kind of Trifle in the followi Paſſage.

MONSIEUR de la Chambre *has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his P into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced anothe For my own Part, I never knew what I ſhould write ne when I was making Verſes. In the firſt Place I got all m Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or fo Months in filling them up. I one Day ſhewed Monſieur Gom baud a Compoſition of this Nature, in which among others had made uſe of the four following Rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phi lis, Marne, Arne, *deſiring him to give me his Opinion of i He told me immediately, That my Verſes were good for no thing. And upon my aſking his Reaſon, he ſaid, Becauſe th Rhymes are too common; and for that Reaſon eaſie to be p into Verſe. Marry, ſays I, if it be ſo, I am very well re warded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monſieu Gombaud's Leave, notwithſtanding the Severity of the Criti ciſm, the Verſes were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thu far the learned *Menage*, whom I have tranſlated Word fo Word.

THE

THE firſt Occaſion of theſe *Bouts Rimez* made them ſome Manner excuſable, as they were Tasks which the ch Ladies uſed to impoſe on their Lovers. But when ure Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked him- could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, did not make his Liſt of Rhymes till he had finiſhed Poem?

ſhall only add, that this Piece of falſe Wit has been y ridiculed by Monſieur *Saraſin*, in a Poem entituled, *Defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, *The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*. muſt ſubjoin to this laſt Kind of Wit the double mes, which are uſed in Doggerel Poetry, and gene- applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of Couplet in ſuch Compoſitions is good, the Rhyme little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power he Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great mbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudi-*, do it more on account of theſe Doggerel Rhymes of the Parts that really deſerve Admiration. I am I have heard the

Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt inſtead of a Stick.

There was an ancient ſage Philoſopher
Who had read Alexander Roſs *over.*

e frequently quoted, than the fineſt Pieces of Wit in whole Poem. C

Thurſday,

Nº 61. *Thurſday, May* 10.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo. Pe

THERE is no kind of falſe Wit which has been recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which conſiſts in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Diſpoſition to produce. The Seeds of Punning lie in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be ſubdued by Reaſon, Reflection, and good Senſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt Genius, that is not watched and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Muſick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Punns and Quibbles.

ARISTOTLE, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetorick, deſcribes two or three kinds of Punns which he calls Paragrams, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* ſprinkled ſeveral of his Works with Punns, and in a Book where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes as abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which alſo upon Examination prove arrant Punns. But the Age in which *the Punn* chiefly flouriſhed, was the Reign of King *James* the Firſt. That learned Monarch was himſelf a tolerable Punnſter, and made very few Biſhops or Privy-Counſellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speech and ludicrous Compoſitions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the Council-Table. The greateſt

, in their moſt ſerious Works, made frequent uſe of
. The Sermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the Tra-
s of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The Sinner was
ed into Repentance by the former, as in the latter no-
is more uſual than to ſee a Hero weeping and quib-
for a dozen Lines together.

muſt add to theſe great Authorities, which ſeem to
given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of falſe Wit,
all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning
very great Reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of
o hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures
Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Diſcourſe.
member a Country School-maſter of my Acquain-
told me once, that he had been in Company with a
leman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Pa-
nmatiſt* among the Moderns. Upon Enquiry, I found
learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *Swan*,
famous Punnſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome
ount of Mr. *Swan*'s Converſation, he told me that he
rally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes
into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble Opinion he
ed moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous Univerſity of this
d was formerly very much infeſted with Punns;
whether or no this might not ariſe from the Fens and
ſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now
ined, I muſt leave to the Determination of more skilful
uraliſts.

AFTER this ſhort Hiſtory of Punning, one would
der how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the
rned World, as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it had
d a Place in the Writings of the moſt ancient Po-
Authors. To account for this we muſt conſider,
the firſt Race of Authors, who were the great
oes in Writing, were deſtitute of all Rules and Arts
Criticiſm; and for that Reaſon, though they excel la-
Writers in Greatneſs of Genius, they fall ſhort of
m in Accuracy and Correctneſs. The Moderns cannot
ch their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections.
hen the World was furniſhed with theſe Authors of the
t Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers,

who

who gained themſelves a Reputation by the Rema which they made on the Works of thoſe who preced them. It was one of the Employments of theſe Sec dary Authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of Wit Terms of Art, and to conſider them as more or leſs p fect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is wonder therefore, that even ſuch Authors as *Iſocra Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little Blemiſhes as not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior C racter, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral Blemiſ were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a pro Separation made between Punns and true Wit by any the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. B when this Diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very na ral for all Men of Senſe to agree in it. As for the R vival of this falſe Wit, it happened about the time of t Revival of Letters; but as ſoon as it was once detect it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſa time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one A and roſe in another, it will again recover it ſelf in ſo diſtant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance ſh prevail upon Wit and Senſe. And, to ſpeak the Tru I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt Winte Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that o Poſterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race Punnſters: At leaſt, a Man may be very excuſable for a Apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſticks* ban ed about the Town with great Secreſie and Applauſe to which I muſt alſo add a little *Epigram* called the *Witch Prayer*, that fell into Verſe when it was read either back ward or forward, excepting only that it Curſed one wa and Bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actual ſuch Pains-takers among our *Britiſh* Wits, who can te what it may end in? If we muſt Laſh one another, let i be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philoſopher's Opinion, That if I muſt ſuffe from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Aſs. I do no ſpeak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a mo crying Dulneſs on both Sides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſtick* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either o them

…, becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they … *Anagrams* and *Acroſticks*.

BUT to return to Punning. Having purſued the Hi… of a Punn, from its Original to its Downfal, I ſhall … define it to be a Conceit ariſing from the uſe of two …rds that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Senſe. … only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to tran… it into a different Language: If it bears the Teſt you … pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the Experi… you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In ſhort, … may ſay of a Punn as the Country-man deſcribed his …ightingale, that it is *vox & præterea nihil*, a Sound, and …thing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may repre… true Wit by the Deſcription which *Ariſtinetus* makes … fine Woman, When ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful, …en ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful: Or, as *Mercerus* has …ſlated it more Emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: …uitur, ipſa forma eſt.* C

№ 62. *Friday, May* 11.

Scribendi recte Sapere eſt & principium & fons. Hor.

MR. *Lock* has an admirable Reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to ſhew the Reaſon why they are not …ways the Talents of the ſame Perſon. His Words are … follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome Reaſon … that common Obſervation, That Men who have a great …al of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clear… Judgment, or deepeſt Reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the …ſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with Quick…ſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance or …congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant Pictures and agreea… Viſions in the Fancy; Judgment on the contrary, lies quite … the other Side, in ſeparating carefully one from another, …Ideas wherein can be found the leaſt Difference, thereby to a…oid being miſ-led by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one …thing for another. This is a Way of proceeding quite contra-*

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ry to Metaphor and Alluſion; wherein for the moſt Part that Entertainment and Pleaſantry of Wit which ſtrik lively on the Fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all ple.

THIS is, I think, the beſt and moſt Philoſophical ſount that I have ever met with of Wit, which gener though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a Reſemblance Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I ſhall ly add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Re blance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unle be ſuch an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprize* to the der: Theſe two Properties ſeem eſſential to Wit, n particularly the laſt of them. In order therefore that Reſemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is neceſſary that Ideas ſhould not lie too near one another in the Natur things; for where the Likeneſs is obvious, it give Surprize. To compare one Man's Singing to that o nother, or to repreſent the Whiteneſs of any Object that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colour thoſe of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unleſs ſides this obvious Reſemblance, there be ſome fur Congruity diſcovered in the two Ideas that is capable giving the Reader ſome Surprize. Thus when a Poet us, the Boſom of his Miſtreſs is as white as Snow, th is no Wit in the Compariſon; but when he adds, wi Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. E ry Reader's Memory may ſupply him with innumer Inſtances of the ſame Nature. For this Reaſon, the militudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it w ſuch as are new and ſurprizing, have ſeldom any th in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Lock's* Account Wit, with this ſhort Explanation, comprehends moſt the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allego Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Viſi dramatick Writings, Burleſque, and all the Methods of luſion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how mote ſoever they may appear at firſt Sight from the fo going Deſcription) which upon Examination will found to agree with it.

AS *true Wit* generally conſiſts in this Reſemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *falſe Wit* chiefly conſiſts in the Reſemblance and Congruity ſometimes of ſingle Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acroſticks: ſometimes of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes: ſometimes of Words, as in Punns and Quibbles; and ſometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, caſt into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes* or *Altars*: Nay, ſome carry the Notion of Wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Perſon, who can reſemble the Tone, Poſture, or Face of another.

AS *true Wit* conſiſts in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and *falſe Wit* in the Reſemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Inſtances; there is another kind of Wit which conſiſts partly in the Reſemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Reſemblance of Words; which for Diſtinction Sake I ſhall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the ſame Claſs with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after this Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the Epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome Touches of it in the little Poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which ſhews, as well as many other Marks, betrays it ſelf to be a modern Compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius* or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and ſcarce any thing elſe in *Martial*.

AS OUT of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I ſhall chuſe one Inſtance which may be met with in all Writers of this Claſs. The Paſſion of Love in its Nature has been thought to reſemble Fire; for which Reaſon the Words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignifie Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticiſms. *Cowley* obſerving the cold Regard of his Miſtreſs's Eyes, and at the

the ſame Time their Power of producing Love in
conſiders them as Burning-Glaſſes made of Ice; and
ing himſelf able to live in the greateſt Extremities of L
concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his
ſtreſs has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemmo
holding it to the Fire, he deſires her to read it over
cond time by Love's Flames. When ſhe weeps, he
ſhes it were inward Heat that diſtilled thoſe Drops f
the Limbeck. When ſhe is abſent he is beyond eig
that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when ſ
with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that natu
mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of
vens; and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it
not let him ſleep, it is a Flame that ſends up no Sm
when it is oppoſed by Counſel and Advice, it is a
that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it.
on the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his L
he obſerves that his written Flames had burnt up and
thered the Tree. When he reſolves to give over his
ſion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever d
the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that inſtead of *Vul*
Shop incloſes *Cupid*'s Forge in it. His endeavouring
drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the
He would inſinuate to his Miſtreſs, that the Fire of L
like that of the Sun (which produces ſo many li
Creatures) ſhould not only warm but beget. Love i
nother Place cooks Pleaſure at his Fire. Sometimes
Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breaſt, and ſometi
ſcorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowne
Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship ſet on Fire in
Middle of the Sea.

THE Reader may obſerve in every one of theſe
ſtances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire w
thoſe of Love; and in the ſame Sentence ſpeaking o
both as a Paſſion, and as real Fire, ſurprizes the Reader w
thoſe ſeeming Reſemblances or Contradictions that m
up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. Mixt Wit the
fore is a Compoſition of Punn and true Wit, and is m
or leſs perfect as the Reſemblance lies in the Ideas or
the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falſeh
and partly in Truth: Reaſon puts in her Claim for

5.

of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only vince therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or e little occaſional Poems that in their own Nature are thing elſe but a Tiſſue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admi- e Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

IT may be expected, ſince I am upon this Subject, I ſhould take Notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of ; which, with all the Deference that is due to the gment of ſo great a Man, is not ſo properly a Defi- on of Wit, as of good Writing in general. Wit, as defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapt- to the Subject.' If this be a true Definition of Wit, I apt to think that *Euclid* was the greateſt Wit that ever Pen to Paper: It is certain there never was a greater opriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, what that Author has made uſe of in his Elements. hall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees h any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one, I ſure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a ater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more fa- ious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the moſt pe- rating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken Pains to w, That it is impoſſible for any Thought to be beau- l which is not juſt, and has not its Foundation in the ture of things: That the Baſis of all Wit is Truth; that no Thought can be valuable, of which good nſe is not the Ground-Work. *Boileau* has endeavoured inculcate the ſame Notion in ſeveral Parts of his Wri- gs, both in Proſe and Verſe. This is that natural Way Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we ſo much mire in the Compoſitions of the Ancients; and which Body deviates from, but thoſe who want Strength of nius to make a Thought ſhine in its own natural auties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius give that Majeſtick Simplicity to Nature, which we much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are for- d to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any iece of Wit of what Kind ſoever eſcape them. I look

upon these Writers as *Gothic* in Poetry, who, like the in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its Place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation on *Ovid*'s Writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words. 'Ovid (says he, speaking of *Virgil*'s Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*) takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates a Letter for her just before her Death to the ungrateful Fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, it is for me to suffer a Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to his own Shift, he has Recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.

WERE not I supported by so great an Authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and the Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their Capacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-house; who like nothing but the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression: These are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest Appearance in the

'Field,

Field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't is they are but a ſort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors, brought over in Herds, but not Naturalized; who have not Lands of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are not privileged to Poll. Their Authors are of the ſame Level, fit to repreſent them on a Mountebank's Stage, or to be Maſters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden: Yet theſe are they who have the moſt Admirers. But it often happens, to their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Senſe, (as they may by reading better Books, and by Converſation with Men of Judgment) they ſoon forſake them.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Subject without obſerving, that Mr. *Lock* in the Paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful Source of Wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewiſe branch it ſelf out into ſeveral Kinds. For not only the *Reſemblance* but the *Oppoſition* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little Points, Turns, and Antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation. C

N° 63. *Saturday, May* 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite, Piſonis iſti tabulæ, fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies ——— Hor.

IT is very hard for the Mind to diſengage it ſelf from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the

Toſſings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue ſeve Hours after the Winds are laid.

IT is to this that I impute my laſt Night's Drea or Viſion, which formed into one continued Alleg ry the ſeveral Schemes of Wit, whether Falſe, Mi ed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late P pers.

METHOUGHTS I was tranſported into a Cou try that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, g verned by the Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD, and entitled *Region of Falſe Wit*. There was nothing in the Fields, t Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Sever of the Trees bloſſomed in Leaf-Gold, ſome of them pr duced Bone-Lace, and ſome of them precious Stone The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were fill with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among t Waters; at the ſame time that Dolphins and ſeveral kin of Fiſh played upon the Banks, or took their Paſtime i the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golde Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed t Air with Smells of Incenſe, Amber-greeſe, and Pulvillios and were ſo interwoven with one another, that the grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds we filled with Sighs and Meſſages of diſtant Lovers. As was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderneſs, could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon t ſeveral Wonders which lay before me, when to my gre Surprize, I found there were artificial Ecchoes in eve Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I ſpok agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing ſaid. In the midſt of my Converſation with theſe invi ble Companions, I diſcovered in the Center of a ver dark Grove a monſtrous Fabrick built after the *Gothi* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in th barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up t it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple conſe crated to the God of *Dullneſs*. Upon my Entrance I ſa the Deity of the Place dreſſed in the Habit of a Mon with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Up on his right Hand was *Induſtry*, with a Lamp burning be fore her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey ſitting o

he

er Shoulder. Before his Feet there ſtood an *Altar* of ry odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped that manner to comply with the Inſcription that ſur-ounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral Offerings of *rts*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inſcribed with erſes. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who ap-lied themſelves to different Diverſions, as their Fancies irected them. In one Part of it I ſaw a Regiment of *nagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to e Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their anks, ſhifting their Stations, and throwing themſelves nto all the Figures, and Counter-marches of the moſt hangeable and perplexed Exerciſe.

NOT far from theſe was a Body of *Acroſticks*, made p of very diſproportioned Perſons. It was diſpoſed in-o three Columns, the Officers planting themſelves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at leaſt Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers were ſuch Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were e-quipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glaſs in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Poſts promiſcuouſly among the private Men whom they com-manded.

IN the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methoughts I ſaw the Phantom of *Tryphio-dorus* the *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Perſons, who purſued him by turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

OBSERVING ſeveral to be very buſie at the We-ſtern End of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Ma-gazine of *Rebus's*. Theſe were ſeveral Things of the moſt different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an

Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horſe bound up to gether. One of the Workmen ſeeing me very mu ſurpriſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit ſeveral of thoſe Bundles, and that he would explain the to me if I pleaſed: I thanked him for his Civility, but to him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I w going out of the Temple, I obſerved in one Corner of a Cluſter of Men and Women laughing very heartily, a diverting themſelves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard veral *double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed great deal of Mirth.

NOT far from theſe was another Set of merry Pe ple engag'd at a Diverſion, in which the whole Jeſt w to miſtake one Perſon for another. To give Occaſion f theſe ludicrous Miſtakes, they were divided into Pair every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with th ſame kind of Dreſs, though perhaps there was not th leaſt Reſemblance in their Faces. By this means an o Man was ſometimes miſtaken for a Boy, a Woman for Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which ve often produced great Peals of Laughter. Theſe I gueſs to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very deſirous to g out of this World of Magick, which had almoſt turne my Brain, I left the Temple, and croſſed over the Field that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I wa not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets an Alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I appre hended it. There appeared at a great Diſtance a very ſhining Light, and in the midſt of it a Perſon of a moſt beau tiful Aſpect; her Name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore ſeveral Quiver on his Shoulders, and graſped ſeveral Arrows in his Hand His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of theſe two Ene mies filled all the Territories of *Falſe Wit* with an un ſpeakable Conſternation, inſomuch that the Goddeſs o thoſe Regions appeared in Perſon upon her Frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before ſeen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their

their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Deſign to ſtand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Iſſue of the Combat.

I muſt here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were muſtered together in an Army. There were Men whoſe Bodies were ſtuck full of Darts, and Women whoſe Eyes were burning-glaſſes: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and Women that had Breaſts of Snow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral Monſters of the like Nature, that compoſed this great Army; which immediately fell aſunder and divided it ſelf into two Parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind thoſe of FALSEHOOD.

THE Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced ſome Paces before the Front of her Army; but as the dazling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly; inſomuch that in a little ſpace ſhe looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Subſtance. At length, as the Goddeſs of TRUTH aproached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away entirely; and vaniſhed amidſt the Brightneſs of her Preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt Trace or Impreſſion of her Figure in the Place where ſhe had been ſeen.

AS at the riſing of the Sun the Conſtellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the Goddeſs: and not only of the Goddeſs her ſelf, but of the whole Army that attended her, which ſympathized with their Leader, and ſhrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole Temple ſunk, the Fiſh betook themſelves to the Streams and the wild Beaſts to the Woods, the Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the

whole Face of nature its true and genuine Appearan
Tho' I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied my ſelf as it w
awakened out of a Dream, when I ſaw this Region
Prodigies reſtored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and M
dows.

UPON the Removal of that wild Scene of Wonde
which had very much diſturbed my Imagination, I to
a full Survey of the Perſons of WIT and TRUTH;
indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, witho
ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behi
them a ſtrong and compact Body of Figures. The Ge
us of *Heroick Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Ha
and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned wi
Cypreſs, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Sa*
had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garme
Rhetorick was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Come*
by her Mask. After ſeveral other Figures, *Epigram* marc
ed up in the Rear, who had been poſted there at the B
ginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt
the Enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour in h
Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with t
Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was ſomething
amiable and yet ſo piercing in his Looks, as inſpired m
at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on hi
to my unſpeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows fro
his Shoulder, in order to make me a Preſent of it; but
I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him I knocke
it againſt a Chair, and by that means awaked.

N° 64. *Monday, May* 14.

——*Hic vivimus Ambitioſa*
Paupertate omnes—— Juv.

THE moſt improper things we commit in the Con-
duct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force
of Faſhion. Inſtances might be given, in which a
prevailing Cuſtom makes us act againſt the Rules of Na-
ture,

ure, Law and common Senſe: But at preſent I ſhall confine my Conſideration of the Effect it has upon Mens Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning. The Cuſtom of repreſenting the Grief we have for the Loſs of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Riſe from the real Sorrow of ſuch who were too much diſtreſſed to take the proper Care they thought of their Dreſs. By Degrees it prevailed, that ſuch who had this inward Oppreſſion upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the reſt of the World in their ordinary Diverſions, by a Dreſs ſuited to their Condition. This therefore was at firſt aſſumed by ſuch only who were under real Diſtreſs, to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them ſo light and gay, as to be irkſome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might miſrepreſent them to others. In Proceſs of Time this laudable Diſtinction of the Sorrowful was loſt, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You ſee nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air of Releaſe from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has loſt a wealthy Father. This Faſhion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are ſtiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wiſh themſelves ſuch, are immediately ſeized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Diſaſter to their Prince; ſo that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Uſher, what Degree of Friendſhip any deceaſed Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on theſe Occaſions: He deals much in Whiſpers, and you may ſee he dreſſes according to the beſt Intelligence.

THE general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You ſee the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on thoſe whoſe Fortunes

can ſupport any Change in their Equipage, not on the only whoſe Incomes demand the Wantonneſs of ne Appearances; but on ſuch alſo who have juſt enough cloath them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Nine Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being Man of Faſhion deep at his Heart, is very much put to to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new blac Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it t the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber whi it is ſcouring for the Emperor. He is a good Oeconomiſt in his Extravagance, and makes only a freſh blac Button upon his Iron-grey Suit for any Potentate of ſma Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for Prince whoſe Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. Be whatever Compliments may be made on theſe Occaſion the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of a merciful and royal Diſpoſition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Proſpect of his Death, if he conſidered what Numbers would be reduced to Miſery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be reſtrained to thoſe of the Houſhold of the Prince to whom it ſhould be ſignified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a leſs Degree the ſame Ceremony which is practiſed in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obſequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loſs for many Months together, to gueſs at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-houſe: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflection, *Well, I ſee all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, What ſays the *Poſtman* from *Vienna?* he anſwered, *Makes us thankful, the* German *Princes are all well:* What does he ſay from *Barcelona? He does not ſpeak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of univerſal Loyalty was a wholeſale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it ſeems, if he hires a Weaver or Workman, to have it inſerted in his Articles, 'That all this ſhall be well and 'truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate ſhall

'depart

depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned.' It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with preſent Want or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Attonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a Sort of inſulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Neceſſities of the Poor; but inſtead of any other Good ariſing from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order ſeems to be deſtroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occaſion, loſes its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Miniſter beholds the Court of a Nation (which flouriſhes in Riches and Plenty) lay aſide, upon the Loſs of his Maſter, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of ſuch a joyful People, he will conceive a greater Idea of the Honour done to his Maſter, than when he ſees the Generality of the People in the ſame Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradeſman whom ſhe has loſt of her Family; and after ſome Preparation endeavours to know whom ſhe mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her ſelf, That we have loſt one of the Houſe of *Auſtria*? Princes are elevated ſo highly above the reſt of Mankind, that it is a preſumptuous Diſtinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendſhip, and ſeems to expreſs on ſuch an Occaſion the Senſe of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by aſſuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full Poſſeſſion of Triumph and Royalty. R

Tueſday,

N° 65. *Tuesday, May* 15.

——Demetri teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter Jubeo plorare cathedras. H

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, a described the false Appearances of it, all that L bour seems but an useless Enquiry, without so Time be spent in considering the Application of it. T Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a Man of the Town a the World, is the Play-house; I shall therefore fill this Pa with Reflections upon the Use of it in that Place. T Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an Effe upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taste of it h upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, loo like a very presumptuous Work, though not Foreign fro the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings e such as have long had the general Applause of a Nation But I shall always make Reason, Truth, and Nature th Measures of Praise and Dispraise; if those are for me, th Generality of Opinion is of no Consequence against me if they are against me, the general Opinion cannot lon support me.

WITHOUT further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the Figure they at present bear in the Imaginations of Men, or not.

IN reflecting upon these Works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present Paper shall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. The received Character of this Play is, That it is the Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greatest Consequence, and if these are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead

ead of this, our Hero in this Piece, is a direct Knave his Deſigns, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is s Admirer and Friend; in return for which, becauſe he forſooth a greater Wit than his ſaid Friend, he thinks reaſonable to perſwade him to Marry a young Lady, hoſe Virtue, he thinks, will laſt no longer than till ſhe a Wife, and then ſhe cannot but fall to his Share, as he an irreſiſtable fine Gentleman. The Falſhood to Mrs. *Love-*, and the Barbarity of Triumphing over her Anguiſh for ſing him, is another Inſtance of his Honeſty, as well as s good Nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the range-Woman, who, it ſeems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An ver-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and lutes her with a pretty Phraſe of, *How now, Double ripe?* Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, hom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) *e will lay his Life ſhe is ſome awkward ill-faſhioned Country oad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, as adorned her Baldneſs with a large white Fruz, that ſhe ay look Sparkiſhly in the Fore-front of the King's Box at an d Play.* Unnatural Mixture of ſenſeleſs Common-Place!

AS to the Generoſity of his Temper, he tells his poor ootman, *If he did not wait better* —— he would turn him way, in the inſolent Phraſe of *I'll Uncaſe you.*

NOW for Mrs. *Harriot:* She laughs at Obedience to n abſent Mother, whoſe Tenderneſs *Buſie* deſcribes to be ery exquiſite, for *that ſhe is ſo pleaſed with finding* Harriot *a-ain, that ſhe cannot chide her for being out of the Way.* This Witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has ſo little Reſpect for his good Woman, that ſhe Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? ee, ſee, her Head tottering, her Eyes ſtaring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is attoned for, becauſe *ſhe has more Wit than is uſual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' ſhe is as wild as you would wiſh her, and has a Demureneſs in her Looks that makes it ſo ſurprizing!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouſe for his Hero, the Poet makes her ſpeak her Senſe of Marriage very ingeniouſly, *I think,* ſays ſhe, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in an Husband.* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to underſtand how

ſhe

ſhe that was bred under a ſilly pious old Mother, t
would never truſt her out of her Sight, came to be ſo
lite.

IT cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of e
ry thing, which engages the Attention of the ſober
valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in t
Piece: But it is denied, that it is neceſſary to the Charac
of a Fine Gentleman, that he ſhould in that manner Tra
ple upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character
Dorimant, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Fo*
He ſays of one of his Companions, that a good Correſpo
dence between them is their mutual Intereſt. Speaki
of that Friend, he declares, their being much togeth
makes the Women think the better of his Underſtanding, a
judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes h
paſs upon ſome for a Man of very good Senſe, and me up
others for a very civil Perſon.

THIS whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradict
on to good Manners, good Senſe, and common Honeſt
and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon th
Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notio
of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker t
be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For
ſeems he is an Atheiſt, if we may depend upon his Cha
racter as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her ſel
far from being the loweſt in the Play. She ſays of a Fin
Man who is *Dorimant's* Companion, There *is not ſuch a*
nother Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker. His Pre
tention to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears ſtill more i
his own Deſcription of his way of Living with his Lady
There is, ſays he, *never a Man in Town lives more like a*
Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Moti-
ons; ſhe never enquires into mine. We ſpeak to one another
civilly, hate one another heartily; and becauſe it is Vulgar to
Lye and Soak together, we have each of us our ſeveral Settle-
Bed. That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant*
had ſpoken it himſelf; and, I think, ſince he puts human
Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumſtance will bear,
and is a ſtaunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in
having no part of the good Fortune beſtowed in the laſt
Act.

TO

TO ſpeak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing being loſt to a Senſe of Innocence and Virtue can ake any one ſee this Comedy, without obſerving more quent Occaſion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than rth and Laughter. At the ſame time I allow it to be ture, but it is Nature in its utmoſt Corruption and De-neracy. R

No. 66. *Wedneſday, May* 16.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De Tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expreſſed without any Air of Gravity.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in Behalf 'of a young Country Kinſwoman of mine who is 'lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Edu-'cation. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how 'unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands juſt 'as Nature left her, half finiſhed, and without any ac-'quired Improvements. When I look on her I often 'think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your 'Papers. Dear *Mr.* SPECTATOR, help me to make her 'comprehend the viſible Graces of Speech, and the dumb 'Eloquence of Motion; for ſhe is at preſent a perfect 'Stranger to both. She knows no Way to expreſs her 'ſelf but by her Tongue, and that always to ſignifie her 'Meaning. Her Eyes ſerve her yet only to ſee with, and 'ſhe is utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks and 'Glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than 'any Body. I have beſtowed two Months in teaching

her

'her to Sigh when she is not concerned, and to Sm
'when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own
'makes little or no Improvement. Then she is no m
'able now to walk, than she was to go at a Year o
'By Walking you will easily know I mean that regu
'but easie Motion, which gives our Persons so irresisti
'a Grace as if we moved to Musick, and is a kind
'disengaged Figure, or, if I may so speak, recitat
'Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in h
'for I find she has no Ear, and means nothing by Wa
'ing but to change her Place. I could pardon too h
'Blushing, if she knew how to carry her self in it, a
'if it did not manifestly injure her Complexion.

'THEY tell me you are a Person who have seen t
'World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which mak
'me ambitious of some Instructions from you for her Im
'provement: Which when you have favoured me wit
'I shall further advise with you about the Disposal of th
'fair Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no Secr
'to you, that her Person and Education are to be h
'Fortune.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

CELIMENE

SIR,

'BEING employed by *Celimene* to make up an
'send to you her Letter, I make bold to recom-
'mend the Case therein mentioned to your Consideration,
'because she and I happen to differ a little in our Noti-
'ons. I, who am a rough Man, am afraid the young
'Girl is in a fair Way to be spoiled: Therefore pray, Mr.
'SPECTATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine
'thing called *Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too
'much from that plain thing call'ed *Good Breeding*.

Your most humble Servant.

THE general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their Persons and neglect their Minds; in our Sons, we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect

their

ir Bodies. It is from this that you ſhall ſee a young dy celebrated and admired in all the Aſſemblies about own, when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a oom. From this ill Management it ariſes, That we quently obſerve a Man's Life is half ſpent before he is ken Notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years out of Faſhion and neglected. The Boy I ſhall conſider on ſome other Occaſion, and at preſent ſtick to the Girl: nd I am the more inclined to this, becauſe I have ſeveral etters which complain to me that my Female Readers have ot underſtood me for ſome Days laſt paſt, and take themlves to be unconcerned in the preſent Turn of my Wriings. When a Girl is ſafely brought from her Nurſe, efore ſhe is capable of forming one ſingle Notion of any hing in Life, ſhe is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Maſter; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantaſtical Gravity of Behaviour, nd forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, eaving her Breaſt, and moving with her whole Body; nd all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if ſhe ſteps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful workings of Imagination, what is to paſs between her and this Husband, that ſhe is every Moment told of, and for whom ſhe ſeems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Perſon, as what muſt determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and ſhe naturally thinks, if ſhe is tall enough, ſhe is wiſe enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think ſhe is deſigned. To make her an agreeable Perſon is the main Purpoſe of her Parents; to that is all their Coſts, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our preſent numerous Race of Coquets. Theſe Reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my Advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correſpondent. But ſure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Perſon is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will ſee the Mind follow the Appe-

tites,

tites of the Body, or the Body expreſs the Virtues of Mind.

CLEOMIRA dances with all the Elegance of M on imaginable; but her Eyes are ſo chaſtiſed with the Si plicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that ſhe raiſes her Beholders Admiration and good Will, but no lo Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Caſe To make the Mind and Body improve together; and poſſible, to make Geſture follow Thought, and not Thought be employed upon Geſture.

Nº 67. *Thurſday, May* 17.

Saltare elegantiùs quàm neceſſe eſt, proba. Sal.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Ph loſopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lov of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. The oth undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diverſion, whic he ſays, was at firſt invented by the Goddeſs *Rhea*, w preſerved the Life of *Jupiter* himſelf, from the Cruel of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to ſhew, that it h been Approved by the greateſt Men in all Ages; that *H mer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer*; and ſays, That the grace ful Mein and great Agility which he had acquired by tha Exerciſe, diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt in the Armie both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

HE adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by In venting the Dance which is called after his Name, tha by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedemonians*, wh were the braveſt People in *Greece*, gave great Encourage ment to this Diverſion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much reſembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Aſia*: That there were ſtill extant ſome *Theſſalian* Statues erect ed to the Honour of their beſt Dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philoſopher could declare him ſelf againſt the Opinions of thoſe two Perſons, whom he profeſſed ſo much to admire, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; the lat-

ter

of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and That *the Gods have beſtowed Fortitude on ſome Men, on others a Diſpoſition for Dancing.*

LASTLY, He puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wiſeſt of Men) was only a profeſſed Admirer of this Exercife in others, learned it himſelf when he was an old Man.

THE Moroſe Philoſopher is ſo much affected by theſe, ſome other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to Friend, and deſires he would take him with him when went to his next Ball.

I love to ſhelter my ſelf under the Examples of great en; and, I think, I have ſufficiently ſhewed that it is below the Dignity of theſe my Speculations to take otice of the following Letter, which, I ſuppoſe, is ſent by ſome ſubſtantial Tradeſman about *Change*.

SIR,

I Am a Man in Years, and by honeſt Induſtry in the World have acquired enough to give my Children a liberal Education, though I was an utter Stranger to it my ſelf. My eldeſt Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, has for ſome time been under the Tuition of Monſieur *Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Maſter in the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go laſt Night to one of his Balls. I muſt own to you, Sir, that having never been at any ſuch Place before, I was very much pleaſed and ſurprized with that part of his Entertainment which he called *French Dancing*. There were ſeveral young Men and Women, whoſe Limbs ſeemed to have no other Motion, than purely what the Muſick gave them. After this Part was over, they began a Diverſion which they call *Country Dancing*, and wherein there were alſo ſome things not diſagreeable, and divers *Emblematical Figures*, Compos'd, as I gueſs, by Wiſe Men, for the Inſtruction of Youth.

AMONG the reſt, I obſerved one, which, I think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman flies the Man purſues her; but as ſoon as ſhe turns, he runs away, and ſhe is obliged to follow.

THE

'THE Moral of this Dance does, I think, very a
'ly recommend Modeſty and Diſcretion to the Fem
'Sex.

'BUT as the beſt Inſtitutions are liable to Corrup
'ons, ſo, Sir, I muſt acquaint you, that very great
'buſes are crept into this Entertainment. I was amaz
'to ſee my Girl handed by, and handing young Fello
'with ſo much Familiarity; and I could not have thoug
'it had been in the Child. They very often made uſe
'a moſt impudent and laſcivious Step called *Setting*, whi
'I know not how to deſcribe to you, but by telling y
'that it is the very reverſe of *Back to Back*. At laſt
'impudent young Dog bid the Fidlers play a Dance cal
'*Mol. Pately*, and after having made two or three C
'pers, ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, a
'whisked her round cleverly above Ground in ſuch ma
'ner, that I, who ſat upon one of the loweſt Benche
'ſaw further above her Shooe than I can think fit to a
'quaint you with. I could no longer endure theſe Enor
'mities, wherefore juſt as my Girl was going to be ma
'a Whirligig, I ran in, ſeized on the Child, and carri
'her home.

'SIR, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I ſup
'poſe this Diverſion might be at firſt invented to keep u
'a good Underſtanding between young Men and Wo
'men, and ſo far I am not againſt it; but I ſhall neve
'allow of theſe things. I know not what you will ſa
'to this Caſe at preſent, but am ſure that had you bee
'with me you would have ſeen matter of great Specula
'tion. I am.

Yours, &c.

I muſt confeſs I am afraid that my Correſpondent ha
too much Reaſon to be a little out of Humour at th
Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would
have been much more ſo, had he ſeen one of thoſe *kiſſing*
Dances in which WILL. HONEYCOMB aſſures me they
are obliged to dwell almoſt a Minute on the Fair One's
Lips, or they will be too quick for the Muſick, and dance
quite out of Time.

am not able however to give my final Sentence againſt Diverſion; and am of Mr. *Cowley*'s Opinion, that ſo ch of Dancing, at leaſt, as belongs to the Behaviour and andſome Carriage of the Body, is extreamly uſeful, if abſolutely neceſſary.

WE generally form ſuch Ideas of People at firſt Sight, we are hardly ever perſwaded to lay aſide afterwards; this Reaſon, a Man would wiſh to have nothing diſa-eable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to er a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little les of Good-breeding gives a Man ſome Aſſurance, and kes him eaſie in all Companies. For Want of this, I ve ſeen a Profeſſor of a Liberal Science at a Loſs to ſa-te a Lady; and a moſt excellent Mathematician not able determine whether he ſhould ſtand or ſit while my Lord nk to him.

IT is the proper Buſineſs of a Dancing-Maſter to re-late theſe Matters; tho' I take it to be a juſt Obſervati-n, that unleſs you add ſomething of your own to what eſe fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are holly ignorant of themſelves, you will much ſooner et the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well-bred lan.

AS for *Country Dancing*, it muſt indeed be confeſſed at the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occaſion may ſometimes produce very dangerous Conſe-quences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts re ſo obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Muſick, the Force of Motion, and an handſom young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Uſe of all his Limbs.

BUT as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or leſs a Proficient in it, I would not Diſcountenance it; but ra-ther ſuppoſe it may be practiſed innocently by others, as well as my ſelf, who am oftner Partner to my Landlady's Eldeſt Daughter.

POSI-

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING heard a good Character of the Colle of Pictures which is to be Expoſed to Sale on F next; and concluding, from the following Letter, tha Perſon who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant T I will be ſo much his Friend as to Publiſh it, provided Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place o Advertiſement.

From *the three Chairs in the Piazza* Covent-Garde

SIR, *May* 16, 17

'AS you are SPECTATOR, I think we, who m
'it our Buſineſs to exhibit any thing to publ
'View, ought to apply our ſelves to you for your App
'bation. I have travelled *Europe* to furniſh out a Sh
'for you, and have brought with me what has been
'mired in every Country thro' which I paſſed. You h
'declared in many Papers, that your greateſt Delights
'thoſe of the Eye, which I do not doubt but I ſhall gr
'fie with as beautiful Objects as yours ever beheld.
'Caſtles, Foreſts, Ruins, Fine Women, and Graceful M
'can pleaſe you, I dare promiſe you much Satisfactio
'if you will appear at my Auction on *Friday* next. A Sig
'is, I ſuppoſe, as grateful to a SPECTATOR, as a Tre
'to another Perſon, and therefore I hope you will pard
'this Invitation from,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. GRAHA

X

Friday

268. *Friday, May* 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus ——— Ovid.

NE would think that the larger the Company is in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be ſtarted in Diſcourſe; inſtead of this, we find that Converſation is never ſo ſtreightned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies. a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Diſ- their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and ge- Poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted mbly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs the Weather, Faſhions, News, and the like publick icks. In Proportion as Converſation gets into Clubs Knots of Friends, it deſcends into Particulars, and ws more free and communicative: But the moſt open, uctive, and unreſerved Diſcourſe, is that which paſ- between two Perſons who are familiar and intimate nds. On theſe Occaſions, a Man gives a Looſe to e- Paſſion and every Thought that is uppermoſt, diſco- his moſt retired Opinions of Perſons and Things, tries Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and expoſes his ole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

TULLY was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip proves Happineſs and abates Miſery, by the doubling of Joy and dividing of our Griefs a Thought in which hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friend- p, that have written ſince his Time. Sir *Francis Ba-* has finely deſcribed other Advantages, or, as he calls em, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no Sub- of Morality which has been better handled and more hauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which ve been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg Leave to quote ſome of a very ancient Author, whoſe Book would be re- arded by our Modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining racts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name

Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Phi
ſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe entit
The Wiſdom of the Son of Sirach. How finely has he
ſcribed the Art of making Friends, by an obliging
affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept wh
a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'T
'we ſhould have many Well-wiſhers, but few Frie
*Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-ſpeak
Tongue will encreaſe kind Greetings. Be in Peace with ma
nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a thouſand.* With w
Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Frien
And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almoſt ſay
Humour) has he deſcribed the Behaviour of a treacher
and ſelf-intereſted Friend? *If thou would'ſt get a Friend, pr
him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome Man i
Friend for his own Occaſion, and will not abide in the Da
thy Trouble. And there is a Friend who being turned
Enmity and Strife will diſcover thy Reproach.* Again, *Se
Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue
the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Proſperity he will be
thy ſelf, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brou
low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy Fa*
What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the followi
Verſe? *Separate thy ſelf from thine Enemies, and take He
of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes o
of thoſe Fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at leng
by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and fa
into a general Elogium of Friendſhip, which is very ju
as well as very ſublime. *A faithful Friend is a ſtrong D
fence; and he that hath found ſuch an one, hath found
Treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, an
his Excellency is invaluable. A faithful Friend is the Med
cine of Life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him
Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his Friendſhip aright; for a
he is, ſo ſhall his Neighbour* (that is his Friend) *be alſo.*
do not remember to have met with any Saying that has plea
ſed me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicin
of Life, to expreſs the Efficacy of Friendſhip in healing
the Pains and Anguiſh which naturally cleave to our Ex
iſtence in this World; and am wonderfully pleaſed wit
the Turn in the laſt Sentence, That a virtuous Man ſha

a Bleſſing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as ſelf. There is another Saying in the ſame Author, ich would have been very much admired in an Hea- Writer; *Forſake not an old Friend, for the new is not parable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it d thou ſhalt drink it with Pleaſure.* With what Strength Alluſion, and Force of Thought, has he deſcribed the aches and Violations of Friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a Stone the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his nd, breaketh Friendſhip. Tho' thou draweſt a Sword at riend yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to Fa-r: if thou haſt opened thy Mouth againſt thy Friend fear for there may be a Reconciliation; except for upbraiding, Pride, or diſcloſing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, theſe things every Friend will depart.* We may obſerve this and ſeveral other Precepts in this Author, thoſe lit- familiar Inſtances and Illuſtrations which are ſo much ired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus.* ere are very beautiful Inſtances of this nature in the owing Paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the e Subject: *Whoſo diſcovereth Secrets loſeth his Credit, and ll never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend and faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his Secrets, fol- no more after him: For as a Man hath deſtroyed his E- y, ſo haſt thou loſt the Love of thy Friend; as one that let- a Bird go out of his Hand, ſo haſt thou let thy Friend and ſhalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, he is too far off; he is as a Roe eſcaped out of the Snare. As a Wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there y be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is thout Hope.*

AMONG the ſeveral Qualifications of a good Friend, is wiſe Man has very juſtly ſingled out Conſtancy and aithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added irtue, Knowledge, Diſcretion, Equality in Age and ortune, and, as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Plea- ntneſs of Temper. If I were to give my Opinion up- ſuch an exhauſted Subject, I ſhould join to theſe o- er Qualifications a certain Æquability or Evenneſs of ehaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendſhip with one hom perhaps he does not find out 'till after a Year's Converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill Humour

breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or ſpected at his firſt entering into an Intimacy with h There are ſeveral Perſons who in ſome certain Periods their Lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pr ty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigra

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant Fellow;
Haſt ſo much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Frien ſhip with one, who by theſe Changes and Viciſſitudes Humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odiou And as moſt Men are at ſometimes in an admirable Fra and Diſpoſition of Mind, it ſhould be one of the great Tasks of Wiſdom to keep our ſelves well when we a ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeab Part of our Character.

Nº 69. *Saturday, May* 19.

Hìc ſegetes, illìc veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fatus alibi, atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Natura locis ——— Vir.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I ſo muc love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It give me a ſecret Satisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gra tifie

es my Vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an ſembly of Country-men and Foreigners conſulting ether upon the private Buſineſs of Mankind, and ma- g this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole rth. I muſt confeſs I look upon High-Change to be great Council, in which all conſiderable Nations have eir Repreſentatives. Factors in the Trading World are hat Ambaſſadors are in the Politick World; they nego- te Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Cor- ſpondence between thoſe wealthy Societies of Men that e divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often en pleaſed to hear Diſputes adjuſted between an Inhabi- nt of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a bject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with e of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in ixing with theſe ſeveral Miniſters of Commerce, as ey are diſtinguiſhed by their different Walks and differene anguages: Sometimes I am juſtled among a Body of *rmenians*: Sometimes I am loſt in a Crowd of *Jews*; d ſometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I n a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or ther fancy my ſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon ing asked what Country-man he was, replied, That he as a Citizen of the World.

THOUGH I very frequently viſit this buſie Multi- de of People, I am known to no Body there but my riend Sir ANDREW, who often ſmiles upon me as he es me buſtling in the Crowd, but at the ſame time con- ives at my Preſence without taking any further Notice f me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt nows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome ony to *Grand Cario*; but as I am not verſed in the Mo- ern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow nd a Grimace.

THIS grand Scene of Buſineſs gives me an infinite ariety of ſolid and ſubſtantial Entertainments. As I am great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy Mul- itude, inſomuch that at many publick Solemnities I can- ot forbear expreſſing my Joy with Tears that have ſtole down my Cheeks. For this Reaſon I am wonderfully

delighted to ſee ſuch a Body of Men thriving in their o
private Fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the P
lick Stock; or in other Words, raiſing Eſtates for th
own Families, by bringing into their Country whatev
wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

NATURE ſeems to have taken a partciular Care
diſſeminate her Bleſſings among the different Regions
the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourſe a
Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the ſe
ral Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependan
upon one another, and be united together by their co
mon Intereſt. Almoſt every *Degree* produces ſometh
peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Count
and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are c
rected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infuſion o
China Plant ſweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Ca
The *Philippick* Iſlands give a Flavour to our *European* Bow
The ſingle Dreſs of a Woman of Quality is often the Pr
duct of an Hundred Climates. The Muff and the F
come together from the different Ends of the Earth. T
Scarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet fro
beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat riſes out of t
Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of t
Bowels of *Indoſtan*.

IF we conſider our own Country in its natural Pr
ſpect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages
Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Ear
falls to our Share! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that n
Fruit grows Originally among us, beſides Hips and Haw
Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicacies of the li
Nature; That our Climate of it ſelf, and without t
Aſſiſtances of Art, can make no further Advances towar
a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no grea
er a Perfection than a Crab: That our Melons, our Pe
ches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strange
among us, imported in different Ages, and naturaliz
in our *Engliſh* Gardens; and that they would all degenera
and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if th
were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to th
Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enrich
our Vegetable World, than it has improved the who
Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with th

veſt of every Climate: Our Tables are ſtored with ices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with ramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanſhip *Japan*: Our Morning's-Draught comes to us from the moteſt Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by e Drugs of *America*, and repoſe our ſelves under *Indian* nopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards *France* our Gardens: the Spice-Iſlands our Hot-Beds; e *Perſians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chineſe* our Potters. ature indeed furniſhes us with the bare Neceſſaries of ife, but Traffick gives us a great Variety of what is Uſe-l, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt Part this our Happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt roducts of the North and South, we are free from thoſe xtremities of Weather which give them Birth; That our yes are refreſted with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the ame time that our Palates are feaſted with Fruits that riſe etween the Tropicks.

FOR theſe Reaſons there are not more uſeful Mem-ers in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourſe of good Offices, iſtribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, nd Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *Engliſh* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Coun-try into Gold, and exchanges his Woall for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are cloathed in our *Britiſh* Manufacture, and the Inhabitans of the Frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

WHEN I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings ſtanding in Perſon, where he is repreſented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourſe of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Caſe, how would he be ſurprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to ſee ſo many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vaſſals of ſome powerful Baron, Negotiating like Princes for grea-ter Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Bri-tiſh* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Land-

ed Eſtates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Acceſſion of other Eſtates Valuable as the Lands themſelves.

Nº 70. *Monday, May* 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are moſt in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar Aptneſs to pleaſe and gratifie the Mind of Man. Human Nature is the ſame in all reaſonable Creatures, and whatever falls in with it, will meet with Admirers amongſt Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau*, uſed to read all his Comedies to an old Woman who was his Houſe-keeper, as ſhe ſate with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretell the Succeſs of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-Side: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame Place.

I know nothing which more ſhews the eſſential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, the firſt pleaſes all Kinds of Palates, and the latter only ſuch as have formed to themſelves a wrong artificial Taſte upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, ſo far as the Language of their Poems is underſtood, will pleaſe a Reader of plain common Senſe, who would neither reliſh nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affecta-

…ectation or Ignorance; and the Reaſon is plain, becauſe …ſame Paintings of Nature which recommend it to …moſt ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the …oſt refined.

THE old Song of *Chevy-Chaſe* is the favourite Ballad …the common People of *England*, and *Ben. Johnſon* uſed …ſay he had rather have been the Author of it than of …his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Diſcourſe of Poe…ſpeaks of it in the following Words; *I never heard the …d Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my Heart …re moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is ſung by ſome …d Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Style; which …ing ſo evil apparelled in the Duſt and Cobweb of that unci…l Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Elo…ence of* Pindar? For my own Part I am ſo profeſſed an …dmirer of this antiquated Song, that I ſhall give my Rea…r a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for …doing.

THE greateſt Modern Criticks have laid it down as a …ule, That an Heroick Poem ſhould be founded upon …me important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Con…itution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* …nd *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* …was a Collection of many Governments, who ſuffered …ery much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* Em…peror, who was their common Enemy, many Advanta…ges over them by their mutual Jealouſies and Animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an Union, which …was ſo neceſſary for their Safety, grounds his Poem up…on the Diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were …engaged in a Confederacy againſt an *Aſiatick* Prince, …and the ſeveral Advantages which the Enemy gained by …ſuch their Diſcords. At the time the Poem we are now …treating of was written, the Diſſentions of the Barons, …who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, …whether they quarrelled among themſelves, or with their …Neighbours, and produced unſpeakable Calamities to the …Country: The Poet, to deter Men from ſuch unnatural …Contentions, deſcribes a bloody Battel and dreadful Scene …of Death, occaſioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned …in the Families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That …he deſigned this for the Inſtruction of his Poem, we may

learn from his four laſt Lines, in which, after the Exa
ple of the Modern Tragedians, he draws from it a P
cept for the Benefit of his Readers.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The next Point obſerved by the greateſt Heroic Poets, ha
been to celebrate Perſons and Actions which do Honour
their Country: Thus *Virgil*'s Hero was the Founder
Rome, *Homer*'s a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reaſon *V*
lerius Flaccus and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, mig
be juſtly derided for having choſen the Expedition of t
Golden Fleece and *the Wars of Thebes*, for the Subjects
their Epic Writings.

THE Poet before us, has not only found out an He
in his own Country, but raiſes the Reputation of it b
ſeveral beautiful Incidents. The *Engliſh* are the firſt wh
take the Field, and the laſt who quit it. The *Engliſh* brin
only Fifteen hundred to the Battel, the *Scotch* Two thouſan
The *Engliſh* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch*
retire with Fifty five: All the reſt on each Side being ſlai
in Battel. But the moſt remarkable Circumſtance of thi
kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *En*
gliſh Kings receive the News of this Fight, and of th
great Mens Death who commanded in it.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *ſuddenly*
Was with an Arrow ſlain.

O heavy News, King James *did ſay,*
Scotland *can Witneſs be,*
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to King Henry *came*
Within as ſhort a Space,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scot *nor* Scotland *ſay*
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's *Sake.*

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one Day Fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall Account
Did many Thouſands dye, &c.

At the ſame Time that our Poet ſhews a laudable Partiality to his Country-Men, he repreſents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a People.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way ſuitable to an Hero. One of us two, ſays he, muſt dye: I am an Earl as well as your ſelf, ſo that you can have no Pretence for refuſing the Combat: However, ſays he, 'tis Pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that ſo many innocent Men ſhould periſh for our ſakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel in ſingle Fight.

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall dye;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy *ſo am I.*

But truſt me, Piercy, *Pity it were,*
And great Offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
And set our Men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy *said,*
By whom this is deny'd.

WHEN these brave Men had distinguished themselves in the Battel and in single Combat with each other, in the Midst of a generous Parly, full of heroic Sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his Dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, representing to them, as the most bitter Circumstance of it, that his Rival saw him fall.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English *Bow,*
Which struck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy *sees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of those Times, is no more than a chearful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Passage in the Eleventh Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last Agonies instead of weeping over the Wound she had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, considers only (like the Hero of whom we are now speaking) how the Battel should be continued after her Death.

Tum sic expirans, &c.

A gathering Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the rosie Colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain,
Acca, 'tis past! He swims before my Sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his Right.
Bear my last Words to Turnus, *fly with Speed,*
And bid him timely to my Charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, *and the Town relieve:*
Farewel. ——— TUR-

TURNUS did not die in ſo heroic a Manner; tho' our Poet ſeems to have had his Eye upon *Turnus*'s Speech in the laſt Verſe,

Lord Piercy *ſees my Fall.*

——Viciſti, & victum tendere palmas
Auſonii videre——————

EARL *Piercy*'s Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Style, which one may well pardon in ſo old a Poet, prejudice him againſt the Greatneſs of the Thought.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas *for thy Life*
Would I had loſt my Land.

O Chriſt! My very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful Line, *Taking the Dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in Mind of *Æneas*'s Behaviour towards *Lauſus*, whom he himſelf had Slain as he came to the Reſcue of his aged Father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, & ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades, pallentia miris:
Ingemuit miſerans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.

The pious Prince beheld young Lauſus *dead;*
He griev'd, he wept; then graſp'd his Hand, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs Youth! What Praiſes can be paid
To Worth ſo great——————!

I ſhall take another Opportunity to conſider the other Parts of this old Song. C

N° 71. *Tuesday, May* 22.

——*Scribere jussit amor.* Ovid.

THE entire Conquest of our Passions is so difficult a Work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Ease, but also to the Pleasure of our Life; and that is refining our Passions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Passion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, tho' rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Respect in the Beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the Imagination. Such an Impression as this gives an immediate Ambition to deserve, in order to please. This Cause and Effect are beautifully described by Mr. *Dryden* in the Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has represented *Cymon* so stupid, that

He whistled as he went, for want of Thought,

he makes him fall into the following Scene, and shews its Influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his way;
His Quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Grass a Crystal Flood,
By which an Alablaster Fountain stood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid,
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid,

Like

Like Dian, *and her Nymphs, when tir'd with Sport,*
To reſt by cool Eurotas *they reſort:*
The Dame her ſelf the Goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her Purple Veſt,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a ſuperior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body ſhaded with a ſlight Cymarr;
Her Boſom to the View was only bare:
The fanning Wind upon her Boſom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Boſom roſe;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repoſe.

The Fool of Nature ſtood with ſtupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that teſtify'd Surprize,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witneſs'd with an Ideot Laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimm'ring Senſe
Firſt found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country-Tone.

BUT leſt this fine Deſcription ſhould be excepted againſt, as the Creation of that great Maſter Mr. *Dryden*, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I ſhall give you, *verbatim*, the Epiſtle of an enamoured Footman in the Country, to his Miſtreſs. Their Sirnames ſhall not be inſerted, becauſe their Paſſion demands a greater Reſpect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, ſome Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wreſtler, and quarrelſome Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a publick Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, ſhe playing among the Peaſants: He a Country Bully, ſhe a Country Coquette. But Love has made her conſtantly in her Miſtreſs's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a ſecret Paſſion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a conſtant Waiter near his Maſter's

Apart-

Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it ſeems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Meſſage, which gave Occaſion to what follows.

To *ELIZABETH* ——

My Dear Betty, *May* 14, 1711.

'REMEMBER your bleeding Lover, who lyes 'bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with the 'Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, which is your 'ſweet Perſon.

'Nay more, with the Token you ſent me for my Love 'and Service offered to your ſweet Perſon; which was, 'your baſe Reſpects to my ill Conditions; when alas! 'there is no ill Conditions in me, but quite contrary; all 'Love and Purity, eſpecially to your ſweet Perſon; but 'all this I take as a Jeſt.

'BUT the ſad and diſmal News which *Molly* brought 'me ſtruck me to the Heart, which was, it ſeems, and 'is your ill Conditions for my Love and Reſpects to you.

'FOR ſhe told me, if I came Forty times to you, 'you would not ſpeak with me, which Words I am ſure 'is a great Grief to me.

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to your 'ſweet Company, and to have the Happineſs of ſpeak-'ing with your ſweet Perſon, I beg the Favour of you 'to accept of this my ſecret Mind and Thoughts, which 'hath ſo long lodged in my Breaſt; the which if you do 'not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my Heart.

'FOR indeed, my Dear, I love you above all the Beau-'ties I ever ſaw in all my Life.

'THE young Gentleman, and my Maſter's Daughter, 'the *Londoner* that is come down to marry her, ſate in 'the Arbour moſt part of laſt Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, 'muſt the Nightingales ſing to thoſe who marry for Mo-'ny, and not to us true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that 'we could meet this Night where we uſed to do in the 'Wood.

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not have the Bleſſing of 'kiſſing your ſweet Lips, I beg I may have the Happi-'neſs of kiſſing your fair Hand, with a few Lines from 'your dear ſelf, preſented by whom you pleaſe or think

'fit.

'fit. I believe, if Time would permit me, I could write 'all Day; but the Time being ſhort, and Paper little, no 'more from your never-failing Lover till Death,

James ——

POOR *James!* Since his Time and Paper were ſo ſhort; I, that have more than I can uſe well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter (the Style of which ſeems to be confuſed with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not underſtand) into what he meant to expreſs.

Dear Creature,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of you? When I do ſo, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the moſt beautiful Deſcription that was ever made of her. All this Kindneſs you return with an Accuſation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is ſo manifeſt, that I cannot think you in earneſt. But the Certainty given me in your Meſſage by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She ſays you will not ſee me: If you can have ſo much Cruelty, at leaſt write to me, that I may kiſs the Impreſſion made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the moſt exquiſite Pleaſure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Faſhion-ſake they courted thoſe Solitudes, becauſe they have heard Lovers do ſo. Oh *Betty!* could I hear theſe Rivulets murmur, and Birds ſing while you ſtood near me, how little ſenſible ſhould I be that we are both Servants, that there is any thing on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death it ſelf.

JAMES.

N.B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES means, in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconſtancy*. R

Wedneſday,

Nº 72. *Wedneſday, May* 23.

——*Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos*
Stat fortuna Domus, & avi numerantur avorum. Virg

HAVING already given my Reader an Account of ſeveral extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more Narratives of this Nature; but I have lately received Information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my Reader than it was to my ſelf; for which Reaſon I ſhall communicate it to the Publick as one of the greateſt Curioſities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs Fellow, who neglected his Family, and ſpent moſt of his Time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a Member of the *Everlaſting Club*. So very odd a Title raiſed my Curioſity to enquire into the Nature of a Club that had ſuch a ſounding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following Account.

THE *Everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty four Hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the Club ſits Day and Night from one end of the Year to another; no Party preſuming to riſe till they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them. By this means a Member of the *Everlaſting Club* never wants Company; for tho' he is not upon Duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

IT is a Maxim in this Club That the Steward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great Elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper End of the Table, till his Succeſſor is in a Readineſs

ineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

THIS Club was inſtituted towards the End (or, as ſome of them ſay, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral Weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring Houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at laſt, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himſelf. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his Ship becauſe he would not quit it without Orders. It is ſaid that towards the Cloſe of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their Seſſion; but after many Speeches and Debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other Century. This Reſolution paſſed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

HAVING given this ſhort Account of the Inſtitution and Continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the Manners and Characters of its ſeveral Members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt Lights I have received in this Matter.

IT appears by their Books in general, that ſince their firſt Inſtitution they have ſmoaked Fifty Tun of Tobacco, drank thirty thouſand Butts of Ale, One Thouſand Hogſheads of Red Port, two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of ſmall Beer: There has been likewiſe a great Conſumption of Cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the Law in *Ben Johnſon*'s Club, which orders the Fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis eſto*) as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampneſs of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman in the nature of a Veſtal, whoſe Buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the Fire, which burns from Generation to Generation, and has ſeen the Glaſs-houſe Fires in and out above an Hundred times.

THE

THE *Everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of Upstarts. Their ordinary Discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such Adventures as have passed in their own Assembly; of Members who have taken the Glass in their Turns for a Week together, without stirring out of the Club; of others who have smoaked an hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others who have not missed their Morning's Draught for twenty Years together: Sometimes they speak in Raptures of a Run of Ale in King *Charles*'s Reign; and sometimes reflect with Astonishment upon Games at Whisk, which have been miraculously recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probability the Case was desperate.

THEY delight in several old Catches, which they sing at all Hours to encourage one another to moisten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like Nature.

THERE are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker, or elect a new one, settle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Necessaries.

THE Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of some of the present sitting Members. C

Nº 73. *Thursday, May* 24.

——— O *Deus certe!* Virg.

IT is very strange to consider, that a Creature like Man, who is sensible of so many Weaknesses and Imperfections, should be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Misery should contend for Praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves Objects of Admiration.

BUT

BUT notwithſtanding Man's Eſſential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted Light, he has not much to boaſt of; but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find Occaſion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues, at leaſt in the Abſence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wiſe Man and the Fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to out-ſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the Senſe of his own Infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the Diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other Men. The Wiſe Man conſiders what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wiſe Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himſelf to the Applauſe of thoſe about him.

BUT however unreaſonable and abſurd this Paſſion for Admiration may appear in ſuch a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good Effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to Actions which are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

IT is obſerved by *Cicero*, that Men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining Parts are the moſt actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we ſhall find this Principle of Action ſtronger in Women than in Men.

THE Paſſion for Praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Senſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves Admiration: And I think we may obſerve, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Courſe of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Inſtances have we of Chaſtity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchieve-

chievements of Womankind: As the making of War, th carrying on of Traffick, the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, a thoſe by which Men grow famous, and get themſelve Name.

BUT as this Paſſion for Admiration, when it wor according to Reaſon, improves the beautiful Part of o Species in every thing that is Laudable; ſo nothing more Deſtructive to them when it is governed by Vani and Folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only r gards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reaſon which the Reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtin guiſh by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken u in the Adorning of her Perſon. You ſee in every Poſtu of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Hea that it is her Buſineſs and Employment to gain Adore For this Reaſon your *Idols* appear in all publick Places an Aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce Men to their Worſhip. Th Play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols*; ſeveral them are carried in Proceſſion every Evening about th Ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their Worſhip even i Churches. They are to be accoſted in the Language prope to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys o Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their diſpoſal: Paradiſe in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that yo are preſent with them. Raptures, Tranſports and Ecſtaſi are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tear Prayers and broken Hearts are the Offerings which a paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; the Frowns drive them to Deſpair. I ſhall only add under th Head, that *Ovid*'s Book of the Art of Love is a kind o Heathen Ritual, which contains all the Forms of Worſhi which are made uſe of to an *Idol*.

IT would be as difficult a Task to reckon up theſe dif ferent kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe tha were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Mo of them are Worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in Fires and Flame Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their Votaries cu and ſlaſhed, and ſhedding their Blood for them. Som of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have Treat and Collations prepared for them every Night. It ha indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſe by their incenſed Worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, wh

be Whipped and Scourged when they refuſe to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe Idolaters who devote themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe Idolaters quarrel becauſe they Worſhip the ſame.

THE Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the Wiſhes of the Idolater; as the one deſires to confine the *Idol* to himſelf, the whole Buſineſs and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily deſcribed in a Tale of *Chaucer*: He repreſents one of them ſitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

THE Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greateſt *Idols* among the Moderns. She is worſhipped once a Week by Candle-light in the midſt of a large Congregation, generally called an Aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themſelves in her Eye, while ſhe ſits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, ſhe beſtows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Preſence. She asks a Queſtion of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort, every one goes away ſatisfied with his Succeſs, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the ſame Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

AN *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheoſis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a Woman.

OLD Age is likewiſe a great Decayer of your *Idol*: The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted

ſuch

ſuch Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when h
Worſhippers are about her.

CONSIDERING therefore that in theſe and ma
ny other Caſes the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*,
muſt return to the Moral of this Paper, and deſire m
fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Paſſio
for being admired: In order to which, they muſt ende
vour to make themſelves the Objects of a reaſonable an
laſting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for fro
Beauty, or Dreſs, or Faſhion, but from thoſe inward Or
naments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickneſ
and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are mo
acquainted with them. C

Nº 74. *Friday, May* 25.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg.

IN my laſt *Monday*'s Paper I gave ſome general In-
ſtances of thoſe beautiful Strokes which pleaſe the
Reader in the old Song of *Chevy Chaſe*; I ſhall here,
according to my Promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew
that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extreamly natural
and poetical, and full of the majeſtick Simplicity which
we admire in the greateſt of the ancient Poets: For which
Reaſon I ſhall quote ſeveral Paſſages of it, in which the
Thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in
ſeveral Paſſages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from
thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) propoſed to him-
ſelf any Imitation of thoſe Paſſages, but that he was di-
rected to them in general by the ſame Kind of Poetical
Genius, and by the ſame Copyings after Nature.

HAD this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical
Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have plea-
ſed the wrong Taſte of ſome Readers; but it would
never have become the Delight of the common Peo-
ple, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like
the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have
this Effect, and pleaſe thoſe Taſtes which are the moſt un-
prejudiced

rejudiced or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg Leave o diſſent from ſo great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip idney*, in the Judgment which he has paſſed as to the ade Style and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for ere are ſeveral Parts in it where not only the Thought ut the Language is majeſtick, and the Numbers ſonorous; leaſt, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of e Poets made uſe of in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, as the eader will ſee in ſeveral of the following Quotations.

WHAT can be greater than either the Thought or e Expreſſion in that Stanza,

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy *took his Way;*
The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day!

his way of conſidering the Misfortunes which this Battel would bring upon Poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the Battel, and loſt their Fathers in it, but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future Battels which took their riſe from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. Hor.

What can be more ſounding and poetical, or reſemble more the majeſtick Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the Scottiſh *Woods*
Three Summer's Days to take.

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All choſen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho ſhrill did make.

—— Vocat

——Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et Vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Dowglas *come,*
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh *Spears,*
All marching in our Sight.

All Men of pleaſant Tividale,
Faſt by the River Tweed, &c.

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, deſcribed in theſe two laſt Verſes, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a Couple of ſmooth Words for Verſe. If the Reader compares the foregoing ſix Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verſes, he will ſee how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil.*

Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longè dextris; & ſpicula vibrant:
Quique altum Preneſte viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roſcida rivis
Hernica ſaxa colunt: —— qui roſea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Caſperiamque colunt, Foruloſque & flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——

But to proceed.

Earl Dowglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præceſſerat agmen, &c.
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus——

Our Engliſh *Archers bent their Bows,*
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt Flight of Arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots *they ſlew.*

They cloſ'd full faſt on ev'ry Side,
No Slackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

Wit

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *Bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Dowglas *to the Heart,*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Æneas was wounded after the ſame Manner by an unknown Hand in the midſt of a Parly.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum quâ pulſa manu ——

But of all the deſcriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas, which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumſtances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is ſuch as one as would have ſhined in *Homer* or in *Virgil.*

So thus did both theſe Nobles dye,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain:
An Engliſh *Archer then perceiv'd*
The noble Earl was ſlain.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloath-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The Grey-gooſe Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

This Fight did laſt from break of Day
Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell
The Battel ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greateſt ancient Poets, not only in giving a long Liſt of the Dead, but by diverſifying it with little Characters of particular Perſons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was ſlain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the Field*
One Foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His Sister's Son was he,
Sir David Lamb, *ſo well eſteem'd,*
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar Sound in theſe Names deſtroys the Majeſt of the Deſcription; for this Reaſon I do not mention th Part of the Poem but to ſhew the natural Caſt of Thoug which appears in it, as the two laſt Verſes look almo like a Tranſlation of *Virgil.*

——*Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris & ſervantiſſimus aqui,
Dus aliter viſum eſt——

In the Catalogue of the *Engliſh* who fell, *Witherington's* Be haviour is in the ſame Manner particularized very artfull as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which given of him in the Beginning of the Battle; tho' I ar ſatisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have ſeen that Pa ſage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the Beau ty of it: For which Reaſon I dare not ſo much as quote i

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his Name,*
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for Shame,*

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot
And I ſtood looking on.

We meet with the ſame Heroick Sentiment in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus aqui
Non ſumis——*?*

What can be more natural or more moving, than th Circumſtances in which he deſcribes the Behaviour o thoſe Women who had loſt their Husbands on this fatal Day

Next Day did many Widows come
Their Husbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

Thu

Thus we ſee how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally ariſe from the Subject, are always ſimple, and ſometimes exquiſitely noble; that the Language is often very ſounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit.

IF this Song had been written in the *Gothick* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taſte of ſo many Ages, and have pleaſed the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I ſhall only beg Pardon for ſuch a Profuſion of *Latin* Quotations; which I ſhould not have made uſe of, but that I feared my own Judgement would have looked too ſingular in ſuch a Subject, had not I ſupported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*. C

No 75. *Saturday, May* 26.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color & ſtatus, & res. Hor.

IT was with ſome Mortification that I ſuffered the Railery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was ſo unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occaſion, with great Freedom to conſider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Geſture of him who cou'd pretend to Judge ſo arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of thoſe that commonly paſs, among the Ignorant, for Perſons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her Hand, and after ſhe had ſaid it was happy for her there was not ſo charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, ſhe began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to read, by way of Triumph over me, ſome of his Speeches. *'Tis ſhe, that lovely Hair, that eaſie Shape, thoſe wanton Eyes, and all thoſe melting Charms about her Mouth, which* Medley *ſpoke of; I'll follow the Lottery and put in for a Prize with my Friend* Bellair.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that dye.

Then turning over the Leaves, ſhe reads alternately, and ſpeaks,

And you and Loveit *to her Coſt ſhall find*
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues ſhe, is the Paſſage I admire moſt, where he begins to Teize *Loveit*, and Mimick Sir *Fopling*: Oh the pretty Satyr, in his reſolving to be a Coxcomb to pleaſe, ſince Noiſe and Nonſenſe have ſuch powerful Charms.

I, that I may Succeſsful prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you Love.

Then how like a Man of the Town, ſo Wild and Gay is that!

The Wiſe will find a Difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate.

IT would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Oppoſition to ſo nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Diſcourſe gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but conſider, with ſome Attention, the falſe Impreſſions the generality (the Fair Sex more eſpecially) have of what ſhould be intended, when they ſay a *Fine Gentleman*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and ſettling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

NO Man ought to have the Eſteem of the reſt of the World, for any Actions which are diſagreeable to thoſe Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is oppoſite to the eternal Rules of Reaſon and good Senſe, muſt be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well-bred Man. I did not, I confeſs, explain my ſelf enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Inſtance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench, Double Tripe*: I ſhould have ſhewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reproach, may poſſibly have in common with the moſt Virtuous and Worthy amongſt us. When a Gentleman ſpeaks Coarſly, he has dreſſed himſelf Clean to no purpoſe: The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence againſt the Converſation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence

gence of Dreſs imaginable. But this Senſe of the Matter is ſo far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* paſſes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obſequious by turns, juſt as a little Underſtanding and great Impudence prompt him at the preſent Moment. He paſſes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, becauſe he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in profeſſing ſuch or ſuch a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleaſanter is, that he is a profeſſed Deluder of Women; and becauſe the empty Coxcomb has no Regard to any thing that is of itſelf Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune ſay, it is a Pity ſo fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is ſo great an Athieſt. The Crowds of ſuch inconſiderable Creatures, that infeſt all Places of Aſſembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Obſervation; but would it not be worth conſidering what Sort of Figure a Man who formed himſelf upon thoſe Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have obſerved any one fill his ſeveral Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the Under-parts of his Behaviour, and ſuch as are expoſed to common Obſervation, have their riſe in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unſhaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this; Humanity and good Nature, fortified by the Senſe of Virtue, has the ſame Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodneſs has upon many others. Being firmly Eſtabliſhed in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Mens Actions look eaſie, appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Maſter of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no neceſſity of Studying his Air, and he has this peculiar Diſtinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

HE that can work himſelf into a Pleaſure in conſidering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Diſcontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Eaſe. Such a one does not behold his Life as a ſhort, tranſient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleaſures

and great Anxieties; but ſees it in quite another Light; his Griefs are Momentary, and his Joys immortal. Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and ſad Thought of reſigning every Thing that he delights in, but it is a ſhort Night followed by an endleſs Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whoſe Fortune is Plentiful, ſhews an Eaſe in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot aſſume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlaſting Rules of Reaſon and Senſe, muſt have ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that every Circumſtance muſt become him. The Change of Perſons or Things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks diſintereſted in the Occurrences with which others are diſtracted, becauſe the greateſt Purpoſe of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man. What can make a Man ſo much in conſtant good Humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be Supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the beſt thing that could poſſibly befal him, or elſe he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

Nº 76. *Monday, May* 28.

Ut tu Fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus. Hor.

THERE is nothing ſo common, as to find a Man whom in the general Obſervation of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, ſubject to ſuch unaccountable Starts of Humour and Paſſion, that he is as much unlike himſelf, and differs as much from the Man you at firſt thought him, as any two diſtinct Perſons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming ſome Law of Life to our ſelves, or fixing ſome Notion of things in general, which may affect us in ſuch Manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and

nd Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us expoſed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our uſual Converſation, but alſo to the ſame Inſtability in our Friendſhips, Intereſts, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what paſſes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Conſideration, is but an ill Judge of the ſecret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make ſuch viſible Alterations in the ſame Perſon: But at the ſame Time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effect of ſuch Inconſiſtences in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation muſt be in the utmoſt Degree both diverting and inſtructive; yet to enjoy ſuch Obſervations in the higheſt Reliſh, he ought to be placed in a Poſt of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully divetved with ſome Pieces of ſecret Hiſtory, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curioſity. They are Memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond* of *France*. '*Pharamond*, ſays 'my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humanity and Ge-'nerofity, and at the ſame time the moſt pleaſant and fa-'cetious Companion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taſte 'in him (which would have been unlucky in any Prince but 'himſelf,) he thought there could be no exquiſite Pleaſure in 'Converſation but among Equals; and would pleaſantly be-'wail himſelf that he always lived in a Crowd, but was the 'only Man in *France* that never get into Company. This 'Turn of Mind made him delight in Midnight Rambles, 'attended only with one Perſon of his Bedchamber: He 'would in theſe Excurſions get acquainted with Men (whoſe 'Temper he had a Mind to try) and recommend them 'privately to the particular Obſervation of his firſt Miniſter. 'He generally found himſelf neglected by his new Acquain-'tance as ſoon as they had Hopes of growing great; and 'uſed on ſuch Occaſions to remark, That it was a great In-'juſtice to tax Princes of forgetting themſelves in their high 'Fortunes, when there were ſo few that could with Con-'ſtancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures. My Au-thor in theſe looſe Hints has one Paſſage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the uſual Proofs he had made of thoſe he had a Mind to know throughly, and found him for his Purpoſe: In Diſcourſe with him

one Day, he gave him Opportunity of saying how much would satisfie all his Wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the Sum, and spoke to him in this Manner. " Sir, *You have twice what you desired, by the Favour of* Pharamond; *but look to it that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever recieve. I from this Moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my Royal Word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not,* (concluded the Prince smiling) *but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, which is above my own Condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.*

HIS Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleasures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himself, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he punished his Courtiers for their Insolence and Folly, not by any Act of publick Disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their Imaginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take some favourable Notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend *Monsieur Eucrate* (for so he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Use would be made of that Freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in publick.

PHARAMOND would often, to satisfie a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whisper make him despise all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Observation, that he would profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some Tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deserved. He would by a skilful Cast of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each others Neck with as much Eagerness, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with

with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exerciſe the Paſſions of his whole Court. He was pleaſed to ſee an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man ſhe had long deſpiſed, from Obſervation of his being taken Notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court, where Men ſpeak Affection in the ſtrongeſt Terms, and Diſlike in the fainteſt, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to ſee Diſguiſes thrown aſide in one Caſe and encreaſed on the other, according as Favour or Diſgrace attended the reſpective Objects of Mens Approbation or Diſeſteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanneſs of Mankind uſed to ſay, 'As he could take 'away a Man's Five Senſes, he could give him an Hundred. 'The Man in Diſgrace ſhall immediately loſe all his na-'tural Endowments, and he that finds Favour have the 'Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it ſo far as to ſay, 'It ſhould not be only ſo in the Opinion of the 'lower Part of his Court, but the Men themſelves ſhall 'think thus meanly or greatly of themſelves, as they are 'out or in the good Graces of a Court.

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, muſt have Pleaſures which no Man elſe can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but thoſe whom he knew could receive it without Tranſport: he made a noble and generous Uſe of his Obſervations; and did not regard his Miniſters as they were agreeable to himſelf, but as they were uſeful to his Kingdom: By this Means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*.

R

N° 77. *Tueſday, May* 29.

Non convivere licet, nec Urbe tota
Quiſquam eſt tam prope tam proculque nobis. Mart.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB is one of thoſe Sort of Men who are very often abſent in Converſation, and what the *French* call *a raveur* and *a diſtrait*. A little before our Club-time laſt Night we were walking together in *Somerſet* Garden, where WILL. had

picked up a ſmall Pebble of ſo odd a Make, that he ſaid he would preſent it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoſo*. After we had walked ſome time, I made a full ſtop with my Face towards the Weſt, which WILL. knowing to be my uſual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an After-noon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had ſeven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprize, I ſaw him ſquirr away his Watch a conſiderable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateneſs in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Averſion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Meſſenger of ill News, eſpecially when it comes too late to be uſeful, I left him to be convinced of his Miſtake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on theſe little Abſences and Diſtractions in Mankind, and reſolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Deſign, when I conſidered that they were very often Blemiſhes in the Characters of Men of excellent Senſe; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb, which Mr. *Dryden* has Tranſlated in the following Lines:

Great Wit to Madneſs ſure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

My Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I diſtinguiſh a Man who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of ſomething elſe from one who is *Abſent*, becauſe he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Diſtractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of theſe Reaſons.

EITHER their Minds are wholly fixed on ſome particular Science, which is often the Caſe of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with ſome Violent Paſſion, ſuch as Anger, Fear, or Love, which tie the Mind to ſome diſtant Object; or, laſtly, theſe Diſtractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Ficklene in a Man's Temper, which while it raiſes up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually puſhing it on, without allowing it to reſt on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of ſuch a Man, which are ſeldom occaſioned either by the Company he is in, or any of thoſe

Objects

Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is ſolving a Propoſition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impoſſible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-Houſe.

AT the ſame time that I am endeavouring to expoſe this Weakneſs in others, I ſhall readily confeſs that I once labour-ed under the ſame Infirmity my ſelf. The Method I took to Conquer it was a firm Reſolution to learn ſomething from whatever I was obliged to ſee or hear. There is a way of Thinking, if a Man can attain to it, by which he may ſtrike ſomewhat out of any thing. I can at preſent obſerve thoſe Starts of good Senſe and Struggles of un-improved Reaſon in the Converſation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the moſt ſhining Periods of the moſt finiſhed Orator; and can make a ſhift to command my Attention at a *Puppet-Show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I ſay little my ſelf, my Attention to others, and thoſe Nods of Approbation which I never beſtow unmerited, ſufficiently ſhew that I am among them. Whereas WILL. HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fel-low of good Senſe, is every Day doing and ſaying an hun-dred Things, which he afterwards confeſſes, with a well-bred Frankneſs, where ſomewhat *mal a propos*, and undeſigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-houſe, where WILL. was ſtanding in the midſt of ſeveral Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Perſon and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him juſt put him in mind of me, with-out making him reflect that I was actually preſent. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprize of his Audience, he broke off his firſt Harangue, and pro-ceeded thus,——'Why now there's my Friend (men-'tioning me by my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great 'deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you he is 'now thruſting his ſhort Face into ſome Coffee-houſe a-'bout *'Change*. I was his Bail in the time of the *Popiſh-'Plot*, when he was taken up for a Jeſuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly deſcribed me ſo particularly, without ever conſidering what led him into it, that the whole Company muſt neceſſarily

have

have found me out; for which Reason, remembring the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good Humour, in what Part of the World I lived, that he had not seen me these three Days.

MONSIEUR *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an absent Man*, with a great deal of Humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I shall conclude my present Paper.

'*MENALCAS* (says that excellent Author) comes down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his Night-cap on; and examining himself further finds that he is but half shaved, that he has stuck his Sword on his right Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, and that his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is dressed he goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a Branch of Candle-sticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the Person that is the Jest of the Company. Coming down to the Court-Gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; and the Coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his Master. As soon as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of the Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the Staircase, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the greatest Familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch, and fancies himself at home. The Master of the House at last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The Gentleman of the House is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no less so, but is every Moment in Hopes that his impertinent Guest will at last end his tedious Visit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

'WHEN he is playing at Backgammon, he calls for a full Glass of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn to throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his Glass in the other, and being extreamly dry, and unwilling to lose Time, he swallows down both the Dice, and at the same time throws his Wine into the Tables. He writes a Letter, and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle;

he writes a ſecond, and miſtakes the Superſcription: A Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: *I would have you, honeſt* Jack, *immediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to ſerve me the Winter.* His Farmer receives the other, and is amazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's Commands with an entire Submiſſion to* —— If he is at an Entertainment, you may ſee the Pieces of Bread continually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true the reſt of the Company want it, as well as their Knives and Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in an hurry, and at laſt goes out without being able to ſtay for his Coach or Dinner, and for that Day you may ſee him in every Part of the Town, except the very Place where he had appointed to be upon a Buſineſs of Importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a Fellow quite Stupid, for he hears nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himſelf, and has an hundred Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your ſaluting him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but he makes no uſe of them, and neither ſees you, nor any Man, nor any thing elſe: He came once from his Country-houſe, and his own Footmen undertook to rob him, and ſucceeded: They held a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid him deliver his Purſe; he did ſo, and coming home told his Friends he had been robbed; they deſire to know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, ſays *Menalcas*, *for they were with me.* X

N° 78. *Wedneſday, May* 30.

Cum Talis ſis, Utinam noſter eſſes!

THE following Letters are ſo pleaſant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the

the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to ſhew the Author I wiſh him my Companion with as much Earneſtneſs as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I Send you the incloſed, to be inſerted (if you think 'them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in 'which ſo ſurprizing a Genius appears, that it is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get ſomewhat into a 'Paper which will always live.

'AS to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was really carried on in the Way I deſcribe it. However, you have a 'full Commiſſion to put out or in, and to do whatever 'you think fit with it. I have already had the Satisfaction of ſeeing you take that Liberty with ſome things I 'have before ſent you.

'GO on, Sir, and proſper. You have the beſt Wiſhes of,

SIR, Your very Affectionate

and Obliged Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'YOU well know it is of great Conſequence to clear 'Titles, and it is of Importance that it be done in 'the proper Seaſon: On which Account this is to aſſure 'you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was inſtituted 'originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of 'K——g *Ch——les* II. As in great Bodies of Men it is 'not difficult to find Members enow for ſuch a Club, ſo '(I remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention 'of dining together, that the Hall belonging to *CLARE HALL*, (the ugline ſt *then* in the Town, tho' *now* the 'neateſt) would not be large enough HANDSOMELY to 'hold the Company. Invitations were made to great Numbers, but very few accepted them without much Difficulty. ONE pleaded that being at *London* in a Bookſeller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great Belly longed to 'kiſs him. HE had certainly been excuſed, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend 'ſhe longed to kiſs him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, 'who during his kiſſing her ſtole away all his Mony. 'ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his Chin; 'but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by coming into

'a Room, made a Woman miſcarry, and frightned two 'Children into Fits. A THIRD alledged, That he was ta-'ken by a Lady for another Gentleman, who was one of 'the handſomeſt in the Univerſity: But upon Enquiry it 'was found that the Lady had actually loſt one Eye, and 'the other was very much upon the Decline. A FOURTH 'produced Letters out of the Country in his Vindication, 'in which a Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who 'had lately fallen in Love with him, with a good Fortune: 'But it was made appear that the young Lady was amo-'rous, and had like to have run away with her Father's 'Coachman, ſo that it was ſuppoſed, that her Pretence of 'falling in Love with him was only in order to be well 'married. It was pleaſant to hear the ſeveral Excuſes which 'were made, inſomuch that ſome made as much Intereſt 'to be excuſed as they would from ſerving Sheriff; how-'ever, at laſt the Society was formed, and proper Officers 'were appointed; and the Day was fixed for the Enter-'tainment, which was in *Veniſon Seaſon*. A pleaſant *Fellow* 'of *King's College* (commonly called CRAB from his ſour 'Look, and the only Man who did not pretend to get 'off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was 'wanting but ſome one to fit in the Elbow-Chair, by way 'of PRESIDENT, at the upper End of the Table; and there 'the Buſineſs ſtuck, for there was no Contention for Su-'periority *there*. This Affair made ſo great a Noiſe, that 'the K---g, who was then at *Newmarket*, heard of it, 'and was pleaſed merrily and graciouſly to ſay, HE 'COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT HE 'WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS.

'I would deſire you, Sir, to ſet this Affair in a true 'Light, that Poſterity may not be miſ-led in ſo important 'a Point: For when *the wiſe Man who ſhall write your true* 'HiſtorY ſhall acquaint the World, That you had a DI-'PLOMA ſent from the *Ugly Club at* OXFORD, and 'that by vertue of it you were admitted into it; what a 'learned War will there be among *future Criticks* about 'the Original of that Club, which both Univerſities will 'contend ſo warmly for? And perhaps ſome hardy *Can-'tabrigian* Author may then boldly affirm, that the Word 'OXFORD was an Interpolation of ſome *Oxonian* in-'ſtead of CAMBRIDGE. This Affair will be beſt ad-

'juſted

'justed in your Life-Time; but I hope your Affection to your MOTHER will not make you partial to your AUNT.

'TO tell you Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I cannot find 'any ancient Records of any Acts of the SOCIETY OF 'THE UGLY FACES, considered in a *publick* Capacity; 'yet in a *private* one they have certainly Antiquity on 'their Side. I am perswaded they will hardly give Place 'to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the 'same Standing with the University it self.

'THO' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives to 'do Justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are 'invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at *CAMBRIDGE*; 'and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the 'Wish of our whole University.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH,

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and de-'stitute Condition, know not to whom we should 'apply our selves for Relief, because there is hardly any 'Man alive who hath not injured us. Nay we speak it with 'Sorrow, even YOU your self, whom we should suspect 'of such a Practice the last of all Mankind, can hardly ac-'quit your self of having given us some Cause of Com-'plaint. We are descended of ancient Families, and kept 'up our Dignity and Honour many Years, till the Jack-'sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found 'our selves slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the 'Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we heard in 'one of the most polite and august Assemblies in the Uni-'verse, to our great Mortification, these Words, *That THAT that noble L——d urged*; which if one of us had 'had Justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble L——d urged.* Senates themselves, 'the Guardians of *British* Liberty, have degraded us, and 'preferred THAT to us; and yet no Decree was ever 'given against us. In the very Acts of Parliament, in 'which the utmost Right should be done to every *Body*, *WORD*, and *Thing*, we find our selves often either not 'used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best 'Prayer Children are taught they learn to misuse us: *Our*

'*Father*

'*Father* WHICH *art in Heaven*, ſhould be, *Our Father* WHO *art in Heaven*; and even a CONVOCATION, after long Debates, refuſed to conſent to an Alteration of it. In our *general Confeſſion* we ſay, —*Spare Thou them, O God,* WHICH *confeſs their Faults*, which ought to be, WHO *confeſs their Faults*. What Hopes then have we of having Juſtice done us, when the Makers of our very Prayers and Laws, and the moſt learned in all Faculties, ſeem to be in a Confederacy againſt us, and our Enemies themſelves muſt be our Judges.

'THE *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, *Il ſabio muda conſcio, il necio no*; i. e. *A wiſe Man changes his Mind, a Fool never will.* So that we think YOU, Sir, a very proper Perſon to addreſs to, ſince we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well able to ſettle this Affair, and to you we ſubmit our Cauſe. We deſire you to aſſign the Butts and Bounds of each of us; and that for the Future we may both enjoy our own. We would deſire to be heard by our Council, but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray our Cauſe: Beſides, we have been oppreſſed ſo many Years, that we can appear no other way, but in *forma pauperis*. All which conſidered, we hope you will be pleaſed to do that which to Right and Juſtice ſhall appertain.

R *And your Petitioners*, &c.

N° 79. *Thurſday, May* 31.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore. Hor.

I Have received very many Letters of late from my Female Correſpondents, moſt of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleaſures, and looking ſeverely upon Things, in themſelves indifferent. But I think they are extreamly Unjuſt to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that thoſe Excellencies which are to be regarded but in the ſecond Place, ſhould not precede more weighty Conſiderations. The Heart of Man deceives him in ſpite of the Lectures of half a Life ſpent in Diſcourſes on the Subjection of Paſſion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman

man as Unfaithful to it ſelf. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are leſs cultivated with Precepts, and conſequently may, without Diſreſpect to them, be accounted more liable to Illuſion in Caſes wherein natural Inclination is out of the Intereſts of Virtue. I ſhall take up my preſent Time in Commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is poſſible Fine Women may be miſtaken.

THE following Addreſs ſeems to have no other Deſign in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what ſhe pleaſes for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

'I Am Young, and very much inclined to follow the 'Paths of Innocence; but at the ſame time, as I 'have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, I am un-'willing to reſign the Pleaſures of Diſtinction, ſome lit-'tle Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much 'greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I de-'ſign to make my Husband. But I have a Mind to put 'off entring into Matrimony till another Winter is over 'my Head, which (whatever, muſty Sir, you may think 'of the Matter) I deſign to paſs away in hearing Muſick, 'going to Plays, Viſiting, and all other Satisfactions 'which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and 'Virtue, can procure for,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

M. T.

'MY Lover does not know I like him, therefore having no Engagements upon me, I think to ſtay and know 'whether I may not like any one elſe better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB ſay, *A Woman ſeldom writes her Mind but in her Poſtſcript.* I think this Gentlewoman has ſufficiently diſcovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager ſhe pleaſes againſt her preſent Favourite, and can tell her that ſhe will Like Ten more before ſhe is fixed, and then will take the worſt Man ſhe ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well ſatisfie thoſe Eyes with ſeeing, as controul any Paſſion received by them only,

only. It is from Loving by Sight that Coxcombs ſo frequently ſucceed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is beſtowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her (as Innocence it ſelf,) tho' ſhe has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Aſſembly ſhe was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to reſt only in the Forbearance of ſuch as are Reproachful.

HOW far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudoſia*! *Eudoſia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with ſo much Eaſe, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Inſtinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think juſtly of Perſons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accompliſhments, to move ill or look aukward. That which was, at firſt, the Effect of Inſtruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudoſia* to indulge a wrong Suggeſtion of Thought, as it would be to *Flavia*, the fine Dancer, to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

BUT the Miſapprehenſions People themſelves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much diſcerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epiſtle from my Charming Miſtreſs *Hecatiſſa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, 'as well as my ſelf, ſpend many Hours more than 'we uſed at the Glaſs, for want of the Female Library 'of which you promiſed us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, 'in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a parti-'cular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, 'and how many, muſt be your chief Care; for upon the 'Propriety of ſuch Writings depends a great deal. I have 'known thoſe among us who think, if they every Morn-'ing and Evening ſpend an Hour in their Cloſet, and 'read over ſo many Prayers in ſix or ſeven Books of De-'votion, all equally nonſenſical, with a ſort of Warmth, '(that might as well be raiſed by a Glaſs of Wine, or a 'Drachm of Citron) they may all the reſt of their time

'go

go on in whatever their particular Paſſion leads them to. The Beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of thoſe Votaries; ſhe has a very pretty furniſhed Cloſet, to which ſhe retires at her appointed Hours: This is her Dreſſing-room, as well as Chappel? ſhe has conſtantly before her a large Looking-glaſs, and upon the Table, according to a very Witty Author,

Together lye her Prayer-Book and Paint,
At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

IT muſt be a good Scene, if one could be preſent at it, to ſee this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and ſteal Glances at her own dear Perſon. It cannot but be a pleaſant Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, chuſe Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleaſing Indifference to little things in it. For want of ſuch Inſtructions, I am apt to believe ſo many People take it in their Heads to be ſullen, croſs and angry, under Pretence of being abſtracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the ſame time they betray their Fondneſs for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pouting and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiſcretion of the Books themſelves, whoſe very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and ſuch limited Godlineſs, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raiſe in them a Mechanical Religion, intirely diſtinct from Morality. I know a Lady ſo given up to this ſort of Devotion, that tho' ſhe employs ſix or eight Hours of the twenty four at Cards, ſhe never miſſes one conſtant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which ſhe returns with no little Anxiouſneſs till two or three in the Morning. All theſe Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue, the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleaſure in the Purſuit of it. From hence I preſume it ariſes that ſo many People call themſelves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Abſence of Ill. There is *Dulcianara* is the moſt inſolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domeſticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her ſilly Phraſe is) no one can ſay Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forſooth, which

ſhould

'should make her afraid to speak her Mind, and therefore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, 'and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear Sir, 'be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may make 'our Virtue more inward, and convince some of us that 'in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always 'accompanied with the Pity of it. This, and other 'things, are impatiently expected from you by our whole 'Sex; among the rest by,

SIR, Your most Humble Servant,

B. D.

N° 80. *Friday, June* 1.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. Hor.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcileable Hatred.

THESE two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty were in their Stature, Countenance and Mein ſo very much alike, that if you were ſpeaking of them in their Abſence, the Words in which you deſcribed the one muſt give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly diſtinguiſhable, you would think, when they were apart, tho extreamly different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the reſt of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit her ſelf as much as her Adverſary. Their Nights grew reſtleſs with Meditation of new Dreſſes to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recall Admirers, who obſerved the Charms of the one rather than thoſe of the other on the laſt Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleaſure at the Report of a Diſadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Inſtances of Applauſe. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made theſe Virgins ſtifle their Reſentment ſo far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally ſuffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is uſual, engaged in the Quarrel, and ſupported the ſeveral Pretenſions of the Daughters with all that ill-choſen Sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taſte. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable on every *Sunday* to Church, and were expoſed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

DURING this conſtant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at publick Prayers ſmote the Heart of a gay *Weſt-Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not diſtinguiſh between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Iſland Suit was too ſhining and too gay to be reſiſted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to ſee her Rival diſpoſed of in a wealthy Marriage, while ſhe was only addreſſed to in a Manner that ſhewed ſhe was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried on the Habitation of her Spouſe in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the ill Nature to enquire

mire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned to Slumbers by ſucceſſive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure theſe repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the ſame Iſland, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before ſhe died. She at laſt ſucceeded in her Deſign, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Huſband. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Occaſions on which theſe irreconcileable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in proceſs of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Iſland conſigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refuſal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did ſo, and *Phillis* was dreſſed in few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and coſtly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languiſhed at the Sight, and could by no Means come up to the Bravery of her Antagoniſt. She communicated her Anguiſh of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Intereſt in the Wife of *Phillis*'s Merchant, procured a Remnant of the ſame Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took Pains to appear in all publick Places where ſhe was ſure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Inſult, and came to a publick Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the ſame Brocade with which *Phillis* was atirred. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* ſwooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her Houſe. As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf ſhe fled from her Husband's Houſe, went on Board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconſolable Deſpair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruſe the following Expoſtulation.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The juſt Remonſtrance of affronted THAT.

'THO' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, 'yet You ſhould not ſuffer them to be rude and to

'call

'call honeſt People Names: For that bears very hard on 'ſome of thoſe Rules of Decency, which you are juſtly 'famous for eſtabliſhing. They may find Fault, and cor-'rect Speeches in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them 'try to get *themſelves* ſo *often* and with ſo much *Eloquence* 'repeated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth frequent-'ly introduce me.

'MY Lords! (ſays he) with humble Submiſſion, *That* 'that I ſay is this: that, *That* that, that Gentleman has 'advanced, is not *That*, that he ſhould have proved to your 'Lordſhips. Let thoſe two queſtionary Petitioners try to 'do thus with their *Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'WHAT great Advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* in 'his *Indian Emperor*,

'YOU force me ſtill to anſwer You in *That*,
'to furniſh out a Rhime to *Morat?* And what a poor Fi-'gure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without his *Egad and* 'all That? How can a judicious Man diſtinguiſh one thing 'from another, without ſaying *This here*, or *That there?* 'And how can a ſober Man without uſing the *Expletives* 'of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a 'great Advantage over others) make a Diſcourſe of any 'tolerable Length, without *That is*; and if he be a very 'grave Man indeed, without *That is to ſay?* And how in-'ſtructive as well as entertaining are thoſe uſual Expreſſi-'ons, in the Mouths of great Men, *Such Things as That*, 'and *The like of That*.

'I am not againſt reforming the Corruptions of Speech 'You mention, and own there are proper Seaſons for the 'Introduction of other Words beſides *That*; but I ſcorn 'as much to ſupply the Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at eve-'ry Turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I 'expect good Language and civil Treatment, and hope to 'receive it for the future: *That*, that I ſhall only add is, 'that I am, *Yours*,

R THAT

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 49 OCT

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